AMONG THE FOREST TREES.

REV. JOSEPH H. HILTS.

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AMONG THE FOREST TREES

OR,

HOW THE BUSHMAN FAMILY GOT THEIR HOMES.

BEING

A BOOK OF FACTS AND INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE IN UPPER CANADA, ARRANGED IN THE FORM OF A STORY.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH H. HILTS,

Author of "Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher," etc.

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Dedication

TO THE DESCENDANTS

OF THOSE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN WHO BRAVED THE DANGERS,

FACED THE DIFFICULTIES, ENDURED THE HARDSHIPS

AND SUFFERED THE PRIVATIONS OF

PIONEER LIFE IN THIS OUR NATIVE PROVINCE, THIS BOOK IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

AND THE AUTHOR INDULGES THE HOPE THAT

ITS PRODUCTION AND PERUSAL MAY BE THE MEANS OF CAUSING

BOTH WRITER AND READER MORE HIGHLY TO APPRECIATE

THE BOON SECURED TO THEM

BY THE NOBLE EFFORTS OF THE EARLY HOME BUILDERS

OF OUR COUNTRY.

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INTRODUCTION.

ADVERSE criticism has sounded the death-knell of so many literary productions, that I felt many misgivings when I sent out my first book, "Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher," to seek a place in the arena of Canadian literature. But the favorable comments of the Press, and the hearty commendations of hundreds of the readers of these "Experiences," have encouraged me to try and produce a work that would be more worthy of public favor than my first effort can claim to be.

Acting on the advice of persons of large experience in the book trade, I have written "Among the Forest Trees," in the form of a story. The book is really a narrative of facts and incidents, around which the imagination has been permitted to throw some of the draperies of fiction. But truth is none the less true because some fancy pictures are found in its surroundings. A good piece of cloth is no less valuable because, by coloring, it is made beautiful. And although a man may be as good a man in an outfit made of sail-cloth, or of an Indian blanket, as he would be if he were dressed in the finest production of the weaver's and the tailor's art, yet no one will say that he would be just as *presentable* in the one case as in the other. So facts may become more impressive, when nicely clothed.

In writing the following pages, three things have been kept steadily in view. 1st. The facts and incidents must be substantially true. 2nd. All the drapery and coloring

must be in strict harmony with pure morality, and with the demands of a sound religious sentiment. 3rd. And the whole must be illustrative of pioneer life, in its conditions and surroundings, and calculated to show something of the toils, privations, hardships, difficulties and sorrows of the early settlers.

Keeping within these limits, I believe that I have produced a book that can with entire safety, and not without profit, be put into the hands of either young or old, since there is not one line from the beginning to the ending that will excite bad passions or mislead the judgment. And while this is true, there is much that will touch the finer sensibilities and sympathies of the reader.

It will be observed that the author has recorded the narrations and conversations as though they were the utterances of others. Hence the first person is generally left in the background.

This method was adopted, because by it a great variety of characters could be brought on the scene, and a larger diversity of style could be presented.

Another thing to which I would call the reader's attention is the fact that dates and localities have mostly been left out of the text of the book. Where these are given they are found in the explanatory notes. This plan was adopted to afford greater facilities for grouping together facts and incidents, that were separated by time and distance, so as to give an aspect of unity to the whole production.

The reader will also observe that the names of persons and places are mostly taken from trees and shrubs and plants and flowers, as these are found in the forest wilds. It may be a mere fancy of mine; but I thought that it would add to the attractiveness of the book, if the names

found in it coincided, as far as possible, with the subject treated of in its pages.

John Bushman is a fictitious name. But he is by no means a fictitious character. If you asked me where he lived, I would answer, you might as well try to confine the almost ubiquitous John Smith to one locality, as to settle the question where John Bushman lives, or more properly, to say where he don't live. Every township and every neighborhood have, at some time, had their first man and first woman, their John and Mary Bushman.

Another thing that is to be noted is this: among the varied characters, and diversified actions described in these pages, there is not a wicked act, nor a vicious person mentioned in the whole book. All the actors are strictly moral if they are not pious, and all the actions are virtuous if they are not religious. I have no sympathy with that style of writing that gives more prominence to the bad than to the good, in human character. Therefore I resolved that, so far as myself and my book are concerned, the devil shall be left to do his own advertising.

And now as to why the book has been written. Since the thousands of refugees, known as the U. E. Loyalists, came to this country a little over a hundred years ago, wonderful changes have been effected. And these will continue in the future. In the race for ease and opulence, on the part of the people of this country, there is danger that the brave pioneers and their works may be forgotten, unless some records of their noble deeds are handed down to the future.

But very few persons had better facilities than the writer to gain from personal experience a practical knowledge to pioneer life. Both of my parents were born on the Niagara frontier soon after the Loyalists came to this country. I

was but three years old when my father cut his way to his shanty through seven miles of unbroken wilderness; and five-sevenths of my whole life have been spent among pioneer settlers. So that if a personal knowledge of the things written about be of any advantage, I have that knowledge.

One word more. To those readers who, like myself, make no claim to classical learning, I wish to say that I have tried to produce a book that would at the same time both please and instruct you. How far my effort has been successful can be decided only after you have read it.

To my scholarly readers, if I should be so fortunate as to secure any such, I wish to say, Don't use a telescope in searching for defects; you can see plenty of them with the naked eye. And when you find them, which no doubt you will, don't be too severe with your criticisms. But remember that the writer never saw the inside of a college in his life. Remember that he never attended a *high school* until he went as a member of a school board to settle a rumpus among the teachers. And remember that he never had twelve months' tuition in any sort of school. His book-learning has been picked up by snatches of time and while other people slept. No, don't be too severe in judging, nor too quick in condemning. Please don't!

J. H. H.

October 1, 1888.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.—FOUND BY SURVEYORS - - - - - - 11

Commencing Life—The Little Shanty—Sylvan Lake—Sunday Morning—Alone with Nature and with God.

CHAPTER II.—THE ROAD-MAKERS - - - - - - 22

Deer and Wolves—Solitude—Housekeeping—Mr. Root's Proposal—The Travoy—The Toggled Chain.

CHAPTER III.—HOUSE-BUILDING - - - - - - - 34

The Dinner—Poetic Effusions—A Reminiscence—Wants to be a Poet—A Surprise.

CHAPTER IV.—A PARTNER FOUND - - - - - - - 47

John Makes a Discovery—Asking Consent—Coming Home—Squire Myrtle—A Glad Mother.

CHAPTER V.—AN OLD-TIME WEDDING - - - - - - 58

Blunders—Practical Courting—A Wedding—Sister Betsy—A Thrilling Tale—A Plucky Boy.

CHAPTER VI.—TALK ABOUT WOLVES - - - - - - 72

Treed by Wolves—Good Luck—Wolf Scalps and Bread—Chasing the Deer—The Last Race.

CHAPTER VII.—SOME ORAL HISTORY - - - - - - 86

The United Empire Loyalists—The Gourley Trial—A Befogged Jury—A Harsh Verdict—A Cruel Sentence.

CHAPTER VIII.—PREPARING TO MOVE - - - - - - 99

William Briars—Life's Realities—Friendly Offerings—Betsy's Poetry—The Old Man's Story—Little Bright Eyes.

CHAPTER IX.—HOMEWARD BOUND - - - - - - - 115

Migratory Waves—Moses Moosewood's Resolve—Picture of a Court—Take a Gun Along—A Mother's Vision.

CHAPTER X.—SOME WHITE GIPSIES - - - - - - 128

A Witch Story—Backwoods Welcome—Housekeeping—Exploring the Premises—Forest Aristocrats.

CHAPTER XI.—CLEARING LAND - - - - - - - 141

Hemlock Compass—Poor Grip's Fate—Log Rolling—A Mother-in-law's Question—Philosophers in Petticoats.

CHAPTER XII.—SOWING AND REAPING - - - - - - 155

The Three-square Harrow—Tests of Character—Post Offices—Forty Miles' Walk—A Letter—Plenty of News.

CHAPTER XIII.—HARVESTING THE CROP - - - - - 168

Threshing-floors—Skilful Housekeeper—Beavers—Gathering Wild Fruit—Finding a Dutchman—A Fawn.

PAGE

CHAPTER XIV.—MARY FINDS A FRIEND - - - - - 181

Being Isolated—A Glad Surprise—Canadian Girls—Cart Making—Dr. Ashgrove—Underbrushing.

CHAPTER XV.—WINTER IN THE WOODS - - - - - 194

Threshing—Cleaning—White Caps—Katrina—Mixed-up Dreams—John Goes to Mill—Killing Venison.

CHAPTER XVI.—VISITORS AND CALLERS - - - - - 207

Familiar Faces—Backwoods Police—Woman's Intuitions—Making Sap-Troughs—The Big Store-Trough.

CHAPTER XVII.—SUGAR-MAKING - - - - - - - - 221

A Good Business—Sugaring-off—Moses Comes Home—The Hoot-Owl—A Sugaring Party—Dutch Pleasantries.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MORE SETTLERS COMING - - - - - 235

Rapid Settlement—A Crowded House—Lost Children—Harry Hawthorn—Mr. Beech—Shearing Sheep.

CHAPTER XIX.—AND STILL THEY COME - - - - - 248

A True Woman—A Bear Eats a Boy—A Bear in a Berry Patch—Matthew Millwood.

CHAPTER XX.—A NEIGHBORHOOD OF STRANGERS - - - 261

Canadian Society—Married Under a Tree—The First Baby—Neighborly Kindness—Mean Speculation.

CHAPTER XXI.—RIVERBEND MILLS - - - - - - 274

The Stolen Baby—White Squaw—Children Killed—The First Funeral—A Neighborhood Sensation.

CHAPTER XXII.—A BOARDING-HOUSE WANTED - - - 287

A Cook Needed—Backwoods Society—Wolves at Work—The Wolf Classified—He is a Sneaking Coward.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A BACKWOODS LYCEUM - - - - - 300

The Old Mill—The Boy's Load—The Bear and the Hunter—No Toll Allowed—The Bear and the Mill Saw.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MORE BOARDING-HOUSE TALES - - - 313

The Lost Girl—The Lost Woman—Boys and Ghosts.

CHAPTER XXV.—MORE GLIMPSES OF BUSH LIFE - - - 326

A Tobacco-chewing Christian—A Strange Clock—A Big Scare—A Race for Life—Plucky Canadians—Killed by Indians.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE MILLS COMPLETED - - - - - 339

The First Grist—The First Preacher—The Meeting-house—The Post Office—The Store—Sylvanus Yardstick.

CHAPTER XXVII.—SOME OLD-TIME CUSTOMS - - - - 354

Seeking Information—The Logging-Bee—Husking-Bees—Red Corn and Kissing—The Spinning-Bee—How to Treat a Dude.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—TWENTY YEARS OF PROGRESS - - 366

Drawbacks and Discouragements—Cheap Butter and Eggs—No Whiskey—General Success—John's Dream Realized.

AMONG THE FOREST TREES

CHAPTER I.

FOUND BY SURVEYORS.

A NUMBER of men were on their way to lay out some townships in the unsurveyed parts of Upper Canada. While passing through the rear range of the surveyed townships one day about noon, they came to a beautiful spring of water that issued in streams of refreshing coolness out of a ledge of rocks that arose on one side of a valley through which ran a large creek, whose waters were making their way to Lake Ontario.

Being weary and hungry, they stopped for dinner. Shaded by the thick branches of the hemlock, which spread over them like a protecting canopy, and resting on the dried leaves that passing seasons had left behind them, making a couch that was by no means uninviting to weary limbs and jaded bodies, they betook themselves to the task of demolishing the food before them as only hungry backwoodsmen can do.

They were too intent on taking their dinners to spend any time in unnecessary talk.

The stillness that reigned around was only broken by the murmuring sounds that came from the creek that ran but a short distance from them, and the gentle rippling of the spring that issued from rocks just beside them.

While they were busily engaged in satisfying the demands of appetite, they were startled by the sound of an axe not far from where they were.

"What is that?" came from two or three at once. They all listened. Sure enough, there was distinctly heard the blows of a man chopping. Every doubt was soon removed by the falling of a tree in the direction of the sound of the axe.

Although they were seven or eight miles from any settlement, it was evident that some one was working near by. They resolved to find out what he was doing, and who he was. Accordingly they went to the place. There they found a young man of about twenty-one or two years of age, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, swinging an axe with as much dexterity as though he had been accustomed to that sort of work all his life.

"What are you doing here?" said one of the men, after a few friendly words had been spoken.

"Commencing life in the backwoods," was his quick reply. "I have no house, as yet, to invite you into, nor have I any chair to offer you. But both the house and the chair are on the list of things that I hope for in the not very distant future. But, in the

meantime, make yourselves as comfortable as possible, and rest for awhile."

"How long have you been here, and where did you come from?" asked the foreman of the company.

"I have been here just one week, and I came from the vicinity of the "Falls."

"How much land have you here?"

"Two hundred acres. One hundred I got as a grant from the Government, and the other my father bought and gave it to me."

"Is it all good land?"

"Yes; there is not an acre of useless land on the two hundred acres."

"Do you think that you shall enjoy this sort of life?" was asked by one of the men.

"A man can enjoy almost any sort of life that is not degrading nor sinful, if he makes up his mind to do so," said the young man, as he took a small stone from his vest pocket, and began to whet his axe with it.

"That seems like sound philosophy," said the foreman. "But have you made an estimate of what it costs to hew out a homestead in the wilderness? Do you know that to chop an acre of this heavily timbered land means six days of hard work, and to clear it off means three days more, and to fence it, two days more, and another day to sow and harrow in the seed, so that every acre you put into crop will cost two weeks of hard work."

"Yes," replied the other, "my father has told me all of that. He cleared up the farm he still lives on in the township of Pelham. He says that clearing

land is hard work. But he says, too, that not very much can be *honestly* got in this world without hard work."

"Are you married?" This question was put by a young man who had recently been "engaged," but whose marriage had been deferred till the return of the surveying party.

Young Bushman colored up, and in an emphatic manner said, "No; not yet. 'Build your cage before you catch your bird,' is old advice; but it is good, and I intend to act upon it."

"Where do you sleep and take your meals?" was asked.

"I have a small wigwam or shanty not far away, where, like Robinson Crusoe, 'I am monarch of all I survey,' and where I live, much as that far-famed gentleman did, only I have no man 'Friday' to help while away the time. Will you come and see it?"

They consented to go. He led them over a lot of fallen trees, and around some "brush-heaps," and soon brought them to his shanty. It was made of poles small enough for one man to handle. They were notched together at the corners. The spaces between them were filled with moss. It was covered with hemlock bark, such as is now sold by the cord at the tanneries. The doorway was just wide enough for a man to pass in and out, and a couple of cedar slabs answered for a door. There was nothing very inviting about this little substitute for something better. But plenty of men in this Canada of ours have lived for months in just such humble homes.

But in the surroundings were found such a scene of wild-wood beauty as is seldom met with.

Just in front of the shanty was a miniature lake of clear spring water. It was about an acre in extent, and it was as round as a hoop. It was surrounded by a fringe of beautiful spruce and cedar trees that grew right down to the water's edge. On the opposite side, in the distance, were a number of upland pines, raising their cone-like heads far above the forest of beech and maple trees around them, that seemed to be lifting their branches in homage to those giants that had defied the storms of fifty decades, appealing to them for protection against the woodman's axe. A little to the right a nice brook flowed out of the lake, and ran off toward the creek before spoken of.

All of them agreed that it was a lovely spot. But the engaged young man became poetical. Standing on a log in front of the shanty, and pointing out over the lake, he broke out in the following:

"What beauteous mirror here is found
Set in a fringe of evergreen;
On whose smooth surface may be seen
The tops of all the trees around.

Were I commissioned from above
To find some spot of earthly bliss,
I'd want no nicer place than this
To spend my days with one I love."

"There," said young Bushman, pointing to the lake, "is the future Mrs. Bushman's duck-pond."

The transition from the poetical to the practical was so sudden, that the whole company saw the incon-

gruity of sentiment as expressed by the two young men, and indulged in a hearty laugh.

"My friend," said the foreman, "I wish, before leaving you, to congratulate you on the beauties of your home on the border of Sylvan Lake, and I hope that under the guiding hand of our kind and good Father above, the coming years may bring to you all the prosperity and happiness that your manly courage and your fearless energy deserve."

"Thank you for your kindly and encouraging words," said the young man in a somewhat trembling voice, "and if ever you come this way again don't forget Sylvan Lake. You will find a welcome here at any time."

They shook hands and parted, and young Bushman was left alone.*

"That young fellow deserves to succeed," said the foreman, as the party walked away. "He has got the sort of stuff in him of which true manhood is made up."

"Yes," said the poetic young man. "I wish that I could face things with as much self-reliance as he seems to do. But the bringing up, I suppose, makes the difference."

"Bringing up," replied the foreman, "has a good

* In the Township of Elma was a man by the name of Twamley, who for two months never saw a human face. One day he heard some men talking. He ran after them and persuaded them to stop with him for a day and night, and then they went on their way. He told the writer that he never was so much pleased to see any one before. They were entire strangers to him.

deal to do with the formation of character; but no kind of bringing up can make a real manly man out of a milksop, any more than a blacksmith can make a good axe out of a piece of cast iron. To develop a man you must have manly qualities to work upon. A sneak or a coward may become a good man and a sincere Christian; but to make up a brave, manly man, you must have better material to work upon than the kind of stuff that sneaks and cowards are made of."

We will look into the shanty. In one corner is a flat stone set up on its end, so that its sides touch two sides of the wall, and its face forms the diagonal of the angle of the corner. An opening at the top, for the smoke to escape, answers for a chimney. Here the cooking is done. In another corner is a lot of hemlock boughs and some bedding. Here the sleeping is done. Whatever may be said against this sort of couch, one thing can be said in its favor, gout and rheumatism seldom torture the limbs that repose on a bed of hemlock. In still another corner sits a very large basket, which was lately bought from some Indians, and in which Mr. Bushman keeps his supplies of provisions. He may as well become reconciled to be called Mr., for in time to come that will be a very familiar and a very popular name.

But what is in the basket? That is the question now.

Well, here is a supply of good bread that was made by the wife of the nearest settler, which is seven miles distant. Then here is a lot of boiled ham, good enough for a prince to eat, and a roll of butter (we

won't say anything about the butter, for fear of making a mistake). Here is salt, pepper, mustard, and a lot of spices too numerous to mention.

But what have we here so carefully done up in this clean white cloth? Well, as sure as anything, here is half a dozen speckled trout. They are the same kind of fish that Dr. Wild says the Ashurites used to carry to Jerusalem to sell on the market. These, no doubt, are the product of Sylvan Lake.

We find the basket well filled, and we conclude that a man in health would be a long while starving on such substantial food, supplemented by such royal dainties.

In the other corner we see a rifle and its accoutrements, some fishing tackle and an axe, ready for use, and held in reserve in case the other one should break.

A covered box sitting against the wall serves for a dish cupboard. Four crotched stakes, driven into the ground with the forked end upward, represent the four posts of a table. Two small poles are used for cross bars, and a couple of cedar slabs make the top, and, altogether, make a substitute for a dining-room table of the most fashionable class.

A couple of cedar blocks of convenient size and length are the only chairs to be found in this unpretentious home. But it is wonderful how men can adapt themselves to their surroundings when strong motives for doing so are present.

John Bushman was a man of a strong will, and much decision of character, and one not easily turned from his purpose at any time. But he now had a

powerful motive actuating him, viz., a desire to have a home of his own, and to secure a competence for those who might become, in after years, dearer to him than life itself.

We have been thus minute in the description of Bushman's shanty for the reason that we shall find many similar ones in filling out our story of life among the forest trees, and we wish as much as possible to avoid repetition. We let this description suffice for the class of shanties of which this one is a fair representative.

The next day after the surveyors left was the Sabbath. John Bushman resolved to observe the sacred day in accordance with its requirements, as far as it was possible to do so in his lonely situation. He had been trained from childhood to respect the claims of the Sabbath. But it was not simply the force of habit with the young man, it was a matter of principle as well. In early youth he had been converted, had joined the Church, and pledged himself to a godly life. If there is any grander object in this sinful world than an intelligent, earnest, devoted, manly young Christian gentleman, will those who have seen such object please tell where it may be found, for we have not yet seen it.

When he went out in the morning the air was vocal with the song of birds, and sweet perfumes were floating upon the morning breezes, that seemed to be speaking in gentle whispers lest too soon nature's children should be awakened from their restful slumbers.

The sun was already above the horizon, and it was shooting its beams through the openings that here and there were found in the fringe of evergreens that surrounded Sylvan Lake. Wherever these golden sunbeams fell upon the surface of the clear water, it looked as if a large diamond had exploded, and scattered its fragments in all directions, like drops of melted gold, and making the lake appear like a great overgrown mirror upon whose face a hundred lamps were blazing.

To say that the young man enjoyed the scene around him would be too tame an expression. He was fairly entranced. Though his life had been spent almost entirely on a farm, there was nothing of the rustic about him. He had enough of the poetic element in his composition to place him in harmony with the beautiful in nature or art. And although he was not, perhaps, sufficiently schooled in metaphysical lore to be able to explain why he was pleased, yet any one that could have looked on his beaming face that morning could not for one moment doubt the fact that he was highly gratified with what he saw around him.

He prepared and ate his breakfast in a thoughtful mood. After he put things to rights in the shanty he took one of his block-seats out, and placing it under a cedar, he sat down with his back against the tree and commenced to read Dr. Blair's "Sermon on the Source of True Enjoyment." When he came to the question, "Is the source of true enjoyment external, internal or mixed?" he closed the book and began to reflect. To deny that things outside of himself were a source of

true enjoyment would be to ignore the sensibility of taste and all the æsthetic emotions awakened by the presence of beautiful objects of every kind.

On the other hand, to deny that there are sources of enjoyment that are internal would be to dispute the evidence of consciousness, "for," said he, "I know, 'that being justified by faith, I have peace with God.' And this knowledge must be a source of enjoyment. So that both around me and within me I find that which gives enjoyment. I believe that it is true, that religion puts a person in harmony with nature and with God."

Such were the reflections of John Bushman on that beautiful morning, and in such a happy frame of mind he spent his first Sabbath in his new home among the forest trees.



CHAPTER II.

THE ROAD-MAKERS.

ABOUT a month after John Bushman had commenced his work, he started one morning for a fresh supply of bread. This he did every week. As he was leisurely following the blaze marks on the trees he was somewhat surprised to hear loud speaking, like some one driving oxen. He stopped and listened. He heard men talking not far off. He concluded to go to them, and see what they were doing. The first man he came to was an Irishman. When he came up to the man he put down the axe that he was awkwardly trying to handle, and looking the young man in the face, he said, with a good honest Irish brogue, "An' shure, sur, it's meself that's nearly surprised out of me foive sinses, for by the life of Paddy Maguire, I niver expected to foind a livin' sowl in this wild wilderness. An' shure, an' would yez moind to be after tellin' a body where ye're from, and where ye're goin' ?"

Young Bushman was much amused by the quaint manner in which the Irishman put the case.

He answered by saying in a pleasant way, "My name is John Bushman. I live some four miles from

here, and I am on my way out to the settlement for a supply of bread, as unfortunately I have no one at home to bake it for me. And I am both surprised and pleased to meet you here. Now, I have given you my name; will you intrust me with yours?"

"Sure that I will, sur. You are wilcome to me poor name; and if, on a further acquaintance, yez are found to wear well, yez shall be wilcome till any favor that I can grant yez. My name, sur, is Harry Hawthorn."

"And what are you doing?"

"Making a road, so that people may come in here and settle up this part of Her Majesty's dominions; long life to her."

"Who are those other gentlemen that I see a few rods further on?" said Bushman.

"The two who are chopping at the big tree are brothers. Their names are John and George Brusky. That one piling brush is Peter Birch, and the man who stands beside the oxen is Mister John Root. He is the foreman or contractor, I belave, is what yez call it in this country."

Bushman went on to where the two men were chopping, and introduced himself to them as one of the few inhabitants of the newly surveyed townships.

They answered him very civilly. They spoke their words in a way that showed that they inherited their tongues from Yorkshire parents, or they had been taught to speak by a Yorkshire family.

After a few words with them, he passed on to where Mr. Root was feeding his oxen.

As he came up, Mr. Root said to him, "I presume

you are hunting work, and I am glad you have come, for I am in want of men. Good choppers is what I want, and I suppose you can chop, for if I am not greatly mistaken you are a native of this province, and they are generally pretty good with an axe.* How much do you expect by the day, or do you want to work by the month?"

These words were spoken in such rapid succession, that there was no chance to correct the contractor's mistake until he had finished his long paragraph of questions. As soon as he could find a chance to speak, Bushman said to him, "You are correct in supposing me to be a native of this province, also in thinking that I know something about chopping. But you are mistaken in supposing that I am hunting work."

"O," said the other, "I ask your pardon. I thought you looked like a working-man. That led to the mistake."

"No harm is done," said the young man good naturedly. I am a working-man; but I have recently commenced a job that will last me thirty or forty years, if I live so long."

"What kind of a job have you that is likely to last so long?" asked Mr. Root.

"I have started to make a home in the bush. I have two hundred acres of land, and I expect that I shall some day be able to drive the plough through the most of it, if I am spared."

* This was true forty or fifty years ago more than it is at the present time.

"That means a good many hard days' work, many a blistered hand, and many a tired arm before your task will be completed," said the other.

"What you say is true," said Bushman. "But I am not afraid of work. And as to blistered hands and tired limbs, time and use will do much towards mitigating that difficulty. And the thought of having a comfortable home is a strong motive for enduring hardships. Besides all this, there are many homes in this country that have been made in this way, and I believe that I can do what so many others have done."

Now, Mr. John Root was an American. He was of German descent, but his ancestors had lived in Pennsylvania for three or four generations, and as an American he could appreciate a pushing, plucky man wherever he met with him. He stepped up to young Bushman, and said, "Give me your hand young man. I like your way of looking at things. I am always glad to meet with men of your stamp, men who have got some vim and backbone in them. These are the men who have made your country and mine what they are socially, commercially and politically. Go ahead, and may your fondest hopes be realized."

"Well," said the young man, "I hope that you, too, may have success. But you spoke just now of wanting men. Have you much of this kind of work to do?"

"I have to clear out the road around two townships, and to open one leading line through each of them. That is not less than seventy-five miles of road. And then there are all the swamps to be causewayed, and

the creeks and rivers to be bridged over. So, you see, I need all the suitable men that I can get."

"Yes," said Bushman, "you have plenty of work for all the men you will be likely to find. My land is right on this line, and only four miles further on. I shall be pleased to see you at my bachelor's hall on the bank of Sylvan Lake at any time you can favor me with a call."

Root thanked him for the invitation so kindly given, and the two parted, each one having a good opinion of the other.

Bushman got back with his weekly supply of bread about noon. He was much pleased at the prospect of having a road so soon. He had feared that it might be years before he would have the advantages of a good road. But the Provincial Government had adopted the policy of opening out leading roads through what was known as the "Queen's Bush" and the "Huron Tract." This was one of the first efforts in that direction. The adoption of this policy has been a source of great convenience to the early settlers in different parts of the province, and it has also had much to do with the rapid filling up of the back country.

But after all that the fostering hand of any Government can do to smooth the way for the pioneers, yet they have much to contend with by way of toiling and suffering.

One day, not long after his interview with the road-makers, as he was going out from dinner, he saw a deer come bounding through the opening, and not far

behind it were two large wolves in full chase. Neither the deer nor the wolves seemed to pay any attention to the man. He watched them until the deer ran into the lake, as deer will do when chased by dogs or wolves, if they can find water to run into. They seem to know, by some means, that wolves will not follow them into the water.

Bushman went back to the shanty for his rifle. When he returned the deer was swimming toward the middle of the lake, and the wolves were crouching on the ground with tongues hanging out, and with gleaming eyes and savage looks, watching the deer.

The young man was good with the rifle. It was but the work of a moment to lift the weapon to his shoulder, take aim, and send a bullet crashing through the head of the largest wolf, it being the one that was nearest to him. The wolf rolled over on its side, stretched itself out and was dead.

The other one sprang up, looked at its dying companion for an instant, and then started to run away. But from the other barrel of the rifle a bullet was sent through its heart, and it dropped dead a few rods from its mate.

It being in the early summer, neither the meat nor the skin of the deer was worth much, so it was left alone. But the reports of the gun frightened it so that it left the water, and disappeared in the forest, on the other side of the lake.

Bushman saved the scalps of the two wolves, and when he went home he carried them as far as Hamilton, and got the bounty for them.

Living alone in the bush, and miles away from any neighbors, like everything else, may be said to have two sides—one bright and the other dark.

This sort of life has a pleasant side. There is perfect freedom of action. One is more completely his own master here than he can be where his doings are liable to affect the rights and privileges of others. But in the woods, alone, when no one but yourself is to be affected by your acts, you can just do as you please.

There is the fresh, green beauty of the forest trees, clad in their lovely vernal summer dresses—

> Where nature whispers its delight,
> Where sun and showers their influence spread,
> Where wild-wood flowers their odors shed,
> And nought but beauty meets the sight.

But while this mode of life has its independent aspect, it also has a helpless aspect. There is its loneliness. To have no one to speak or to be spoken to; to cook and eat one's meals in silence; to go to bed at night and get up in the morning; to go to work without a parting word, and to come in at noon and night with no words of encouragement, no look of appreciation, and no smile of welcome, is not the most pleasant mode of existence that one might desire.

And to this must be added the fear of cutting oneself, and other accidents to which choppers are particularly exposed. Or a man might be taken suddenly ill, and die before any person would be aware that anything was wrong with him. Some danger might arise from wild beasts, and in some localities the Indians have occasionally been troublesome in times past.

When all these, and other causes of uneasiness that might be mentioned, are summed up and estimated, we can easily see that a man must have a good deal of nerve, and no small amount of courage and self-control to enable him to face, for any length of time, such a condition of things.

Young Bushman had nerve and courage and self-control fully up to the average of men in civil life, but he was no boaster. He added to these natural traits an unbending determination to succeed, a conscience void of offence, a mind at peace with God and with all mankind, and an unswerving faith in the Divine guidance and protection. He could be comparatively happy in any condition:

> For worldly things small influence had
> Upon his faith or hope or love;
> He was content, and could be glad
> To know he had a friend above.

As the summer months passed away the opening at Sylvan Lake grew larger week by week. The young backwoodsman found that by continual handling the axe his hands got hard and his arm became strong, so that he could chop all day without much weariness. By the middle of August he found that he had chopped twelve acres since the middle of May.

He now concluded to do something toward preparing a better residence. One evening, as he threw himself on his hemlock bed, a happy thought struck him; and he was so carried away with the new idea that he spoke it out aloud. Said he, "I will try and change work with Mr. Root, and get him to come with his men

and team, and help me to put up the body of a house. Then I will go and help him on the road till he is paid."

"Yes, my friend, I will do that, not only willingly, but gladly," said Mr. Root from the outside of the door, where he stood and heard young Bushman's talk, while he supposed he was alone.

Mr. Root came in and sat down on one of the blocks. Then he said, "We are working along by the side of your land on the boundary, and on looking at my instructions I see that the road that I have to open through the township is the concession that runs along the end of your lots. So, you see, we shall be in this locality for a considerable length of time. Now, I have two bridges to build not far from here. You told me one day that you could do something at framing. I called in to-night to see if I could secure your help. That is why I said I would gladly change work with you."

"Well," said Bushman. "There could nothing suit me better. I can help you at the bridges, or chop, or drive oxen, whichever you like. I am very anxious to put up a house this fall, for if I live till next spring I shall have all that I can attend to in clearing off land."

Mr. Root answered: "I have twelve men now, and next week four more are coming. That will be sixteen, besides ourselves. That ought to be force enough to put up a fair sized house, if the logs are not too heavy."

"I can, without much trouble, find a sufficient num-

ber of nice cedars," said the young man. "I want to make the house about 24 feet by 18, if we can raise one as large as that."

"Never fear," said Root. "You cut your logs, and make a 'travoy' to haul them on, and we will get them together. Then, if the men cannot raise all of them, I will show you a 'Yankee trick' in the matter of ox-driving."

"But what do you mean by a 'travoy,' said Bushman, with a puzzled look, "I never saw the article that I know of."

Mr. Root said, "I don't know as I can describe it so as to make you understand. But, did you ever see an old-fashioned three-square harrow?"

"O, yes, I have often worked with one of them."

"Well; make a good strong three-square harrow, and leave out the teeth. Pin a good sized block of wood on the top of it about two-thirds of the distance from the point towards the heel. That will make a good substitute for a 'travoy.' I will show you how to use it."

"I can easily do that," replied the young man. "But let me tell an anecdote about a three-square harrow."

"When I was a boy, my father had a pair of three year old steers. They were partly broken in to work. One day I was sent to harrow in a patch of oats on a stumpy piece of new land. The chain that fastened the steers to the harrow had a broken link, and it was toggled together."

"What do you mean by being toggled together?" asked Mr. Root.

"Why! Don't you know what a 'toggle' is?" said the young man, laughing.

"No; I do not," was the reply.

"Well; I will tell you. When we broke a link of our chain, and had not time to go away to a blacksmith's, we took the ends of the broken chain and put one link into another. We then took a piece of hard wood and drove it into the link that passed through the other, thus fastening the chain solidly together."

"All right," said the American, "I understand now."

"As I was saying," replied Bushman, "the chain had a break in it. While driving along among the stumps, by some means the toggle fell out, and let the steers away from the harrow. After some trouble I got them around to their place again and went in between them to fix the chain. Just then the steers made a start to run away. Before they got fairly under way, I caught hold of the tops of the ox-bows, where they projected through the yoke and held on for life, thinking that if I lost my hold and fell between the steers the harrow would run over me and tear me to pieces. But a few rods had been travelled over in this perilous way, when the harrow caught firmly on a stump, and stopped the runaways."

"My father came up just then with a face as white as a sheet. He had seen the whole affair. He helped me out of my unpleasant position, saying: 'My boy, this is no place for you.' He took the steers in hand, and finished the job himself. Yes, Mr. Root, I have a right to know what an old fashioned three-square harrow is."

"I say, Bushman," said Mr. Root, after a moment's silence, "I have an offer to make you. Now, by a little managment I can arrange my plans so that we can be in the vicinity during the coldest months in the winter. We shall need a warmer place to stay in ourselves, and a better stable for the oxen, than I could afford to build for the short time that we should use them. Now, my proposition is this. We will turn in and help you build your house. Then we will put up a stable for the cattle, after which we will go to another part of my job and work until the cold winter comes on. Then we will come back here and stop till we complete all that is within reach of this place."

"All right. That will suit me exactly. And after the house and stable are done, I will go to work for you to pay you for your time and trouble," was the young man's answer.

"Very well," replied Mr. Root. "We will work it out on that line."

And they did, to the entire satisfaction of all parties. They were honest men, and between such there is seldom any difficulty about business matters. In two days' time the house-logs were cut, and on the ground where the house was to be erected.

The spot was a nice one for a residence, it was between the lake and the line where the road was to be. From the front door the future occupants would be able to look up and down the prospective road, and from the back there would be a splendid view of Sylvan Lake.

CHAPTER III.

HOUSE-BUILDING.

TO raise a log house of any great size requires some mechanical contrivance, as well as considerable force, either mechanical or otherwise; and to lay up the walls properly demands a good deal of practice, and not a little skill.

To notch up a corner perfectly is a piece of work that but few men can do. Either it will be "out of plumb," or it will "bow in," or "bow out." Or maybe the logs will "ride," that is, rest on each other, or they will be too far apart, leaving too much of a "crack" between them. The fact that so few men are able to do a nice job on a corner, makes good cornermen an important factor at log-raisings. Such men sometimes go long distances. And there have been instances in which cornermen have been hired to go into other neighborhoods than their own to lay up corners.

When Bushman enquired among Mr. Root's men he found that three of them claimed to be good cornermen. He could do something at that work himself, so that he felt easy on that score. He then went to Mr. Root and asked him if he had a large auger among his tools.

"What do you want with it?" asked the American.

"I want to make some 'bull heads' for the raising," replied Bushman.

"What are they, and what use do you make of them?" asked Root.

"Don't you know what a bull's head is for? Why, we use them, and bull's eyes, too, at log raising. Were you never at such a place?" said Bushman.

"No; nothing more than putting up a shanty in the Michigan lumber woods. But what are the things, anyway? I want to see them."

Bushman answered, "Now, I think of it, that you came from an old State where the log raising is one of the old things that are looked back to as belonging to the times of your great-grandfathers, and of course you can't remember them."

Mr. Root said, "That is all true. But are you never going to tell me what bull's heads and bull's eyes are like?"

"Yes, as soon as I can get you ready for the information."

"I am ready now, and have been for some time."

"Not quite ready yet," said Bushman; "did you ever see a 'skid?'"

"Yes, I have cut and used scores of them in the lumber woods," was the reply.

"I thought so. We use skids at log-raisings for the same purpose, and the same way that they are used in the lumbering woods, namely, to roll or slide logs on. But one more question, if you please: Did you ever see a man on crutches?"

"Yes, more than once. But what earthly connection can there be between a man on crutches and the use of a bull's head at a log-raising?"

"I will tell you, my inquisitive friend," said Bushman. "I dare say you have noticed that the head of the crutch, or, in other words, the part that is placed under the arm in walking, is shaped like a new moon with the points of the horns cut off. That piece is put on a long staff, or handle. Well, a bull's head is like a great overgrown crutch, with a handle from ten to twenty feet long, and the head large enough and strong enough to bear the strain of six or eight men pushing on it with all their strength at once."

"I see," said the other. "But after the thing is made, how is it used?"

"In raising, we roll the logs up on the skids as far as we can reach with our hands. Then we put one or two bull's heads under each end of it, and the men take hold of the long handles and push against the log and slide it along the skid to the place where they want it."

"I think I understand. But what is a bull's eye?" asked Mr. Root.

"We cut a long, slim beech, or hickory sapling about the size of a chair post. We leave the top limbs all on, and twist them together until they are like a rope. Bring the end around in a circle of about fifteen inches diameter, fasten it securely to the main body of the sapling. Then you have a hoop on the end of a long pole. Now, the man on the corner takes the pole in his hand, then he slips the hoop on the end of the log

and pulls with all his might, to help the men who are pushing the log up the skid. Sometimes ropes are used. But the withes are cheaper and handier."

"I think that I could make either a bull's head or a bull's eye now," said Mr. Root. "But in answer to the question you asked so long ago, I want to say, I have both a large and a small auger among my tools."

"All right," Bushman answered, "I want a two-inch auger to bore into the bull's head for the handles, and I want an inch auger to bore into the handles to put pins into for the men to take hold of when using the articles."

In a few days the necessary preparations for the raising were all finished. Mr. Root and his staff of road-makers came according to the previous arrangement. But the four extra men who were expected did not come in time for the raising, so that the force was not as strong as they had thought it would be. However, they had fourteen men and a good yoke of oxen. This was by no means a light team for the job, especially as the logs to be handled were all cedar.

Bushman had made the best preparations in his power for the comfort of the men, by providing plenty of food and tea and coffee. His bachelor experiences had developed him into a very passable cook.

No whiskey was found in the "bill of fare." There were two reasons for this. The young man never used it, and he was too conscientious to give to others what he would not take himself. And besides this, there was no place for many miles where it could be obtained. It would have been a great gain to this

country, if whiskey had always been conspicuous by its absence from the social life, and individual habits of the people, in all the provinces of this young Dominion. But the men were well satisfied with the efforts made for their enjoyment.

As this was to be the first house of any respectable size in two or three townships a great deal of care was taken in laying the foundation and rearing the walls. It must be exactly square. It must be entirely level, and it must stand so that the sides and ends would face the four cardinal points of the compass—East, West, North, and South. And this would make it correspond with the concessions and sidelines of the township. And more than this, an example would be set that all new comers might follow in building their new homes.

But a lot of active, handy men would not be long in laying the foundation and in getting the floor sleepers in their places. By nine o'clock they had everything ready to commence the raising.

Mr. Root superintended the work on the ground, while Bushman himself gave directions to cornermen in regard to their part of the work.

And now, kind reader, let us pause a little to watch those men at their work. See with what readiness they do as they are told by the foremen. Each seemed to vie with the other in doing his part. And when the word is given, see how every man seems to spring with all his might, and how the log fairly seems to jump along the skids toward the place where it is wanted.

But do you notice the peculiar kind of words that are spoken. The only thing said is, "He-o-heave, He-o-heave." Do you ask what is the meaning of those words? I cannot tell you. I have been at a great many raisings, and I have heard the words at every one of them; but I have never heard a definition of them by any one. In fact, I never heard a question asked about the meaning of them.

I think I can give you an equivalent for them, that is easily understood. "Prepare-lift," seems to be what is implied in the words "He-o-heave." At the word "heave," every man does his best, and the work goes on.

We have here an illustration of the benefit of united action. Now, these men might lift, one at a time, until they died, and they could not put up those logs, and make a house of them. But what would be impossible to do by individual effort can easily be accomplished by united and concentrated effort.

But if we do not make haste these busy workers will have the walls up while we are describing the process of raising them. How swift time flies when we are interested in anything. Here it is noon already, and the men are preparing for their dinner or lunch or whatever it may be called.

We will sit down and share with them. We need have no misgivings as to our being welcome to do so, for backwoodsmen are noted for their unpretentious hospitality.

The men sat at an extempore table, made by placing two large logs so that poles could be laid across

from one to the other. These were thickly covered over with bed-quilts, and over all was spread a white table cloth that had been borrowed from the nearest neighbor. The dishes had been got from the road makers.

They sat on the ground in the same manner that tailors sometimes sit on the bench when sewing.

There was considerable mirth among the dinner-party who partook of that first public meal ever enjoyed on the banks of Sylvan Lake.

After they had finished their dinners, some one proposed to drink the health of the future mistress of the house they were raising. The idea took, and the tea-cups were filled with the clear, pure water from the lake.

It was decided that Mr. Root should propose the toast, and John Bushman was to reply.

After a little hesitation, Mr. Root lifted his cup, and the rest followed his example. He looked around upon the beaming faces of the good-natured lot, and spoke as follows:—

"Here's to the lady who one day will come
And, as the loved mistress of this rural home,
Will preside like a genius that chases away
All the cobwebs and darkness; and make people say,
What a splendid housekeeper John Bushman has got,
Who can make Sylvan Lodge such a beautiful spot;
May her heart long be lightened with music and song;
May her path still be bright as the years pass along,
And as age creeps upon her may her life still be blest
With the love of a husband, the kindest and best;
And at last when the work of this life is all done,
May she rest in the home where the Master has gone."

As Mr. Root sat down, the whole company broke out in a storm of applause. "Hurrah for Root! long life to the Mistress of Sylvan Lodge!" rang into the ears of John Bushman, who colored up and looked like a man who is charged with some mean action. The cups of water were forgotten, and Bushman was called for by half a dozen voices at once.

The young man stepped upon the end of one of the logs used as supports for the table, and commenced by saying:—

"Gentlemen, for the first time in my life I find myself wishing that I was a poet, so that I might reply to my friend in a proper way. But I shall have to ask you to listen to a short speech in prose, and it may be too prosy a speech.

"In reply to the kindly wishes so well expressed by our friend, and so heartily endorsed by you, all I wish to say is, I do indulge a hope that at no very distant day Sylvan Lake will reflect a fairer face than mine, and that the house we are raising to-day may have the presence of a mistress as well as that of a master. And, gentlemen, if, in the future, any of you should be passing this way do not forget this place. And I want you all to remember that the sun that lavishes its warmth and light upon us, is not more free to kiss away the dew-drops from the leaves that bend in the morning under their loads of liquid brightness, than the hospitalities of Sylvan Lodge, as you have been pleased to call this house, shall be free to anyone who is helping to raise this house to-day."

As he finished his short address he was loudly

applauded by his comrades. Harry Hawthorn became enthused, as the newspaper men say. He cried out at the top of his voice, "Sucess till yez Maisther Bushman, and may your shaddy niver grow shorter, and may your purse become longer and heavier; and may your dacent lady, Mrs. Bushman, grow purtier, and swater timpered as the years go by."

They now concluded to resume their work. But before they commenced an elderly man, named Adam Switch, told the men that their mirthfulness brought a sad recollection to his mind. Some one asked him to what he referred.

He said, "A number of years ago—I think it was before the Rebellion—I was at the raising of a log barn. The men all seemed to be carried away with the spirit of mirth. Although there was not a drop of intoxicating liquor about the place, they acted as if all hands were tipsy.

"Everything went well until about the middle of the afternoon. The barn was up ten or twelve feet high. In putting up one of the long side-logs the men got racing to see whose end would be ahead. In their thoughtless haste one end was shoved so far ahead that it slipped off the skid, and fell. In falling to the ground it struck the owner of the barn and killed him instantly.* He left a wife and small family to battle with life in a new country, as best they could without him. I never go to a raising since that day without solemn feelings."

*In the Township of Wallace a man was killed in the same way in A.D. 1860, while at his own raising of a log barn.

By sundown the walls were up and the rafters on. Then the men concluded that their task was done, And it was done, too, without Mr. Root having to show them a "Yankee trick by way of ox-driving."

Bushman was well pleased with the way in which the work was done. And Mr. Root, after congratulating him on the success of the day's efforts, said. "Inasmuch as all his men had agreed to come to a 'bee,' no charge would be made for the time spent at the raising."

The young man was completely taken by surprise. He thanked them for their kindness, and hoped he might be yet able to make them all a suitable return.

One of the men, a Mr. Beech, said to him, "So far as I am concerned, very likely you may have a chance to do it before many months are gone. One of my reasons for joining this party of roadmakers was the opportunity it would give me to select a good lot of land on which to settle.

"I am so well pleased with the looks of the land and timber about here that I have sent in an application for the lot on the other side of the road from yours. If I get it, which most likely I will, I expect to settle on it early next spring. So, you see, we are likely to become fellow-citizens of the new country, and we may as well commence to be sociable and neighborly at once."

"I am glad to hear it," said Bushman; "and I hope that you may never have cause to think of me in any other character than that of a good neighbor and trusty friend."

"Well, upon me sowl," broke in Harry Hawthorn, "an', shure, wonders will niver cease. It's meself that's jist afther securin' the roight to build a shanty fur meself, and a byre fur me cow on the lot over the bound'ry, and jist furnenst the lot we are on this blessed minute. Thin I will sind to ould Ireland, that I love so well, and bring out my Biddy and our childer, and we will make ourselves a home, and may the saints be good till all of us."

"I am delighted," said Bushman, "to hear that I am to have two such neighbors as Mr. Beech and Mr. Hawthorn, and I hope that we shall do what we can for each other, so as to lighten the burdens of pioneer life."

"Shure, and we will do that same thing," replied the Irishman. "But, if you plaze, do not call me Misther. Let me name be only Harry on wake days, and Harry Hawthorn on Sunday fur a change, to match wid me Sunday clothes, you see."

They all laughed at the way that Harry presented his wishes respecting the cognomen by which he would have himself addressed by his neighbors.

"Will you allow me a place in your Backwoods Society?"

The question was asked by Mr. John Brushy. He was the most quiet and the most powerful man in the group. He stood six feet, and weighed two hundred pounds. When he was roused, he was just the kind of man to be let alone by ordinary men. But he seldom got roused, unless he had too much whiskey in him. Then he was quarrelsome, and sometimes dangerous.

But he was the right man for the bush, and his friends were always safe with him, and could trust him.

They all looked at the big man, and they saw that he was in earnest.

"Yes, cheerfully," said Bushman, in answer to his question.

"Yes, with all my heart," said Peter Beech.

"Yes, me too," said Harry; "give us your sledge-hammer of a hand, and long may we all live in peace and harmony together."

"Well, I hope none of you will leave me till my contract is filled," said Mr. Root. "Then if I conclude to stay in Canada, and in the meantime, if I find no finer tract of land, I will see if I can come across a vacant lot hereabouts, and settle down in your neighborhood. But at present we will talk about our plans for the future," and turning to Bushman, he said, "What do you calculate on doing next?"

"I think I will go on and finish up the house first, and then pay you back the work that I owe you. By that time winter will be here. Then I will leave the house to you and your men, and go home for a couple of months, and come back in the spring."

"And bring a wife with you," broke in one of the men.

"As to that, I don't know whether any one would have me," he said, with a blush on his cheek.

"The first thing to be done will be to go out to Mapleton, and bring in the glass and nails. That will take about two trips. Then I shall have to get a frow and drawing-knife, and cross-cut saw, to make

the shingles. I think I can borrow them from the people where I get my bread."

"How far is it to Mapleton?" asked one of them.

"About twenty-two miles," was the answer.

"And what direction is it?"

"There is only one way out from here yet, and that is the way we all came in on."

"What are you going to do for lumber?" was asked by James Brushy.

"I shall have to hew out timber for the floors, and split cedar slats for the sheeting," was the reply.

"Well," said Brushy, "can't we all who are intending to settle here put in together and buy a whip saw? I know how to use it, and in that way we can get on until somebody comes along to put up a saw-mill."

The four men agreed to adopt the plan, and directed Bushman to order the saw through the storekeeper at Mapleton.

Everything succeeded as they wished. The house was made as comfortable as such a one could be. The stable was built for the cattle, the work was duly paid back to Mr. Root, and by the middle of December John Bushman started for home, having been absent since early in the last spring.

CHAPTER IV.

A PARTNER FOUND.

JOHN BUSHMAN had been so absorbed since coming to the backwoods that he had scarcely thought of the old home and its surroundings. He believed that he was not forgotten there. He felt confident that he was often carried to the Great Helper of the needy on the wings of a mother's prayers and a father's faith. And he fully believed that in some mysterious way he was benefited by those prayers.

But he had now been away from home for seven months, and his life among the forest trees had been such a busy one, that attention to present duties had so fully occupied his mind that he may be truly said to have taken no thought for to-morrow.

But now, as he journeyed homeward on foot, for this was before the time of railroads, he had time to think. His first thoughts were about the loved ones at home. He had not heard from them since he left them in the spring. There were no post offices then in the back country.

He would ask himself many questions as he walked along. "Were they all alive and well or should he find an empty seat, and if so, whose seat would it be?

Would it be baby Littie's? How sad it would be if the little prattler should be gone. Or would it be one of the older members of the family?" Just then a startling thought crossed his mind: "What if mother should be gone to come back no more?" The very thought made him almost sick. He felt a sinking at his heart and a dizziness in his head. He never, till that moment, realized the strength of his attachment to his mother. But he tried to dismiss such unpleasant thoughts and think of something not so gloomy.

He wondered if sister Betsy had accepted the offer of young William Briers to become his wife. He believed that she was more than half inclined to do so before he left. But he was not certain, for Bet was such a queer girl, that no one but mother could get anything out of her. He said to himself, "I do wish she would have him, for Will is a good fellow; and I think more of him than any other young man in the settlement."

Thinking of his sister and her lover started a new train of ideas. He thought of the house so recently built, called by the men Sylvan Lodge. Who was to be its mistress in the days to come?

John Bushman was by no means what is called a lady's man. He had never shown any particular partiality to any of the young women of his acquaintance; and, though he was on good terms with all of them, he would not acknowledge, even to himself, that he had ever been in love with any of them. He flattered himself that he had not been touched by any of the darts from the bow of the sly god. No, no;

Cupid had lost his arrows if any of them had been shot at him. And he straightened himself up, and stepped along with the feeling of perfect composure and complete satisfaction on the score of his being an entirely unpledged young man. But something told him to look down into his heart, and when he had done so, he made a discovery that might upset a man of less self-control than he had.

Down deep in his heart he saw the picture of a face, not a pretty one, perhaps, but it was a very attractive one—not a dashing, saucy, bewitching face, but a modest, thoughtful, honest one, and, moreover, he seemed to hear a gentle voice softly whispering, "I am here, John. You fancied that your heart was unoccupied, but I am here; I found it empty and crept into it years ago, when we were only children, and I don't want to be turned out now."

John knew the face. It was that of an old playmate and school-mate. When he came to realize the state of the case he was not displeased, though he was somewhat surprised. He said to himself, "I did not know that the little witch was there, but when did she get there, and how? I don't remember ever showing her any more attention than I gave to other girls, and I am sure that she has not been more friendly to me than the other young women; in fact, I have thought of late that she seemed cold and offish. But no matter how she got there, I now see that she has the strongest hold on my affections, and if I can get her consent to go with me to my new country home, little Mary Myrtle shall be the future mistress of Sylvan Lodge."

Young Bushman was no blusterer, and there was not a particle of the braggart in his composition; but when he made up his mind to do a thing, he called to his assistance a *will* that was unbending, and an energy that was most unyielding. So, having settled in his own mind the question as to who should be the chosen one to brighten his home with her presence, he resolved to let the matter rest until he could have an opportunity to mention the thing to the young lady herself, and find out if her views and feelings harmonized with his.

After three days' travel, made doubly tiresome by the soreness of blistered feet, he came into the neighborhood of home. He looked in the direction of his father's house and he could see the tops of the chimneys with the blue smoke curling up towards the calm cerulean sky. He thought that smoke never seemed so beautiful before. He almost fancied that it spread itself out like loving arms to encircle him and give him words of welcome.

The first person that he met was a blunt old Yorkshireman, who lived on a farm adjoining his father's.

When the old man came up he took the young man's hand with a grip that fairly made him wince, as he said, "A Jock, beest this you? How hast thee been sin' ye left us last spring?"

"I have been well, Mr. Roanoak," said John, "but how are they at home? Do you know that I have not heard from home since I went away last April?"

"Well," answered the Englishman, "your mother be'ant very blissom sin' you went off to the woods to

live on bear's meat. The rest of them are hearty and well."

After a few more words with his old friend whom he had known from his boyhood, John went on to the old home, where so many happy days to him had come and gone.

As he came to the door he listened before going in. He heard his father asking God's blessing on their food. They were just sitting down to tea.

Presently he heard his sister say in a bantering sort of way, "Mother, cheer up, for I believe that John is on the way home. I have felt like it all day."

"I dreamed last night," said the mother, "that he came home tired and hungry, and asked me to give him some dinner."

The father spoke and said: "He will be here before many days. The winter must have set in back where he is, and he promised to come home before Christmas to help me butcher the pigs. If he is alive and well he will soon be here, for John always was a truthful boy."

John could wait no longer, but giving a rap on the door, he opened it and went in, at the same time saying, "Mother, where is my plate? I'm as hungry as a bear in the month of March."

We will gently close the door and retire, as it is not seemly to intrude upon the privacy of family reunions.

The people in the neighborhood were all pleased to see young Bushman looking so strong and healthy, after his summer in the bush. He was a general favorite among his acquaintances.

The old people liked John because they had always found him truthful and honest, even from childhood.

The young people liked him because he never put on any airs of superiority, or assumed any authority over them; and he always showed himself to be the sincere friend of all his young companions and schoolmates. Their mode of expressing themselves was, "We like John Bushman, because he always treats us as his equals, and we can always trust him."

The children liked him because he always spoke cheerfully and kindly to them, and he never passed them on the road without letting them know that he saw them. He seemed to understand the truism that "kind words cost nothing," and he acted upon it. But when kind words are bestowed upon children, they are like precious seed scattered on a fertile soil, they yield a rich harvest in calling out the affections, and in gaining the confidence of the little ones.

John had to answer a great many questions in regard to his lonely life among the forest trees. What degree of success had attended his efforts? Was he going back in the spring? Was the land and water good? How far off was his nearest neighbor? What was the soil and timber? What were the prospects of an early settlement of the country? These and many other questions he had to answer to the best of his ability, which he did cheerfully and satisfactorily.

One evening as the family sat by the large fire that was blazing in the old-fashioned Dutch fire-place, John told about having killed the wolves; and he showed them the bounty money that he got for the

scalps in the village of Hamilton, as he was on his way home.

"Are you not afraid, John, that the wolves will catch you alone sometime without your gun, and tear you to pieces?" asked his mother.

He answered, "I never go away from the house without either the gun or the axe in my hand. Wolves are great cowards, and will very seldom attack a man in day time. It is only at night, when they can sneak up behind in the darkness, that they are at all dangerous to human kind."

"What did you do with the skins of the wolves? Are they good for anything? What color are they, and how big are they?" asked his sister.

"There Bet," said he, with a laugh, "that is just like a girl. They want to know everything at once. Here you have been shooting questions at me so fast that I had no time to answer one of them; and they come so swiftly that a fellow has no chance to dodge them. Please hold on a while, and give me time to think."

"Humph! you think everything is like shooting since you shot the wolves," shouted Betsy, "but will the great hunter condescend to answer my *girlish questions?*"

"Most certainly, sister mine, if you will hold your tongue and your temper for a few minutes.

"Firstly, then, I got my nearest neighbor, who is something of a tanner, to dress them with the hair on, and I spread them on my block seats for cushions; and they are, in this way, both ornamental and useful.

"Your second question is answered in the first one.

"Thirdly, they are gray, with dark stripes running through them, making them a sort of brindle.

"Fourthly, a wolf is a good bit larger than a fox, and something smaller than a bear. His skin is just big enough to cover him from nose to tail. Will that do, Sis?"

"Well," said she, "I am wonderfully enlightened on the subject. How should I know the size of a fox or a bear, since I never saw either."

"A full-grown wolf," said John, "is as tall as a large dog, but he is not so heavy, nor so strongly built. He is more like a greyhound than anything else that I know of, unless it is another wolf. That is all that I can say about him."

The father here spoke, saying, "It is time to change the subject for the present. We will have some more talk about wolves at another time. But I think it would be well to be on the look-out for a good, strong, resolute dog for John to take with him to the bush, when he goes back to his place next spring. He will want a dog to guard his place, as I intend to give him a yoke of oxen, a cow and half a dozen sheep as soon as he can get anything to feed them."

"I am very thankful to you, father," said John, "for your intended gift. And as for feed, I can get that as soon as it is needed, for I have five or six acres of splendid beaver-meadow on my lot, and I can cut hay enough there to keep a number of cattle and sheep."

"Squire Myrtle has got just the sort of a dog that

you ought to have, John;" so said his younger brother, William.

At the mention of that name the young man started and his face flushed up for moment. He soon regained his equilibrium, and no one but his mother noticed his perturbation. Her sharp eyes saw it, and trifling as the incident was in itself, she drew her own conclusion from it. She said to herself, "I have his secret now. There is more than a dog at Squire Myrtle's that he would like to take with him to the bush."

During the Christmas week John paid a visit to the homestead of Squire Myrtle. It was one of the oldest farms in the vicinity of the Short Hills On it was a very large orchard, mostly of seedling fruit. But the greater part of it was of a good quality.

The fields were beautified by numerous second-growth chestnut, shellbark hickory, and black-walnut trees. But there were two things that Squire Myrtle especially doted on. These were his horses and his garden. The latter took up much of his time in summer, and the same may be said of the horses in winter.

Nobody's garden produced better vegetables than did his; and nobody's team stepped off more lively, nor with longer strides than the Squire's. And, on a clear, cold night in winter, his sleigh-bells could be heard for two miles or more, as he drove home from mill or from market.

The young man was received with a warmth of greeting by Mr. and Mrs. Myrtle that ought to have

convinced him that he was a little more than a merely welcome visitor.

After the usual enquiries as to the health of himself and family at home, he had many questions to answer about the back country.

What were the prospects of success in farming and fruit growing? How far from lake navigation? Were there any churches and schools within reach, etc., etc.

He told them that his place was some thirty-five miles from Lake Ontario. The nearest church or school, so far as he knew, was twenty miles, and the nearest doctor or magistrate was twenty-five miles from where he had located. "The soil is, I think, good for grain and the hardier kinds of fruit. But it has not yet been tested by actual experiment," said he.

"Dear me, John, you have gone a long way back. Could you not have found land to settle on without going so far?" said Mrs. Myrtle.

John answered, "It is, to be sure, a long way back now, but it will not always be so. Some persons have to be pioneers, and I am willing to take my place among them. I believe that I can stand the rough and tumble of bush life as well as others."

"I can remember," said the Squire, "when young couples had to come all the way from Long Point on Lake Erie to get married. There was only one minister in all this part of the province that was authorized to marry."

"Yes," said his wife, "and you know what a trip we made on horseback when we got married. And I

can never forget how old Mr. Greenhedge laughed when we told where we came from and what we wanted. It seems to me that I can see him yet, as he pronounced the benediction on William Myrtle and Polly Thorntree."

"Mr. and Mrs. Myrtle," said John, with a shaky voice, "I have an important question to ask you, and I may as well do it now as to put it off till another time. Are you both willing that I should try and persuade your Mary to go with me to the bush as my wife."

They looked at each other for a moment. Then Mr. Myrtle said, "John, I know you are truthful and honest. You may try, and all I say now is, success to you." He did succeed. After John was gone, Mrs. Myrtle said, "I am glad of this, for I know she likes him."



CHAPTER V.

AN OLD-TIME WEDDING.

CLEVER men sometimes do silly things when they undertake to hunt a wife. A man may show good judgment in all the ordinary affairs of life, and yet he may act more like a lunatic than anything else when he goes courting.

The reason of this may be found in the false estimate which men sometimes make of woman's character and position. If a man looks upon a woman as being inferior to himself, he will likely assume an air of superiority over her, that will set her against him, and drive her from him.

And on the other hand, if he looks on her as an angel, done up in skirts and corsets, he will act the part of a cringing weakling, and in this way he calls out contempt where he wishes to gain esteem, and provokes aversion where he hopes to awaken love.

If this man would counsel with his mother or his sister they would tell him that a woman never can respect what she despises, nor love what she stands in dread of.

John Bushman was a sensible young man. He did not estimate woman to be either better or worse than

himself. He simply treated her as his equal—nothing more, nothing less. As a natural consequence, he had the respect of his lady friends.

But there was one of the number that had a stronger feeling towards him than simple respect. This one was little Mary Myrtle, whose image John so unexpectedly discovered that day that he looked into his heart when on his way home. We call her little, not because she was so very small, but from a habit that nearly every one got into when Mary was a child. It was done to distinguish her from an aunt of the same name, who was a young woman when she was an infant.

John had not as yet said anything to her about becoming Mrs. Bushman, although, like an honest, manly man, he had asked her parents' consent to do so.

Mrs. Myrtle said to Mary the next morning after the interview recorded at the close of the last chapter, "John Bushman asked your father and me if he might try and persuade you to go with him to the bush as his wife. What do you think of that?"

"Did you tell him he might?" demurely asked the young lady.

"What else could we tell him? He is all right himself, and we cannot expect to keep you always. Will he have a very difficult task?" said the mother, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"I do not think so," was the candid reply.

About a week after his visit to the Squire's, John made another call one afternoon. The old people were

both away to Fort George on some business in connection with the estate of Mrs. Myrtle's father, who had died recently, leaving his business all in the hands of his daughter and son-in-law to settle.

Mary received him kindly enough, but without evincing any emotion. He thought at first that she seemed a little cool and distant; but on second thought he made up his mind that it was only his own fancy. He was conscious that his feelings towards her had been greatly intensified since his conversation with her parents, so that now, if she failed to respond fully to his warmth of manner, it was not because she was too frigid in her deportment, but it was because he had been too sanguine in his expectations.

After conversing for some time on a variety of topics, they stood in silence for a while. They both seemed to be a little embarrassed. Presently John broke the silence by saying, "Mary, I came here to-day to ask from you a great favor—such as men, as a rule, only ask once in a life-time, and one which, if granted, I hope you may never regret, and I pray that I may never have occasion to seek the like again. Mary, can you guess what that favor is? But, stay; I don't want you to guess it. I want to tell it to you in plain, honest English. Now, Mary, we have known each other from childhood. I know that you have too much modesty to be a coquette, and too much honesty to be a flirt. And I trust that I have too much true manhood in me to court either a coquette or a flirt. I intend, so far as I know how, by the help of God, to be a true man. I want a true woman. I believe that you are one. Will you be my wife?"

She looked for a moment into his honest face, and then said:

"Your outspoken, truthful honesty entitles you to expect the fullest candor from me. I will be just as frank with you as you have been with me. I have dreamed of this hour oftentimes in my sleep, and I have sometimes thought of it in my wakeful moments. But I hardly allowed myself to hope that it would ever come, and yet I could see no reason why it might not. I know that I love you, and I feel that I can trust you. Yes, I will be your wife."

One long, loving kiss, which was fully reciprocated, sealed the contract.

Just then they heard the noise of the Squire's lumber waggon rattling over the frozen ground. They looked out and saw him and his wife coming home from the chief town of the district, and they wondered where the afternoon had gone to.

The young man bid his affianced good-bye, and started for home. As he passed out at the bars he met the old people, and accosted them in a friendly, though somewhat timid manner. As he was passing on, Mary's father said, in a loud tone of voice, so that the girl, who was standing in the door, could hear:

"I say, John, have you a very hard time in finding some one to go with you to the bush?"

"No, sir," replied John; "the first one that I asked has consented to go."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Myrtle, "if he and Mary are engaged?"

"Very likely," was the only answer the Squire returned to his wife's query.

"I am afraid, after all, that you are not just satisfied to let him have Mary," said she thoughtfully.

"What objections can I have? The young man is all that I could wish.

"But the trouble with me is to get my feelings to harmonize with my judgment. It seems to me that in taking Mary from us, John will, in some way, do me an injury."

"Well," answered she, "I remember overhearing father talk like that to mother after we were engaged. Your words sound just like echoes of what he said about you. Probably men do feel like that when some one takes away one of their pets. You know, it has been said that a man has three pets, viz.: the youngest child, the eldest daughter and the living wife."

"Well, I don't know how it is with other men, but I do know that my greatest pet is the living wife," said he, as he jumped out of the waggon and lifted her to the ground.

As John walked home that evening he felt that he was a highly favored man. The Myrtle family was among the most respectable in the township, and Mary was looked upon by all her acquaintances as being one of the best young women in the neighborhood.

That such a one should say that she loved him, and she could trust him with her life's happiness was, he thought, enough to make any young man imagine that the hard rough frozen road was as smooth as a flagstone pavement.

As he walked along he fancied that he heard a soft voice singing in sweet and soothing cadence—

"John Bushman, who will be your wife,
And walk with you the path of life,
To help you in its toil and strife?
Sweet Mary Myrtle.

John Bushman, if in coming years,
Your eyes should be bedimmed with tears,
Who then shall try to quell your fears?
Sweet Mary Myrtle.

John Bushman, when life's dream is past,
And darkness gathers round you fast,
Who will stand by you till the last?
Sweet Mary Myrtle."

Here the voice seemed to stop. The young man listened for a while, but he heard no more. Then, as he was musing by himself, he began in a low modulated voice to sing—

"John Bushman, whom do you intend,
To honor cherish and defend,
And live with until life shall end?
Sweet Mary Myrtle."

"John," said a voice, "what is all this about Mary Myrtle?"

The young man was awakened from his reverie. The speaker was his sister. She was coming out for an armful of kindling just as he came into the woodshed, and she heard the concluding words of his little song.

He stood and looked at her for a moment, and then said—

"I say, Bet, how would you like to dress up in white kid gloves, and other things to match, and stand by the side of a friend of mine, while she gets married?"

"You must be green, John, if you think that you can fool me by talking about kid gloves and white dresses. What have they got to do with the girl you were just now speaking about?" she asked.

"More than you think, little Sis. But never mind now; go in and get the supper, for I am hungry. I will tell you some other time," and the two went into the house together.

After the supper was over, and they were sitting around the cheerful fire, old Mr. Bushman said—

"John, I have traded off one of the spare horses for a yoke of cattle for you to take with you to the bush; I might have given you a span of horses, but I know from my own experience, as well as from what others have told me, that, for the first few years in the new country, oxen are handier than horses. They are easier provided for, it costs less to keep them, there is less danger that they will stray off, and they are easier and more cheaply harnessed; and, besides all this, when they wear out you can turn them into beef."

"I am glad, father," said John, "that you are able to help me in this way, and I am grateful to you for being willing to do it. There are not many who go to the bush under as favorable circumstances as I shall be able to do through your generosity. I only hope that I may some day be able to make some return for all your kindness."

"The best return that you can make to your mother and me is to live a sober, honest, Christian life," said the father, with some signs of emotion; and "that you can do with the help of the Lord."

"And by the Lord's assistance I will, father," said the young man.

"You may well say that. You are highly favored in comparison with others. It is not quite forty years yet since your grandparents came to this country. They had good homes in Pennsylvania. The War of Independence came on: they sided with the mother country. The Americans were the victors. Their doctrine is, 'to the victors belong the spoils.' They acted upon it; they took everything that they could find, and sent the Loyalists through hundreds of miles of unbroken wilderness, to make their way as best they could to where the British flag still floated over the wild woods of Canada. My people and your mother's people came through the State of New York which was then mostly a wilderness. They brought a few articles with them, such as could be carried on pack-horses."

"Where did you first touch this country?" asked John.

"We crossed the river at the place where Black Rock is now. We swam the horses, and we got some Indians to bring us over in their bark canoes."

"Were you not afraid the canoes would tip over and let you all into the water?" asked Betsy.

"There was no use being afraid—there was no other way to get over. We did not load the crafts too heavily, and we were good sailors," was the reply.

"Father," said John, "do you remember anything about that revolutionary war?"

"Yes, quite distinctly. You know I was near

seventeen years old when we came to this place. My father belonged to the 'Light Horse,' and he was away from home most of the time. I remember he came home one day to see how we were getting along. Some of the Americans found it out in some way; they resolved to take him prisoner. I remember my mother came into the house with a frightened look and said to father, 'The Yankees are after you.'

"The floor was made of wide boards, and not nailed down very securely; mother took up a spade that stood in the corner and pried up one of the boards, saying, 'Here, Joe, get down under the floor, it is your only chance.'

"He did as she said, and she had only got the board replaced when the parties were at the door.

"They came in without ceremony. Looking around the room, one of them said to mother, in a rough insulting way,

"'Where is your husband?'

"'He is not here,' she answered.

"'Was he not here this morning?' said he sternly.

"'Yes; but he is not here now. Do you suppose that he would be such a fool as to stay here till you come after him? He knew you were coming, and he dodged you. That is all that I can tell you about him.'

"'Look here, woman,' said he, lifting his gun in a menacing way and stepping toward her; 'you know where he is; now tell me, or, by the powers above, I will run the bayonet through you.'

"I never will forget how mother looked just then. Her Teutonic blood was up.

"She looked him fully in the face, as she said, 'You think to scare me, do you? I will never tell you where he is. But you are a pretty man, are you not? You are a brave soldier, too, are you not, to threaten to kill a woman, because she refuses to betray her children's father into the hands of a band of cut-throats?'

"That is the sort of stuff the women were made of, who gave to Canada and to Britain the 'United Empire Loyalists.'

"One of his companions called to the man, saying, 'Come away, Bill; don't touch her. But you are playing a losing game.'

"At this, he struck the bayonet through the floor and fired off his musket, with a terrible oath, saying, 'If I could only find the —— Tory, I would send an ounce of lead through his heart.'

"They went away without further molesting anything about the place.

"The bayonet and the contents of the gun passed through the floor within six inches of the man's head.*

"Another incident that I heard of," continued Mr. Bushman, "was like this: A number of women and children of the Loyalists were concealed in a cave away in the woods, while the men were all away in the war. One day a boy, about fifteen years of age, was sent out to try and get some news about how things were going on in the army. As he was returning, he was discovered by a company of the rebel scouts. They asked him where his people were con-

*This incident occurred with the writer's paternal great-grandparents.

cealed. He refused to tell them. They threatened to shoot him if he did not do it, but he persistently refused to comply. They then took and tied him to a tree, six men were placed a dozen yards from him, and ordered to prepare to shoot him. They pointed their guns at him, and waited for the order to fire. The leader approached the boy and said, 'Will you tell us now where they are?' The boy answered, 'If I tell you, and you find them, you will kill them. It is better for one to die than for so many to die. *I will not tell you!* You may shoot me if you will.' The leader turned to his men and said, 'Hold on, boys. Don't shoot. It is too bad that such a little hero should be shot like a dog. Untie him and let him go.' * Some other time I will give some more reminiscences of the early times of our country."

The engagement between young John Bushman and Mary Myrtle gave entire satisfaction to both families. This was only what might be expected under the circumstances. The two families had been neighbors for a number of years. They had together battled with the hardships of pioneer life "among the forest trees." They were both Protestants, and attended the same meetings. And although the Bushmans were of German descent, and the Myrtles of English, yet five generation separated both families from their connection with either country. They were just the kind of people to commence to build up a distinct nationality—the

* That boy came to Canada after the war. He married an aunt of the writer's mother, lived to be an old man, and died respected by everyone.

right kind of seed from which to produce a national tree of vigorous growth—a tree that should strike its root so deep and firm in the virgin soil of the northern British territory, that the most bitter enemies of the Empire could neither uproot nor break it down.

The winter was rapidly passing away. February was almost gone, and yet but little preparation for the approaching wedding had been made. The time fixed upon was the twenty-first of March, the time of the vernal equinox, when, as people used to say, "the sun crossed the line." John said that they selected that day because they thought it would be a good time to pass from the frigid, cloudy days of unmated winter, into the bright spring sunshine of matrimonial summer. Like thousands of others, he placed a higher value on the ideal future than on the actual present.

One serious question was, who should be got to perform the ceremony. The clergy of the Church of England and the ministers of the old Kirk of Scotland were the only reverend gentlemen in the Province allowed to marry. It was some years after this before Dissenters could legally marry people.

Magistrates did the marrying in many cases, and under certain conditions. These conditions existed in this case. Mary's father was a magistrate, and it was desired, after much consultation, that he would officiate. A notice was posted on the door of the only mill in the township, stating that "John Bushman and Mary Myrtle intended to enter the bonds of holy wedlock on the twenty-first of the ensuing month of March, in the house of William Myrtle, Esquire, at the hour of

eleven o'clock in the forenoon;" and calling upon any persons who had legal objections to offer to present themselves at the time and place above-mentioned, or to "hold their peace forever after."

The approaching wedding became a thing of great interest in the neighborhood. The time came around at last. Nearly everybody, old and young, for miles around, were invited, and most of them came. The house was full of people. John's sister Betsy, and her affianced, William Briars, "stood up," to use the phrase then in vogue. Squire Myrtle soon got through with his part, and Mary changed the name of Myrtle for that of Bushman.

One of the most striking features of an old-time wedding was its simplicity. There was no effort for mere display. There were no costly gifts by those who could ill afford it. No affected friendship where there was concealed aversion. But a genial atmosphere of friendship, and a healthy exercise of neighborly courtesies, along with a generous provision for the satisfying of hunger and thirst, constituted the leading features of the old-time weddings, such as prevailed among the early settlers in the time of our grandfathers.

The congratulations were hearty and sincere. Mirth and merriment pervaded the large assemblage, and none seemed more joyous than the two elderly gentlemen, one of whom had gained a son and the other one a daughter, by the day's proceedings.

The two mothers-in-law took things very coolly, and kept themselves from anything like noisy demonstra-

tion. But it was easy to see that neither regretted the fact that their children had been yoked together for a life-long work in the matrimonial harness. At an early hour of the evening, a short prayer for the happiness and prosperity of the newly-wedded pair was offered up by the oldest man in company; the people dispersed, and the nuptials of John Bushman and Mary Myrtle were things of the past.



CHAPTER VI.

TALK ABOUT WOLVES.

A WEEK or two after the wedding, as they were sitting around the fire one evening, John said to his father:

"I think we were to have a talk about wolves some time. Now would be a good time, and I would like to have a good wolf story to-night."

"Why so?" inquired his sister. "Do you feel decidedly wolfish since you are married? If you do, we will tell Squire Myrtle to shut Mary up somewhere, so that she won't be devoured by a wolf."

"There, Bet," said he, "that is just like you; always taking a fellow up, before he knows that he is down. But you are wonderfully smart, since that Briar has been scratching around our place."

"Oh! for shame, John; I would not be as mean as you are for anything. Since you have the smooth, sweet, pretty little Myrtle, I think you might allow me to hold on to the Briar if I can. But don't let us be gabbling nonsense all the evening, and keep father from the talk about wolves. But I hope he won't put too many of them in, for if he does I shall dream about them."

"That is a sensible speech for you, Sis. Now we will be as silent as a very sedate young man and his chatterbox of a sister can be expected to be," replied John.

"I heard that there were twenty-five or thirty of them," said the father.

"'Dear sakes,' as grandma used to say," said Betsy; "who can listen to a story with that many wolves in it?"

"But the wolves were there all the same," replied Mr. Bushman.

TREED BY WOLVES.

"The occurrences I am about to relate took place about thirty miles from here, and only a few years ago. A man who had a great liking for the bush, and who was a noted hunter, was the hero of the story. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, and at the time he had a shop on the banks of the Twenty-Mile Creek. Not far off was a dense forest of many miles in extent. The forest, in many places, was thick with the alder and other shrubs. This was the home of many wild animals, especially the wolf.

"One day Mr. Scantling took his gun and ammunition, and started for a hunt. Before going into the swamps of alder, he rubbed some oil of cumin on the bottom of his shoes to attract the wolves. This device proved to be such a complete success, that he got a great deal more wolf than he intended.

"When he was between three and four miles from home, he heard the wolves coming on his track, howling and yelping like a pack of hounds. He intended

to get up into a tree, and then shoot the wolves at his leisure.

"But he had some difficulty in finding one of suitable size, with strong branches near enough to the ground to answer his purpose. At length he found one. But the wolves were so near now, that he had to use all his agility to get out of their reach before they would be around the tree. In his hurry he dropped his powder-flask, and there was no time to spare to go back and get it.

"His rifle was an old-fashioned one, with a single barrel that only carried one charge. It was loaded, however. But one bullet seemed like a mere trifle in such an emergency. The scent that Scantling had put on his shoes not only drew a large number of wolves, but it seemed also to set them all wild with excitement. They would howl, and snarl and snap at each other, and jump up, and try to climb the tree. In fact, it made them act as if every wolf was forgetting his usual dignified sneakingness, and was acting under some sort of temporary delusion, that made him regardless of danger and of public opinion; for each wolf tried to be as hateful as possible to his fellows.

"One very large wolf sprang up several times, so that its mouth was but a few inches from Mr. Scantling's feet. And when his jaws came together they would snap as loud as the jaws of a steel trap. And every time, when he found that he had missed his prey, he would make the woods echo with his howls of disappointed rage.

"After a short time Mr. Scantling said to himself,

'I can stop that fellow's pranks, at least, and I will do it.'

"He lifted the gun, and pointed it towards the wolf. The brute made a rush at the muzzle of the rifle, when he got the full contents of it in his mouth and through his head. He gave a yell of baffled rage and fell dead upon the ground. He literally met death half way.

"The report of the gun startled the wolves for a moment. Some of them scattered and ran off for a few rods. They soon came back to the tree, and seemed, if possible, more furious than ever when they saw their companion lying dead upon the ground.

"They evidently attributed its death, in some way, to the man in the tree. They would stand and look at it, and then set up a terrible howl, in which the whole of them would join; and when twenty-five or thirty wolves go in for a concert, the noise they make is something frightful. The forest fairly seemed to tremble, as if swept by a hurricane of sound. And as the volume of sound, in its outward progress, struck the trees, it was broken into fragments, which came back to the centre of the circle in succeeding echoes, that fell upon the listener's ear like the screechings of a thousand demons.

"Mr. Scantling was a man of nerve, and he was accustomed to seeing wild animals. But he said afterwards, that sometimes he had to call up all his will force to keep from dropping right down in their midst. It was hard to resist the strangely fascinating influence that their terrible noise, their gaping mouths, and their fierce, fiery eyes had upon him.

"Sometimes the wolves would try to gnaw the tree down. Then they would lie down in a circle around it, and watch their prisoner as sharply as a cat will watch a mouse.

"And this was kept up from ten or eleven o'clock on Monday morning, until sunrise on Wednesday morning. 'Two nights and two days, treed by wolves,' is what the people used to say when speaking of the incident.

"As the sun began to shine on Wednesday morning the whole pack sent up one most pitiful wail. Then they set to work and tore their dead companion into shreds, and left its fragments scattered on the ground. After this was done the wolves, as if by common consent, went off in different directions.* Mr. S. waited for an hour or two to see if the wolves would come back. But nothing could be seen or heard of them. He came down from his place of forced retirement, hunted up his powder, loaded his gun, and started for home.

"When he got part way out of the woods he met a lot of his neighbors, who had been out all night hunting for him. His family had got very uneasy about him."

"Are you not afraid, John, to go back to the wild woods after hearing that story about wolves?" asked his mother.

* This is a simple narrative of facts, as it occurred, some fifty-five years ago, in the Township of Caistor. The man's name was Stocking. The story is told, as it has been related to the writer, by persons who were conversant with all the facts of the case.

"No, mother, I cannot say that I am," said John. "I have heard before what a wolf-den the alder swamps of Caistor used to be; but I don't think they are so thick there as they were at the time that father's story refers to."

"Perhaps they are not," said the father, "but it is not long ago since a man found six young wolves in a hollow log. He took them home and kept them until they would take milk like a dog. The old wolf came to hunt up her family. He shot her, and then he killed the young ones, and got the bounty money for the scalps of all of them. This was in the same locality of the other story."

"Why did he not keep some of the young ones for dogs? Would they not do as well as a dog to watch the place, if they were trained to it?" inquired Betsy.

"No amount of training could take the sneaking, wolfish nature out of them," replied the father. "They would be entirely too watchful for the interest of their owners, if there were any sheep or calves about the place."

"They are cowards as well as sneaks," remarked John.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

"When I was coming home I heard of a man up in Grimsby who was followed by a lot of wolves. Mr. Hardwood had his wife and two or three children with him on an ox-sled. He had a quarter of fresh beef that he was taking to his home in the woods. While they were going through what is called the Pepperage Swamp three wolves got after them. It was

bright moonlight, so that every movement could be seen. The wolves evidently wanted the meat.

"Mr. Hardwood gave the whip to his wife, and told her to hurry up the oxen while he would try and keep the wolves off the sled. He had with him a new axe-handle, which had been given him by a friend. This he used for a club. When the wolves came near he would strike at them. Sometimes he hit them. Then they would jump back, and stand and howl as if they were calling for reinforcements. In a short time they would come on again, full chase. And when they were about to jump on the sled a rap or two with the axe-handle would put them to flight again.

"The oxen, poor things, did not require any whipping when they found what was after them. They did their best to get out of danger. This chase continued for a mile or more. Then a neighbor's clearing was reached, and the barking of a couple of dogs frightened the wolves, so that they ran off into the woods, and were seen no more."

"John," said his sister, "your story is about as romantic as father's was."

"I don't think there is much romance in being chased by wolves, especially when there is a woman and a lot of children in the case," said John

"Well, if it was not romantic, I don't know what would be," she replied.

"I can't see where the romance comes in," was John's reply.

"Let me tell you where," said Betsy. "I fancy myself sitting down on a lot of straw in t' e rough box

of an old ox-sled. Around me, in the straw, three lovely babes lie sleeping, all unconscious of the danger that threatens them. Behind me, partly hidden by the straw, is a quarter of a noble steer, that had done little else than to eat and drink, and jump and frisk all its life. But a few short hours ago it took its last sup of water, and its last bite of hay. Then the hard-hearted butcher laid it low with his cruel hammer, and with his treacherous knife he took its precious life, and ended all the strife by skinning it.

"In front of me a good-sized man sits on a board that is laid across the top of the box for a seat. The oxen are jogging along at the rate of about two miles an hour. We enter the precincts of Pepperage Swamp. I look up to see what has so increased the darkness. Then I see the tall, slender trees standing, like two walls, about sixty feet apart, as if they were placed as sentinels to guard the 'Queen's highway,' said highway in this place consisting of a four-rod strip of black muck and corduroy.

"The trees lift their weird-like forms high up in the direction of the stars, breaking the moonlight into a thousand fragments, that shoot like silvery arrows through the small openings among the interlacing branches.

"The man is talking to his oxen, saying, 'Come, come; hurry up. Hurry up, old boys, and get these tender plants, the woman and children out of the cold.'

"Just then we hear what sounds like the whining of a dog. Then another, and another. We look back,

and away behind us, running towards us, through the shadows, we dimly see three moving bodies, that seem to be the size of rats. But they grow larger and larger. Now they look like foxes. Now they are as big as dogs. Now, O dear! what are they?

"'Wolves,' cries the man in front. 'Here, wife, you take this gad and lay it on to the oxen with all your might, while I get into the hind end of the sled and keep off the wolves.' John, you have told the rest," said his sister.

"Well done, my girl," said the father.

"You have put some romance into the story, haven't you, Bet? I never knew you had such a vivid imagination. I am almost ashamed of the way I told my story," was John's reply.*

"I hope," said Mrs. Bushman, "that John and Mary may never have any such an experience as that in their backwoods life."

"Don't fear, mother," said John. "If that Mr. Hardwood and his wife could save their beef and their children and themselves from the wolves, I think Mary and I will be able to take care of ourselves."

Before closing this "talk about wolves," we may venture to relate a few incidents of a later date. We have said that the wolf is a cringing sneak when he is cornered. He has not half the grit in him that the wild cat, or the ground-hog, or even an old rat has. Get any of these in a trap and they will fight till they

* The two incidents above related occurred many years ago; one in Grimsby Township and the other in Caistor. The parties concerned in them are all dead now.

die. But not so the wolf. It is said, and we believe it to be true, that, if a wolf gets into a sheep-pen, the first thing that he will do is to try to find a way out. He will not touch a sheep until the question of possible retreat is settled. And if he finds that there is no way out, he will lie down and watch the sheep, but he will not touch one of them. He quietly awaits coming events. But if he finds that a safe retreat is among the possibilities, then woe betide the helpless sheep, as many a pen of slaughtered innocents has borne testimony.

MISTAKEN TRAPPERS.

Some years ago, in one of our back townships, two men set some traps near the edge of a swamp. In a day or two, they went out, early in the morning, to see if there was anything in the traps. As they came to one of them they saw a wolf, with one of its front feet in the trap. At first they thought it was a wolf. But as they came nearer it looked so friendly, and seemed so glad to see them that they changed their minds, and concluded that it was somebody's gray dog. He seemed to be in great pain, with the poor lacerated foot still in the trap. The kind-hearted hunters, full of sympathy for the sufferings of their newly-found friend, pitied it and patted it on the head, and fondled it and let it go.

It started off limping, as they supposed, to carry home to an indignant master and a sympathizing mistress the proof of its cruel treatment.

The wolf went about half a mile away, and then

found his way into a farmyard among the sheep and cattle. A youth, who was at the barn, saw the wolf, went to the house, got a gun and shot him. In a few minutes after the two men came along, and went into the yard to see what the boy had killed. On examination they saw the foot that had very recently been in the trap. Here was unmistakable evidence that the dead wolf was their property half an hour ago. But they had kindly released it, and now it is the property of the youth who killed it. The bounty and skin brought him some twenty dollars. For months after this, if any one wished to hear words that were more strong than elegant, all that he need to do was to ask one of these men what was the latest news about the price of wolf-scalps.

WOLF-SCALPS AND BREAD.

An industrious Christian family was living on a new farm in a back settlement. Their resources were limited. They depended on the grain that they raised, not only for bread, but also for other household supplies.

One summer the frost cut off nearly all their crops, and left them in comparative destitution. They managed by hard work and the strictest economy to get through the winter without any real suffering; but by the first of June, they found themselves out of flour and out of money. No chance to get a supply on credit either, for none of their acquaintances had anything to spare, and but few of them had enough for themselves. And yet it was two full months till

harvest, and no bread in the house and nothing to buy it with. This was a sad plight to be in.

But man's extremity is often God's opportunity. At all events, it seemed like it in this case.

One evening, towards sundown, Mr. Fernleaf started out to hunt the cows, that were in the bush. He was making his way towards the sound of the bell, with a heavy heart, as he thought of the dark prospects before him. He was crossing one of those peculiar spots, described in backwoods language as a beaver-meadow. Just then a large wolf ran across his path, and went towards the woods a little distance off. He started after it, making all the noise he could. The wolf ran only a few rods in the woods, and then took refuge in a hollow tree that had been broken off by the wind. It made a very excellent place for a wolf or a fox to hide in.

Mr. Fernleaf gathered up pieces of poles and chunks of wood until he completely filled up the end of the log, and made it impossible for the wolf to get out. Then he went after his cows, leaving the wolf a close prisoner for the night.

Next morning he took a neighbor, and a gun and a couple of axes, and went to see how the prisoner was getting on. They found everything as it was left the night before.

They shot the wolf in the tree. In cutting the tree so as to get at the dead one, they found six living wolves about the size of an ordinary cat. These they killed. The seven scalps brought between seventy and eighty dollars. This they divided between them,

and they had ample supplies till the harvest came in, which, if we remember rightly, was a good one.

As Mr. Fernleaf related the incident to us, sometime after, a tear moistened his eye while he said, "I have thought, and I still think, that God sent that wolf across my path that day, as the easiest and best way of fulfilling His promise, where He says, 'Thy bread shall be given thee and thy water shall be sure.'" Who will say that he was mistaken.

THE LAST RACE.

We have been told a great deal about the destruction of deer by the wolves. When the snow in the woods is from two to three feet deep and a heavy crust on it, the deer has no chance for escape if the wolves come across them in their hiding-places in the upland thickets. They seem, as much as they can, to keep away from the swamps, these being the lurking-places of the wolves.

But sometimes hunger drives the wolves out in search of food. Then they go to the thickets to hunt the deer. And when they are found the slaughter begins. The wolves can run on the crust. The deer cannot do so, their small, sharp hoofs break the crust and they go down; and besides this, the crust is nearly as sharp as broken glass. It cuts the legs of the poor struggling deer, so that in a short time they fall a helpless prey to their ferocious enemy. Then the wolves hold high carnival.

But when there is nothing to prevent the deer from using its locomotive powers, the wolf has to earn his

venison before he eats it, and he frequently takes his breakfast miles away from where he started in pursuit of it.

Some years ago a chase of this kind occurred, not far from Elora, where the banks of the Grand River are precipitous and high. A wolf was after a large buck, which was almost tired out, so the wolf was only one jump behind him. When they came to the edge of the precipice they both went over, and were killed on the ice that covered the river. It was their last race.



CHAPTER VII.

SOME ORAL HISTORY.

A FEW nights after the talk about the wolves, John said to his father, "In that new country to which I am going, and where I expect to spend my days, I shall meet with people from different countries. Some of them will, to a great extent, be ignorant of the character and doings of the first settlers on the Canadian frontier, and many who come from the Old Country will have prejudices against the U. E. Loyalists and their descendants. You know, according to history, there were a large number in Britain who, if they did not go so far as to justify the revolting Americans, did, at least, strongly sympathize with them. Now, I would like to be as well prepared as possible to meet those objections, whether they originate in ignorance or prejudice. Can you relate some facts and incidents in connection with the early settlement of the Niagara District?"

"Yes," replied the father; "I am glad to have an opportunity to enlighten your mind on this subject, and I trust that your loyalty will be strengthened by a knowledge of what your immediate ancestors and

their suffering fellow-subjects did and suffered to win the title of United Empire Loyalists."

"But, father," said the young Canadian, "where and how did those people get the name of U. E. Loyalists? Did they take it to themselves, or did the Americans give it to them?"

Answer, "Neither. The name was given, as a title, by the British Government, to those who stood by the royal cause in the War of Independence. In the Treaty of Paris it was stipulated that the American Congress should use its influence, and exert its authority with the State Governments, to have the Loyalists dealt with as conquered people, who had been faithful in their allegiance to the Government that is overthrown, are always treated in civilized countries.

"But, if the Congress ever attempted to fulfil this engagement, their efforts were not successful. So far as mitigating the punishment of the Loyalists was concerned, if the Congress spoke, its voice was not heard. Perhaps it was the clamor of Tom Paine, who just then was screaming his anti-British and anti-Christian bombast into the willing ears of the new Republic, that made the words of the people's representatives fall uselessly upon ears that were dull to hear the right.

"Whatever may have been the cause of it, one thing is certain, that is this: The Loyalists could not have been more cruelly treated, unless they had been massacred without regard to age or sex. And there were many cases in which death itself would have been less cruel than the treatment to which the sufferers were subjected.

"They were driven from their homes—and many of them were the owners of good homes. They had their property taken from them, and some had large estates." *

"But, father," inquired John, "why could they not have stayed where they were, instead of starting on such long and tedious journeys, as some of them did? You said once that they travelled hundreds of miles through dense forests, having no roads but Indian trails to follow."

"Your question, John," said the father, "is a natural one; but there were two very potent reasons why the Loyalists did not remain in the States. They could not stay if they would, and they would not stay if they could. Every State passed laws against them—some more severe than others, it is true; but not one of them proposed to deal either kindly or justly with them.

"And there were two reasons why these people would not stay in the States. They were British in all their sympathies and in all their aspirations. The system of government, secured by the British Constitution was, to them, the best in the world, and they would not voluntarily change it for any other. And, besides this, these people would not consent to stay and become mere serfs among those who had robbed them of their property and driven them from their homes."

* For proof that this is not an exaggeration of facts, see Rev. Dr. Ryerson's "Loyalists of America," Vol. II., pages 177, 178.

"How many of those people left the States to go to British territory?"

"About forty thousand came to the British provinces in 1784, and more went to Florida, the Bahama Islands, and British West Indies.*

"Ten thousand of the number came to this Province,† and settled along the frontier in different localities. Some went as far west as Long Point, on Lake Erie, others settled in the Niagara Peninsula, while others went north of Lake Ontario, about where York County and the town of York now is."

"When did the first settlers come into the County of Lincoln?" asked John.

"In or about 1780," replied the father.

"Where did the first settlers come from?"

"Mostly from Maryland and Pennsylvania; though a number of families came from New York and some from Virginia," was the answer.

"Well," said John, "there is one thing that I cannot nnderstand, Why were the Quakers interfered with, seeing they are non-combatants?"

"They refused to pledge themselves to the new order of things. And they would not promise to hold no intercourse with the Loyalists, hence some of them suffered about as much persecution as the Loyalists themselves."

"Why did not the British Government reward these people for their sacrifices and sufferings, in a

*See Ryerson's "Loyalists," Vol. II., page 186, 187; also see Dr. Gregg's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," page 17.

†See Ryerson's "Loyalists," Vol. II., page 308.

more honorable way than to leave them to the merciless treatment of their bitter enemies?" asked the young man.

"As soon as the British Government became aware of the facts of the case, they acted very honorably by the Loyalists. You must know that Englishmen are very much set in their ways, but once they are convinced that they are wrong, or that they have made a mistake, there are no people in the world that will acknowledge the wrong more gracefully or correct a mistake more promptly or cheerfully. So it was in this case.

"When the people of England came fully to realize the exposed condition in which the Treaty of Paris left the Loyalists, all parties agreed that the mistake must at once be corrected as far as it was possible to do so. The feeling on this subject may be gathered from extracts from speeches of British statesmen and others. Lord North, who was Premier during the war, said: 'Now let me, sir, pause on a part of the treaty which awakens human sensibility in a very irresistible and lamentable degree. I cannot but lament the fate of those unhappy men who, I conceive, were in general objects of our *gratitude* and *protection*. They have exposed their lives, endured an age of hardships, deserted their interests, forfeited their possessions, lost their connections and ruined their families *in our cause*.'

"Mr. Wilberforce said, in the House of Commons, that 'when he considered the case of the Loyalists, he confessed he felt himself conquered.'

"Lord Mulgrave said: 'The article respecting the Loyalists he never could regard but as a lasting monument of *national disgrace*.'

"Mr. Burke said: 'At any rate it must be agreed on all hands, that a vast number of Loyalists had been deluded by this country, and had risked everything in our cause; to such men the nation owed protection, and its honor was pledged for their protection *at all hazards*.'

"The Lord Advocate said: 'With regard to the Loyalists, they merited every possible effort on the part of this country.'

"Mr. Sheridan, said: 'He execrated the treatment of those unfortunate men, who without the least notice taken of their civil and religious rights, were handed over to a power that would not fail to take vengeance on them for their zeal and attachment to the religion and government of this country.'

"Sir Peter Burrill said: 'The fate of the Loyalists claimed the compassion of every human breast.'

"Sir William Booth said: 'There was one part of the treaty at which his heart bled, the article in relation to the Loyalists. Being himself a man, he could not but feel for men so cruelly abandoned to the malice of their enemies. It was scandalous. It was disgraceful. Such an article as that ought scarcely on any condition to have been admitted on our part. They had fought for us, and run every hazard to assist our cause, and when it most behoved us to afford them protection we deserted them.'

"In the House of Lords, Lord Walsingham said: 'He

could neither think nor speak of the dishonor of leaving these deserving people to their fate with patience.'

"Lord Townsend said that, 'To desert men who had constantly adhered to loyalty and attachment, was a circumstance of such cruelty as had never before been heard of.'

"Lord Stormont said that, 'Britain was bound in justice and honor, gratitude and affection, and by every tie, to provide for and protect them.'

"Lord Sackville regarded the abandonment of the Loyalists as a thing of so atrocious a kind, that the sacrifice of these unhappy subjects must be answered for in the sight of God and man.

"Lord Loughborough said: 'The fifth article of the treaty had excited a general and just indignation, and that neither in ancient nor modern history had there been so shameful a desertion of men, who had sacrificed all to their duty, and to their reliance on British faith.'

"At the close of this discussion, the Commons passed a direct vote of censure against the Government for neglecting to protect the Loyalists in the Treaty of Paris." *

"Father," said John, "I am very much pleased that you have told us so many things about the Loyalists, and also about the way in which the home Government took up their cause at the last. I never knew that they had endured so much."

"The time will come," said the father, "when

* See "Loyalists of America," Vol. II. pp. 60 and 61, where these extracts are found, and much more of the same kind.

people in this country will be as proud to be able to trace their ancestry back to the United Empire Loyalists as ever people in England were to be able to trace theirs back to the heroes of the Norman Conquest. These people formed the nucleus of a distinct nationality, and one that will yet make itself heard among the nations—a nationality that is different from the American or the English type, but one that shall exhibit the best traits of both these nations."

"The first settlers in this country must have experienced many hardships here, after all the ill-treatment they endured before they came here," said John.

"Yes," answered his father, "that is so. Now, it seems like a big undertaking for you and others to go to the New Purchase or to Talbot District to settle. But light will be your trials as compared with those of the first settlers of this district.

"If you get into any kind of trouble, there are those who are able and willing to help you. They had to help themselves or go without, no matter what came in their way. If you need supplies, you can get them. They had to supply themselves or go without. If they were sick, they had to be their own doctor. If they needed medicine, they went to nature's great laboratory of herbs and roots and flowers to get it."

"Well," said John, "it must have been very difficult to keep house at all in those days, where there were no mills, no stores, no blacksmiths, no shoemakers, no tanners, no weavers, no tailors, no tinsmiths, nor coopers. How could they manage to live?"

"Your questions are very natural ones, John," said his father. "In a country where none of these are found people have to do the best they can. They must use what ingenuity they have to provide for themselves. For instance, I can remember when I was a young man, I often helped my mother to grind both wheat and Indian corn on the top of a large oak stump."

"On the top of a stump! Of all things, who would ever think of doing that? Why, how did you manage it," broke in Betsy, who had come into the room in time to hear a part of the conversation.

"I don't know who first thought of it, but I know that it was a very common practice at one time. We would scoop out a sort of butter tray in the top of the stump with a hollow adze; then we took a stone or a piece of hardwood and, after fitting it to the dish, we pounded the grain until we made it as fine as we could, then we run the meal through a sieve. The finest was made into johnny cake or bread, and the coarsest into porridge or mush."

"I can remember, John," said his mother, "when your wife's grandmother used to grind corn and wheat in a large pepper mill, to make bread and mush for a family of eight."

"Where did they get salt to put into their mush and other things, mother?" asked John.

"At first," she replied, "we found a great deal of hardship in doing without salt; but, after a while, some friendly Indians showed our people where there was a salt spring. We used to boil our own salt out

of this water until the home Government sent out salt from Liverpool."

"Father," said John, "how did these people keep themselves in clothes and shoes?"

"The most of them brought a pretty good supply with them when they came. But for some years there was a great deal of suffering, especially in the winter time. But they soon got into the way of raising flax and wool. The women became very expert in carding and spinning, and weaving, and making up garments for their families," was his answer.

"Did the women do the carding?" asked Betsy, who was very much interested in the conversation.

"Yes; they used hand cards. It was a slow and, tedious work, but it had to be done. I tell you, Bet, that with the vast range of work that these old women had to do, and the heavy burdens they had to carry, it is no wonder that they became stoop-shouldered and hard-handed. The wonder is, that there was one bit of feminine sweetness or womanly tenderness left in them. They had to be housekeeper, cook, servant, mistress, carder, spinner, weaver, tailor, dressmaker, nurse, doctor, gardener, butter and cheese maker, and whitewasher, all in one."

"How did the men do their part of the work?" asked John.

"Their jobs were just as various, and no less numerous, than the women's were. They had to raise the flax, and rot it, and crackle it, and swingle it, and hatchel it for the women. They must raise the wool, and shear the sheep; they must chop and clear the

land; they looked after the cattle; they must attend to the sugar-bush in the spring; they must be their own tanner, and currier, and shoemaker, and carpenter, and sleighmaker, and blacksmith. In a word, they must be both boss and hired man, Jack and his master, landlord and tenant, all in one, or, if they did not do this, they would come in behind in the race."

"Father," said John, "you have not told me since I came home how that Scotchman came off in his trial, that was to come on in August, I think. Were you at the trial?"

"You refer to the agitator, Robert Gourley, I suppose? Yes, I heard the trial," was the answer.

"You see, I went to town on business, and when I learned that the 'troublesome Scotchman' was to be tried that day, I went to hear the trial and see the man who had made such a noise in the country. And I am sure that I never pitied a man more than I did poor Gourley that day.

"It did seem to me that the whole thing was a burlesque on the sacred name of justice. There was the prisoner, in a box, looking like a ghost more than like a man.* There was the Chief-Justice, looking and acting more like some despotic ruler than like a new country judge. There sat the twelve men in the jury-box, looking as though they wanted to do right, if some one would only tell them what was right in this case. They had the fate of the prisoner in their hands, but they did not know what to do with it.

*See Dent's "Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," Vol. I., page 31 and following.

"There were the lawyers, hopping about like red squirrels in the top of a chestnut tree, and trying to look wise, as lawyers always try to do, but sometimes they make sad failures.

"There sat the witnesses, looking as if they would like to retain the good opinion of the two convicting magistrates, who sat there, enjoying the torture of their victim with as little tenderness of feeling as a cat enjoys the fruitless struggles of the poor little squeaking prisoner that is held fast in its merciless claws.

"When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, the judge asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. He said something about British law and British generosity. But he soon learned, to his sorrow, that the court had no ear for logical argument or pathetic appeal. The judge ordered him to leave the country in the short space of twenty-four hours, and to suffer death as a felon if he ever dared to come back to Upper Canada."

"How could these U. E. Loyalists so soon forget the cruelty to which they had been exposed, and the unfeeling treatment the Americans had subjected them, to only one generation back? It seems to me, that in their treatment of Gourley they were exhibiting the same spirit and performing the same acts against which they and their fathers had so loudly protested during, and after, the Revolutionary War." This was said by the young man with considerable warmth.

The father answered, "The Loyalists were not wholly responsible for what was done. Two at least of Gour-

ley's persecutors were his own countrymen, namely, Dickson, of Niagara, and the afterwards notorious Dr. Strachan, of York. And I do not think the Chief-Justice is a U. E. Loyalist, though I am not certain as to that.

"And you know it sometimes happens that servants become the hardest masters, and it often occurs that persons who are elevated from the lower to the higher positions in society become the most overbearing and tyrannical. This is one of the ways in which the rebound or strike-back that there is in human nature manifests itself. You know it is easy for a coward to be brave when there is no danger. And a weak man may act like a strong one when he has a weak or helpless victim to deal with. Bearing these facts in mind, we can account for a great many things that would otherwise be very difficult to understand.

"It seems that Gourley's enemies dare not face him in court until they had tried, for seven months, what the foul air of a prison cell, and the scanty sustenance of prison fare could do towards taming the wild, restless spirit of the clear-headed, vigorous Scotchman. When they had the lion chained they could extract his teeth at their leisure. It was a strange scene that presented itself in our little town on the 20th day of August, in the year 1819, for Robert Gourley had committed no crime either against the state or any individual in the state."



CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARING TO MOVE.

"LOOK here, Bet," said John to his sister one day, as they were alone together, "I wish that you and Will Briars would hurry up and get married before Mary and I move away to the bush, so that we could be at the wedding."

"Who told you that Will Briars wanted me, and what makes you think that I would have him if he did?" said the girl, as she gave him a look that was intended to demolish inquisitiveness.

"Now, Bet, none of your feminine artfulness, if you please, for it would be lost on me," said the brother with a laugh, "for I have the best of reasons for believing that he wants you. He told me so himself. And equally good are my reasons for thinking that you intend to have him, for mother told me so."

"Feminine artfulness; O dear!" said Betsy, with a look of feigned sadness. "Can it be that modest-looking little Mrs. Bushman has been giving my poor brother such severe lessons in 'feminine artfulness' that he has become a disbeliever in his own loving sister's truthfulness and sincerity."

"What is the matter with you, Bet? You look as sorry as a patch of beans on a frosty morning," said he. "But come, now, let us begin to talk a little sober sense."

"What kind of stuff is sober sense?" said she, demurely.

"O you incorrigible primp; will you never get over your old trick of trying to head a fellow off when he is doing his best to come to a safe conclusion about any matter."

"What weighty matter are you trying to conclude now, brother mine?" said she, with provoking coolness.

"I am wanting to find out if a certain couple with whom I am acquainted are going to be married before myself and wife will be obliged to flit to our cabin home, on the banks of Sylvan Lake, among the forest trees."

She answered:

"You want to know, then, if the pair
Will likely be made one
Before the time when you must tear
Yourself away from home?

Now, I'll be honest, brother dear,
For Will and I have said,
We will not marry till one year
Has passed; and then we'll wed."

"Bravo! Betsy. Why, you can be poetical as well as pert, when you like, can't you?" said the brother. "And now, since you have broken silence on the subject, tell all about your plans, won't you, Sis?" John

had been in the habit of calling her "Sis," when he wished to please her, ever since they were children.

"We are engaged," said Betsy, "and we did intend to be married this spring; but no time was fixed upon. This is all changed now, and it will be a year, at least, before we will be married."

"What has changed your plans so soon and so much?" asked John.

"Yourself has had more to do with it than any one else," she replied.

"How have I been the means of changing your arrangement?" said he.

She answered, "When you came home and told about the fine land and water and timber there is back in the new country, Will was greatly taken up with it. And the more he heard about it, the more he has been charmed by your descriptions. He has fully made up his mind to go out with you and take up land in the bush, instead of settling on the fifty acres that he has here. Do you think that he is acting wisely?"

"Yes; decidedly so," answered John. "It is the best thing that he ever did. Will is just the right sort of man for a new country—hardy and steady, and not afraid of work. He will succeed by the help of the Lord, and no one, you know, can do so without that help."

"You don't believe in the doctrine of old Hickory, the miser, do you? He says, 'Help yourself, and ask no favors from God or man.'"

"Old Hickory is a wicked old sinner, and as mean

as dirt, or he would not talk like that. But then, a man that will rob his own sister, and she a widow, is bad enough to do anything," said John, with a good deal of energy.

Then, turning to his sister, he said, mirthfully, "Won't you make a fine wife for a backwoodsman. You are strong, and tough, and fearless—exactly the woman for the bush. I fancy that I can see you now as you will look then,—

"With face begrimed with soot and ashes,
With hands besmeared with smoke and rust;
With eyes that seem as though their lashes
Were lost in clouds of charcoal dust."

"My, how smart we can be when we try, can't we, Bub?" said she. "And now let me try,—

"Say, how about your loving Mary?
Will she be like some little fairy,
With visage bright, and garments airy,
Presiding over Sylvan Lodge?

"Or, will you make the poor girl sorry
For having wed in such a hurry
A man who keeps her in a worry
By flinging clubs she cannot dodge?"

"How will that do, Johnnie, dear?" said Betsy, laughing.

"Now, let us drop the poetical and take up the practical," said he.

"You say Will is going out with us; I am glad of that. If it has not been taken up since I came away, the lot next to mine on one side is vacant. Would it

not be a good thing for Will to send in an application for that lot at once? There will be a big rush there next summer. I will do all that I can to help him make a start, if he goes, and he can make our house his home till he gets one of his own."

"Where do they go to get the land?" she asked.

"They go, or send, to the land office at Little York. Squire Myrtle has had a good deal to do with business of this kind; no doubt he will help Will in the matter, if he asks him to do so. But if he wants to get land near to mine, there is no time to be lost; that section will fill up very rapidly. The line of road that runs by my place will be a leading line of travel between the front and rear settlements. And besides this, the locality is so situated that it must, in the nature of things, become the centre of a large settlement in the near future. Two large and rapid streams form a junction near the corner of my lot and there are a number of first-class mill sites within a short distance of the road. I expect some day to see a village, perhaps a town, on that spot."

"Well," said Betsy, "I think you had better tell Will to see Squire Myrtle, and get him to send in an application at once; I don't like to speak to him about it myself."

When dinner was over that day, John went to see William Briars. He found him in the barn, threshing oats with a flail. After a few commonplace words, John said, "Will, I am told by one who ought to know, that you are thinking of going to the bush with me. Is that so?"

"Yes; I have made up my mind to go to the new country, and try my lot as a pioneer," said William.

"My father-in-law has had a good deal of experience in connection with land operations," said John. "Suppose we go and ask him to write away and see what can be done for you; I think you are entitled to one hundred acres for services in the militia the last year of the war."

"When I joined the *Flankers*," said Will, "I was told that I would have a claim for two hundred acres —one hundred for head right, and another hundred for 'Flanker' right."

"O yes; you were a 'Flanker,' sure enough; you are entitled to the two hundred acres; I had not thought of that. You are all right. We will go right off and see Squire Myrtle, and have him send in your certificate and get a location ticket for the lot next to mine."

The young men found the Squire at home, and told him what they wanted. He took the matter in hand for Will, and he succeeded so well, that by the time that John and Mary were ready to move, the papers came to hand, and William Briars was granted the two hundred acre lot that joined John Bushman's two hundred acres.

As the first of April was now here, and as the middle of that month was the time set for starting to the new home of John and Mary, both their families were making preparations for helping them in their undertaking.

As has already been stated, old Mr. Bushman had

procured a yoke of oxen for John. Besides these he gave him a cow and half a dozen sheep. But it was understood that the sheep were to be left where they were for a year, or until John could have a suitable place for them, so as to save them from the wolves.

Mary's father gave her a cow and such an outfit as would enable them to start housekeeping in a new settlement with a fair share of comfort.

As the time came near when they were to start for their new home in the wilderness, the young people seemed to realize the importance of the step they were about to take. They were going to shoulder life's burdens and face life's difficulties; and that, too, in a new country where, in the nature of things, many privations would have to be endured, and many discouragements would have to be met and overcome.

But neither John Bushman nor his young wife were hot-house plants. They had both been brought up to industry and economy. They had stood face to face with life's realities all their days. Mary's mother was a woman of good sense, and she had trained her daughter for usefulness, rather than for helplessness, and had taught her to understand that God's arrangement is that "drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags," and that "an idle soul" (whether man or woman) "shall suffer hunger." The woman who, in those old-fashioned times, was called a good housekeeper, was as proud of the title as her granddaughter is proud of being called the belle of the town. But although Mary was not much past twenty years of age, she was a good housekeeper. She knew how to do her

own work, and she intended, while health permitted her, to do it. She had no notion to flit over the journey of life on the gaudy pinions of the short-lived butterfly.

There are three kinds of women in relation to life's duties and its burdens. There are those who help their husbands; there are those who hinder him by making him spend his time in helping them; and there are those who are like a handful of clean chips in a pot of soup—they do neither good nor harm.

Mary Bushman was among the first class, and, consequently, she was one of the best. Such a woman is a blessing to any man. Such a woman is fit to adorn life in a log hut or in a marble palace. Such a woman was the wife of John Bushman. Happy is the man who finds such a wife. "Her husband shall be known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Prov. xxxi. 23.

John, too, had been taught that work is respectable, and that it is a part of God's arrangements concerning men in the present state of existence. He learned to view a life of honest industry, based on Christian principles, and wrought out on the line of duty as laid down in God's Word, as being the highest type of noble manhood. And from a boy it had been his ambition to present to the world such a character. How far he succeeded in doing so the future will tell.

Such were the two young people who, on a bright morning about the middle of April, in one of the years that compose the first quarter of this century, started out from the parental domiciles to hew out a

home for themselves among the forest trees of their native Province.

These are but the counterparts of thousands of honest couples who have, at different times, gone into the wilderness and made homes for themselves and their children. And to-day, all over this fair land, are found the monuments of their toils and their successes.

The magnificent homesteads, in the shape of splendid farms and princely dwellings, that adorn the landscape in all directions, are the outcome of the toils of the past, or the rapidly passing, generation. These people have left behind them, for the good of the country at large, an untarnished name and a virtuous example.

These people have left to their children an inheritance that is often too lightly appreciated by them, for it is frequently the case that the sons and daughters of the hard-wrought pioneers refuse to work the fields that have been cleared and fenced by those who went before them. They become too proud, or too indolent, to till the soil that has been enriched by the sweat-drops of their parents. Farms, that cost long years of toil to make them what they are, are being mortgaged for means to engage in some kind of speculation that in a few years collapses, leaving the would-be speculator penniless, and with the regrets that must chase him, like a restless spirit, through all the rest of his life, torturing him in his hours of wakefulness, and troubling him in his nightly dreams.

One of the most gloomy outlooks that can be seen in this year of grace, 1888, is the fact that so many

of the younger portion of our population are learning to look with contempt upon the agricultural part of our national industries. They are too ready to exchange the healthy exercise, and independent position of the owner and cultivator of the soil, for the doubtful chances of commercial life, or the uncertain prospects of some town or city enterprise. How few there are who have common sense enough to know when they are well off in this world.

But it is time to return to the affairs of John Bushman and his friends.

About a week before the time for starting, a sort of family consultation was held at Squire Myrtle's, when final arrangements were made.

It was decided that Mr. Bushman and the Squire should each of them take a load—the one of provisions, and the other household stuff. William Briars was to go along and drive the cows. John was to borrow a waggon from Mr. Roanoke, the Yorkshire neighbor, and with his oxen take a load of seed grain and potatoes. The waggon was to be sent back by tying it behind his father's, on the return journey. Mary's mother insisted on going along to see what sort of a place her daughter was to live in. The bad roads and the long distance had no terrors for her that were sufficient to make her give up the idea. So it was decided that she was to go.

The other mother would have been very willing to go, too, but she could not do so then. But she told the young people that she would come and see them when the sleighing came again.

The time and manner of their exit being fixed upon, it only remained that the articles needed be collected and ready at the time. There was not much trouble, however, in gathering up all that was wanted, or at least all that they could find room for in the loads.

The people, who had known John and Mary from their infancy, were very much attached to both of them, and now that they were going away, everybody seemed disposed to show them kindness and to do them favors.

One farmer gave John a couple of bags of seed spring wheat; another sent a lot of seed oats; and still another brought him half a bushel of millet to sow. Mr. Blueberry, an old and highly respected Quaker, brought one day a bag of pink-eye potatoes to John, for seed, and after presenting them, he gave him a small parcel, done up in a bit of grey cloth, saying, "Here, my friend, I have brought thee a lot of apple seeds to plant. If thee will put them in good ground, and when they grow to be as tall as thyself, set them out in an orchard, by the time thee has children big enough to pick up apples, thee will have plenty of apples for them. I have always liked thee, John, and I have liked thy wife since she was a little midget of a girl, and I hope she and thee will do well. Fare thee well."

The old man's reference to children picking up apples, awakened some new thoughts in John's mind. He fancied himself some twenty years older. It was in the fall of the year. He stood in the door of a nice

frame house, looking through an orchard of well-loaded fruit trees toward Sylvan Lake, on the clear waters of which were playing flocks of geese and ducks. Among the trees, gathering apples, were boys and girls, ranging from the pretty miss of eighteen, down to the rollicking youngster of eight, all of them working and playing by turns, but giving the largest share of the time to playing.

"John," said a soft and pleasant voice behind. He turned suddenly with a start; he stood and looked in a sort of dreamy way at the speaker. It was Betsy. "What have you been thinking about that is so very interesting that you can't hear me call you to dinner. Three times I called you, and then I had to come after you. What is it, John?" said his sister.

"Never mind, Bet," said he; "in about twenty years from this I will tell you, if we are alive, and perhaps show you, too, what I was thinking about; but to-day I can't."

When John went to ask Mr. Roanoak for his waggon, the ready and cheerful manner in which the good-natured Englishman gave his consent would make it seem as though he had been anxiously waiting for an opportunity to oblige his young friend.

"Aye, Jock; tho beest welcome to tak the wagin, and, mayhap, tho'lt need sumut else from among my fixins. If tho do, say what it mought be, Jock, and tho'lt get it, if it beest anything but the old ooman."

John thanked him for his kindness, and said he would not need anything besides the waggon. As he was starting away, the other called him back and said,—

"Jock, when tho cooms for the wagin, fetch a sack wie thee, and I will fill it up wie English bull's-eye potatoes for seed. If tho'lt plant un on new land, tho'lt grow them as big as turnips, and as mealy as flour."

The white English bull's-eyes were in vogue fifty years ago.

As John walked homeward, after this interview, he began to question himself as to the reason of all the kindness that was being shown him by his old neighbors. John did not think of the many eyes that had been watching him all these years, as he had passed from infancy up to manhood. He did not know that his character had been highly appreciated for some years past. He did not know how often one had said to another, in their friendly intercourse, "That boy of neighbor Bushman's is a noble lad, so true, and honest, and obedient." He had not yet learned that a truthful, honest and thoughtful boy, brought up in any community, is not only a comfort to his parents and an honor to his friends, but he is also a blessing to the neighborhood where he lives, by his example and his influence over other boys.

John Bushman had been such a boy, and the people all remembered it to his credit now that he was leaving the old home for a new one.

But while the farmers around were showing so much kindness to John, their women folks were equally forward in helping Mary. And their presents were not, like many of the wedding gifts of to-day, an unwilling offering at the shrine of fashion, rather than the honest expression of sincere friendship.

A number of articles of utility in housekeeping were given to Mary during her last week in the old home. One old lady gave her a pair of beautiful ducks, and another gave her a pair of beautiful geese, to swim, as they said, on Sylvan Lake, but not for "fox feed."

An old playmate of hers brought her half a dozen hens and a rooster, "to lay eggs for custard pies for John and Mary, and to crow in the morning to wake them up in time," as she said.

Besides all these, many dishes and napkins and sheets and blankets were added to the store provided by the two mothers of the departing couple. But the most unexpected and most valuable of these presents came from a quarter that surprised every one.

The night before their departure old Hickory, the miser, came to bid them good-bye. Before leaving he said to Mary, "May I call you once more by the name that I used to do when you were a little girl? I may not see you any more; will you let me just this once call you by the old, pretty name of long ago?"

There seemed to be a pathetic ring in the old man's voice that none could understand, and yet it touched every heart.

Then, turning to the rest of the company, the old man said, "I will explain the reason for my strange conduct, for I know you think it strange.

"Long years ago I had a loving and lovely wife, and one sweet little angel girl. They were everything to me. O how near to my heart that woman and her baby got. But the small-pox came and took them

both. With her little head lying on my arm, my baby died at night, and my precious wife followed it the next morning. The world to me, since then, has had no charms; and, as I turned from the grave that held the remains of my wife and child, I made a vow that nothing human should ever touch my heart again.

"I travelled far by sea and land; I worked at whatever would pay the best; I gathered wealth, I hardly knew what for, but its acquisition gave a semblance of rest to my weary heart.

"Nineteen years ago I was passing along the road on a hot summer day; being thirsty, I came to this same house to ask for a drink. As I came along the path I saw a little girl playing with some pebbles; when I saw the little one I stopped as if spellbound to the spot. For a moment I fancied myself looking down a vista, and seeing at the other end the identical child that thirty years before I had laid in the grave with its mother in an Old England graveyard. My first thought was, Can it be that, after all, the old Hindoos are right about the transmigration of souls? Of the child before me, and my own long-lost darling, it might with truth be said that sameness could go no further without becoming identity.

"As I came up to her I said, Will you let me call you 'my little bright eyes?'

"She looked at me for a moment, and said, in her childish way, 'Oo may tall me what oo yikes, if oo won't hurt yittle Mary.' The identical name, too, I said to myself. How strange it seems.

"Well, that little child got nearer my heart than

any human being had done in thirty years. It seemed whimsical, but I could not help it; I resolved to settle in this locality, where this one little ray of light might occasionally shine upon my darkened pathway." Then, looking Mary in the face, he said to her, "May I call you by the old, sweet name that I gave my darling so long ago?"

"Yes, poor heart-sore old pilgrim, call me what you like," she said, with tears in her eyes.

Putting his hand in his pocket, he took out a number of shining gold coins. He placed them in Mary's hand, as he said, "Here, little bright eyes, take these as some slight compensation for the good you have done to a lonely, friendless man." Then turning to the young husband, he said, "John Bushman, my little bright eyes is an angel. Your little bright eyes is a woman. See to it that you *never, never, never* use her badly. Good-bye, and may Heaven's blessings attend you both."

As the old man walked away, Mary said, with much earnestness, "O, I am so sorry that I did not know of this before; there are so many ways in which I might have helped the poor old man."



CHAPTER IX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THREE distinct epochs have marked the migratory movements of the people of this Province between the closing years of the last century and the last quarter of the present. The first one is included between about 1780 and 1800, the second is between about 1815 and about 1830, and the third reaches from about 1850 till 1875 or 1880.

The first wave of immigration that struck the frontier of this Province was the U. E. Loyalists, when they sought shelter, under the British flag, in the wilderness of Canada. The second was mostly composed of the children of the first settlers. When these came to be men and women they struck for the wilderness, as their fathers and mothers had done in their day. This wave rolled itself further inland than its predecessor had done. The Talbot District, the New Purchase, and the country north of the eastern settlements constituted mostly the objective points during this period. The third wave was made up of both native and foreign elements. It spread itself over the Huron tract, the Queen's bush, and the country between the Georgian Bay and Ottawa.

Of the trials endured, the hardships underwent, the privations suffered, the difficulties overcome, the discouragements met with, and the wearisome toils of many of those immigrants no one can form a correct estimate, unless his knowledge is the result of personal experience. If all the facts setting forth the sufferings endured during, and as the result of, these migrations, could be written in a book, there is no doubt but it would be one of the most absorbing volumes ever read.

John Bushman goes to the woods with the second of these migrations. He forms a sort of connecting link between the first and third, and, to a certain extent, his experiences are the counterpart of both of them. The position of the fathers was like that of soldiers that invade a hostile country, and tear up the roads and break down all the bridges behind them, so that there is no chance for retreat, nor for reinforcements to follow. With them it is either conquer or die—death or victory. The pioneers of this country had no choice but to stand at their post and fight it out. The Yankees had robbed them of their property, and driven them from their homes, so that they had no place to retreat to, and they had no kind friends behind them to send on needed supplies. With them it was, either get for yourselves or go without. Do or die. Produce or perish.

But with John Bushman and his associates it was different. They had to face similar hardships, and do the same hard work, in clearing up the land, in making roads, in building school-houses, mills and churches,

as well as homes for themselves. But they had better facilities than their fathers had possessed in doing these things. Most of the pioneers of John's day had friends that were able and willing to help them in case of an emergency, and if not, they could go to the front for a few weeks, in haying and harvest, and earn money to purchase what they needed.

And this is equally true concerning the pioneers of the later migration. Many an honest backwoodsman has gone to the front and earned the dollars needed to tide him over some pressing financial difficulty. And when the task was done he went to his rustic home with a light step, thankful that he had the ability and opportunity to help himself. It is in this way that many of the best homes of our land have been built up. The people who come after us will never fully realize what the pioneers have done and suffered to make this the banner Province of this wide Dominion; and if the time should ever come when justice will be done to the memory of these successive waves of immigration, there is no doubt but the highest place will be given to the sturdy men who first sent the sound of the woodman's axe ringing through the frontier wilderness of Upper Canada.

The day before John was to start a young man by the name of Moses Moosewood came to see him. He said to him:

"I hear that Will Briars is going with you to the Purchase. Is that so?"

"Yes; he and I are intending to start in the morning. He will drive the cows, and I am to take a load

of stuff with the oxen. The horse teams will come on the day after, so that we will all reach the place about the same time," was John's answer.

"Well, John," said Mose, as he was called by everybody, "I have a great mind to get ready and go too. You know I am old enough to strike out for myself. Father has plenty of help without me; besides, if I am ever going to build up a home and have something of my own, it is time that I began to lay the foundation."

"That is all true," said John; "but, Mose, do you want to know my honest opinion about your going?"

"Yes, John, I do," he answered; "I know you have not got a very high opinion of me, in a general way, but I dare say it is as good as I deserve. But I would like very much to know what you think of my chances in the bush. You know I have a right to a hundred acres of land whenever I choose to settle."

"Well, Mose," said he, "if you could be persuaded to give up your wild, reckless ways, and keep yourself out of mischief, I don't know a young man that would be more likely to succeed. You have in you the stuff that *men* are made of; but I am sorry to say that it is terribly warped and twisted. If you could get straightened out and keep straight, you could succeed anywhere."

"John," said the young man solemnly, "I thank you for your honest and friendly words. I have had these thoughts myself before now. My mind is made up; time is too precious to be frittered away as I have been doing. Life is worth too much to throw it away on senseless and useless pursuits. I am going to

straighten up. I am going to turn over a new leaf. I am going to start out on a new line of life."

"These are noble resolves," said John, with great earnestness; "I am more than pleased, I am delighted, Moses, to hear you talk like this; but there is only one way in which you can carry these good intentions to a successful issue."

"What way is that?" inquired Moses.

"Go to the great Helper of the weak, and seek strength and guidance from Him."

"I have done that already, and He has heard and helped me. That is why I am here. I want to go with you, John, that I may have the benefit of your counsel and example. And another reason that I have for going is, that I may get away from my evil associations. What would you advise me to do?"

"I would not like to persuade you in any way to do what you might regret hereafter," John said. "But, so far as I can see, no young man, who is able and willing to work, can do any better than to go to the new country and make a home for himself. And if you do as you say you will, there is every prospect that you can do well by going with us to the bush."

"Whether I fail or succeed, John, one thing is settled, and that is, I am done with the old reckless life that I have always lived," said Moses. "I am going to be a man, the Lord helping me. I will go with you and try my fortune in the woods. I only wish that I had gone with you last spring. I might have made a commencement then, as you did, and now I would have a place to go to."

"Well, Moses, you can't recall the past," said his friend, "but you can improve the present. Take this number of a lot to Squire Myrtle. Get him to write, and find if it is still vacant, and send in your name and certificate, showing that you are entitled to land. If the lot is vacant you will get it. If it is taken up you will be granted a lot in the immediate neighborhood."

"How far is this lot from yours?" he asked.

"Will Briars' lot is between it and mine."

"That is not so far but that we can be neighbors. I will go to see the Squire at once, and then make my preparations to start with the teams."

"I think you had better wait until you get the lot secured, for two reasons. You would not know where to commence work, if you were there, until you get your papers. And if you go without them there is no telling how long you would have to wait for them, as there is not a post-office within twenty-five or thirty miles of the place," said Bushman.

"Well, can't you find something for me to do until the papers come to hand? Why not hire me for a month, and pay me by boarding me after I get my papers?"

"I would be very glad to do that. But how would you get the papers?" was the reply.

"When we come to the last post-office, as we are going out, I will write back to the Squire and tell him the name of it, and he can send the papers there, and I will come and get them.* I would rather do that

*The writer can easily remember when there was no post-office nearer than thirty-five miles from where the family lived.

than to lose so much time in waiting for them," said Moses.

"That is well thought of," said John. "We will settle the matter in that way. You go to work for me until you want to start for yourself. I will pay you in board, and perhaps help you sometimes, if you wish it."

"Now for another thing, John," said Moses; "what will I need to take with me to the bush?"

"Well, the first thing is an axe or two—better take two, in case one should break. You will want your clothes, as a matter of course; beyond these, you would do well to let your mother give directions and do the packing up, for, you know, she will think of things that we could not. Remember there is no need for superfluities in the backwoods. But if you have a gun you had better take it along, and some ammunition, too, for there are plenty of things to shoot at; and, in fact, a man is hardly safe without a gun," said John.

"What kinds of game are there?" inquired Moses. "Anything dangerous?"

"There are martins, minks, muskrats, beavers, otters, foxes, deer, moose, wolves, bears, and, if rumor may be credited, panthers have been seen occasionally. These are rather dangerous customers, more so than the bear or the wolf. Besides, there are wildcats and racoons in abundance, as well as squirrels of all kinds. Then there are wild ducks of different descriptions, partridges and blue pigeons in large numbers. Yes, Moses, you will have use for a gun for many years to come if you stay in that part of the country," John said.

"My stars, John, but that is a long list. What would become of a fellow if all of these should come at him at once? He could not climb a tree from the panther, he could not hide from the bear, he could not run from the wolf, and he could not dodge the wildcat nor stand before the moose," was Moses' rejoinder.

"I think," said John, "that you would be safer if you met them all together than you would be to meet one of them alone. They would get to fighting among themselves about which should have you, and which was the best way of killing you. The bear would say, let me hug him to death; the panther would say, let me claw him to death; the wolf would say, let me bite him to death; the wildcat would say, let me scratch him to death; and the moose would say, stand back, all of you, and let me stamp him to death.

"Then they would go into court to settle the questions in dispute. Eloquent lawyers and astute judges would focalize their legal lore upon the subject. One lawyer would put in a plea, another lawyer would put in a counterplea. One learned judge would say it was one way, another learned judge would say it was another way. Then all the learned judges would say that it was not any way. One attorney would move for an enlargement, another attorney would move to tighten things up by giving the screw another twist; one grave counsel would show cause, another grave counsel would show contra. One month a point would be advanced a stage, another month a point would be put back a stage.

"Now, while the snapping and snarling pack was

settling the matter, you could run away to a place of safety, like a wise man; or, if you were fool enough to wait for the final decision, you would likely die with old age before you found out whether you were to be killed by the bear or the panther, or the wildcat or the wolf."

"Well done, John," said Moses, "I knew you were something of a philosopher, but I did not know that you were a painter as well. That is a fine fancy picture that you have given."

"It is not all fancy, my honest friend," said he. "When I was a boy, two men got into a dispute about the line between their farms. One wanted it moved two rods one way, and the other wanted it moved two rods the other way. They went into court, and lawed each other for thirteen years, until the case went through all the courts; and Comfort v. Johnston, and Johnston* versus Comfort, became like a by-word among the lawyers all over the country. After they had spent money enough in law to have purchased either of the two farms, they settled the dispute by one buying the other out."

"Well, I shall take a gun and a good supply of ammunition with me, anyway," replied young Moosewood, "for I don't want to be killed by any of the snarling brigade."

Among the necessary articles for life in the bush, was the flint and steel, to be used in producing fire,

* Mr. Johnston was the writer's grandfather, and the facts were as stated above.

when, as was often the case, the fire on the hearth went out. Instead of striking a match, as we do now, people would lay a piece of *punk* on some gunpowder. Then they would produce a spark, either by snapping the gun over it, or by striking a flint with steel. When the powder ignited, it would set fire to the punk. With the help of a handful of tow, or some dry kindlings, our grandmothers, in this way, made the fire to do their cooking, and our grandfathers could beg or borrow or steal, from under the dinner-pot, fire enough to burn their brush-heaps or log-heaps.

When Moses spoke of taking ammunition, John was reminded that he had not yet provided for these indispensable appendages to new country housekeeping. He went and got a link of steel and a couple of dozen flints to take with him.

The rest of the day was spent in getting things together, and in loading up the waggon, as John and Will Briars were to start the next morning at daylight. The condition of things at the two homes can be understood only by those who have had personal experience in the matter. When the first permanent break in the family circle is made, it seems to affect the whole household. When the eldest son is going away to commence for himself, it seems to throw a shadow over the old home. For some years his father has been leaning upon him more than he would be willing to confess, and he has been guided by his advice to a greater extent than he had been conscious of. And now he feels as if some part of his strength

was leaving him, as though part of himself was going away.

The younger children have learned to look upon their elder brother as a sort of over-shadowing protection. He has been to them at once a brother, a friend, a counsellor, and a guide. And now he is going away. How sad they look! The smaller ones speak in whispers and walk on tiptoe, as if they were afraid to awaken the spirit of weeping that they seem to think is sleeping in some corner of the room.

And who can describe the feelings of the mother, as for the last time she puts his things in place, and that place the box in which they are to be carried from her sight and from her home, perhaps forever?

How the deepest emotions of her soul will be awakened, as memory reproduces some of the events of the past. She will think of that night, so many years ago, when she gained, by a painful experience, such a knowledge of some of the mysteries of human life as she never had before. She will think of the time when the girl-mother first looked into the blue depths of the dreamy eyes of her baby boy. She will remember how, in the old times, she rocked the cradle with her foot, while her hands plied the needle. Then her mother-love would fly off down the coming years, on the airy wings of fancy, painting beautiful pictures of the future of her son. "And now," she says to herself, "he is going from me a man—a married man. Another has come, and though she has not crowded me out of his affections, she has crowded herself into the warmest corner of his heart. But I do not com-

plain. I don't blame Mary; I did the same myself; and I hope that her married life may be as happy as mine has been. I hope that John will be as good a husband as he is a son." Unselfish woman! unselfish woman! So it has been from the beginning; so it will be till the end.

The Myrtle home was no less agitated. When the eldest girl goes out from the old home, she seems to carry very much of the sunlight of that home with her. The young children have learned to look upon her as a kind of second mother to them. The older children look to her for counsel, feeling that in her they always have a sympathetic friend.

The mother has come to look upon her as a sort of superfluous right hand, or as a second self. The father has always looked on her as next to the mother in importance to the household. And in the Myrtle household all this was especially true. No daughter ever filled all the positions above named better than Mary had done. She was leaving behind her four brothers and three sisters, all younger than herself. There was sadness in that home. The younger children had got so accustomed to have Mary hear them say their prayers, and put them to bed, that they thought no one else could do it as well as she could. When the last night came, poor Mary nearly broke down, as the children gathered around her, and at her knee said their evening prayers for the last time, perhaps, forever. But she soon regained her composure, and went on with her preparations for the events of to-morrow.

John and Will Briars were on the way, and were one day's journey with the cattle.

Next morning early, the two teams, with their loads, started. But early as it was, they were not to get away without a surprise. As they came opposite the school-house, where John and Mary used to go to school and to meeting, they were hailed by a lot of young women, with Lucy Briars at their head. They were carrying a box, and when they came to the Squire's team, they asked him to take the box and put it where it would be entirely safe. They said, "We have bought a set of dishes, as a present for Mary, and we want you to take good care that they are not broken on the way." The Squire promised to do as they wished.

Mary thanked them very sincerely, and gave them a standing promise, which she said should last a hundred years, that if any of them, either married or single, should ever visit at her home among the forest trees, they should be treated to the very best that Sylvan Lodge could furnish.

At noon the next day they overtook John and Will, with the cattle. Then they all went on together, making but slow progress over the new and rough roads.





CHAPTER X.

SOME WHITE GIPSIES.

AT the close of the second day the movers found themselves still nine miles from their journey's end. A consultation was held as to what was best to do. To go on in the darkness of the night, made darker by the tops of the trees, many of which were evergreens, was a thing not to be thought of. Equally impracticable would be the idea of trying to reach the only house on the road, which was all of two miles ahead. There seemed to be no other way than to become "gipsies" for one night, at least. They decided to make a good fire, and draw the waggon up around it, then tie the horses and cattle to trees, feed them some hay, a number of bundles of which had been secured at a farmhouse, ten or twelve miles back, and get themselves some supper, and then put in the night as best they could.

With people of energy, action is apt to follow decision. So it was in this case. Every one went to work, and in a short time everything was arranged for "the night in the woods," a term by which this incident was designated in after years.

Every one seemed disposed to do a reasonable share toward making the occasion not only bearable, but enjoyable as well.

After Mrs. Myrtle and Mary had cleared away the tea things, and the two elder men had indulged in their "after supper smoke," as, I am sorry to say, they were in the habit of doing, the whole company sat down around the blazing fire. Some sat on logs, and others sat down on the leaves, and leaned themselves against the trees. When all was quiet, William Briars spoke and said, "Squire Myrtle, I don't remember that I ever heard you tell a story. Can you tell us some incident in your past experience to help to pass away the time?"

"Oh, as to that," said the Squire, "I am not much good at story-telling. As a magistrate, I have to deal with hard, stubborn facts so much that I have about lost all relish for fiction of all kinds."

"We don't want fiction," said Will; "I could furnish enough for the whole company, if that were needed. And as for romance, we need not go far for that. Our position to-night is romantic enough for anybody. But give us some of the hard facts, Squire, and we will be thankful."

"About the funniest case that I ever had on my hands," said Squire Myrtle, "was the case of a man who was a firm believer in witches. He came to me with a complaint against one of his neighbors, and said the neighbor was a wizard. He said, 'The man is in the habit of coming in the night; he steals me out of bed, takes me to the stable, puts a saddle and bridle

on me, turns me into a horse, goes into the barn, fills one of my own bags with wheat, puts it on my back, gets on top of it, rides away to the mill, leaves the grist, and then rides me back home again.'

"When he first came, I thought he had gone out of his mind, for I knew the man very well, and I always looked on him to be a man of more than average intelligence. I tried to put him off, but he still adhered to his statement, and insisted on having a trial. To please him, I appointed a time to hear the case, sent a summons to the accused party, and gave directions about witnesses.

"In the meantime, I felt a good deal of curiosity to know how this thing was going to end. I knew the accused party to be a man of a low type intellectually and socially. But I knew nothing against his morality. How he would take it was a matter of some importance. If he had been of a higher intellectual cast, he would likely enjoy it as a joke. But how he would feel and act must be seen when the time came.

"When the trial came on, all the parties were on hand.

"The complainant testified positively to the statements made in the charge. And no amount of cross-examination could shake his testimony in the least.*

* This is no *baseless fiction.* Seventy or eighty years ago the belief in witches was very common. Even some intelligent people were firm believers in the power of witchcraft. The writer knew an old man who went to his grave with the firm conviction that he had often carried grists for witches, and been fed oats in a trough like a horse.

"His wife testified that on several occasions her husband had gone to bed at the usual time, all right apparently; that on waking up in the night she found him gone, and he could not be found; that he would come home about daylight, complain of being very tired, go to sleep, and sleep till nearly noon.

"Two of the older children corroborated the statement of their mother. So did a young man who made his home at the place.

"The accused, as a matter of course, denied having any knowledge of the affair from first to last.

"Just at this juncture the miller, to whose mill the man-horse was said to have been driven, appeared on the scene and requested to be sworn. On being examined as a witness, he said: 'On hearing this morning of this strange case, I felt it my duty to come here, as I think I can throw some light on the subject. On different occasions, on going to the mill in the morning, I have found a bag of wheat standing just outside the door, and having the name of the complainant written on the bag with black ink. I do not know who left it there. But I made up my mind that, in some way, there was a mystery behind the affair, and resolved to keep my own counsel, and await further discoveries. Two or three times, when the owner of the name on the bags has been to the mill with other bags, I have been on the point of telling him about them. But I felt sure that he could not clear up the mystery. So I concluded to wait a little longer. There are six bags of good wheat safely put away in one corner of the mill. The owner can have them any time he calls for them.'

"The matter began to wear a serious aspect. The evidence established two very important points. First, the absence from home of the complainant; and secondly, the fact that his bags were in some mysterious manner conveyed to the mill in the night. The case seemed to be getting more and more mystified. I don't know how the matter might have ended, had it not been that my wife had visitors that afternoon. Two women came on a visit. They lived on the road leading from the complainant's place to the mill. On my wife's telling them that I had a case on hand that afternoon, they naturally inquired what it was about, and who were the parties. My wife told them what she knew about it. Then one of them said, 'I think that, perhaps, I might give some information that would be of use.'

"My wife brought the woman into the room saying, 'Here is an important witness for you.'

"I asked her two or three questions, and then told her she must testify, which she did, as follows:

"'My husband's brother lives on the lot next to ours. He has been sick for more than a year. We are often called in the night to go to him. On two, or perhaps three occasions, we have met Mr. Crabtree going towards the mill, with a bag full of some sort of grain on his shoulder. He always seemed to be in a hurry. We thought it was very strange, but knowing him to be an honest man we said nothing about it.'

"Light now began to dawn on the minds of all present. '*Sleep-walking,*' was whispered from one to another, until the room was in a perfect buzz. Pre-

sently some one started laughing. This went like a contagion until the court became a scene of boisterous merriment. The finishing touch was given to the picture by Mr. Crabtree running across to Mr. Thistledown and, taking his hand, asked him if he could ever forgive this ridiculous blunder.

"'We will let this pass,' said Mr. Thistledown. 'I thought you were acting more like a child than anything else. But I believed that you were honest in your fancies, and I hoped that you would find out your mistake some time. I am glad that you are satisfied.'

"'Court is dismissed without costs, and verdict reserved,' said I, as the two men went off together."

"Well, Squire," said Will, "that is an interesting story, and we are thankful to you for telling it."

"This is a good place for witch stories," said Moses. "With the moon shining down through the tree tops making shadows, and the fire shining up through the tree tops making shadows, we have such a combination and interlacing of shadows, as are very well adapted to give hiding places to witches."

"I move for an adjournment," said Mrs. Myrtle, who was somewhat wearied, and a good deal shaken up by the long ride, over the rough roads, on a lumber waggon."

"Carried unanimously," said the Squire, in response to his wife's motion.

Will and Moses decided that they would stay up and keep a good fire while the rest lay down to sleep on some temporary beds, fixed under the waggons.

After Mr. Bushman had offered a prayer for divine

protection, they all retired for the night, except the two young men. They faithfully fulfilled their engagement.

Next morning the two young men had a good deal to say about Squire Myrtle's nasal powers as a first-class snorer, and John's ability as a nocturnal ox driver. They claimed that the one could snore loud enough to wake up a sleeping earthquake, and the other could holla loud enough to frighten a young tornado.

After a lunch had been enjoyed, and a prayer offered by Mr. Myrtle, they hitched up the teams and started.

In less than an hour they came to the house of their nearest neighbor, it being seven miles from their own place. Here John was warmly received by the family where he had got his bread and butter the year before.

On inquiry they learned that Mr. Root and his men were to move out of John's house either that day or the next. They had already waited a week for John to come, as they did not like to leave the place till he was there.

On learning this, it was thought best for John to go forward as fast as he could, and let Mose and Will drive the cattle, and the whole party to follow as fast as they could get on, over the new rough road.

John reached the place about ten o'clock, and was just in time to met his old friends before a part of them went away. They gave him a warm greeting. Harry Hawthorn especially became almost boisterous in his reception of an old friend.

After the first salutations were over, the first question asked of John was, "Where's your wife?"

John answered, "She is coming on behind, along with some other friends, with three waggon loads of stuff." At this intelligence, the men began to hurrah for Mrs. Bushman, until the woods echoed in all directions, hurrah, hurrah.

Mr. Root here said, "Boys, I move that we don't move a foot until Mrs. Bushman and her friends come on. I want to see a living woman once more before I go ten miles further into the bush."

"Shure, and oigh seconds that; come, boys, we can all afford to take a half a day, or so, for the sake of welcomin' the leddy, who will be after presiding over Sylvan Lodge," said the exuberant Harry.

"Let us give the lady a short address of welcome, to the backwoods," said Mr. Beach.

"I propose that our respected 'boss' be appointed to give Mrs. Bushman an address of welcome, when she comes," said John Brushy.

"All right, boys," said Mr. Root; "we will see what can be done."

Then turning to John, he said, "I have had two reasons for staying here till you came. One is, I did not want to go and leave the house alone; another is, I got a lot of hay and other things in by the sleighing, and I find that I have more than I shall need, and want you to take it off my hands."

"All right," said John; "what are the articles you want to dispose of?"

"There is about a ton of hay, and some hams of

pork, and some flour, and a few bushels of potatoes," was the answer.

"Very well," said John. "I will not only take them, but I will be glad to get them, as I shall need them. I have four head of cattle to feed, and I shall have two men besides myself and wife to board, besides comers and goers; and if I am not much mistaken, there will be plenty of the latter for the next year or two."

"Here are the waggons coming now, the first that have ever been seen on this road," said Mr. Root.

As the teams came up, the men stood out in front of the house, and gave three cheers for the first white woman that ever stood in Rockland Township, as they said.

Mary and her mother came forward, and were introduced to the company by John. When all had gone into the house, Mr. Root handed Mary the key of the door, and said,

"Mrs. Bushman, by the appointment of the gentlemen who have, with me, occupied this house during the past winter, I now present to you the keys of Sylvan Lodge. We are sorry that we could not present it to you in a more tidy condition, but we have done the best we could. And, in honor of my men, I wish to say to you, that during our stay in this house I have not heard a word said that might not have been properly spoken in your presence. We look upon you as the first white woman that ever came to reside in this township. You will feel lonesome, perhaps, at first, but let me say, you will not be long alone."

"During the week that we have been waiting for

your husband's return we have assisted Mr. Beach to put up a house on the lot next to this, and within three months he expects to have his family settled there.

"Also, Mr. Hawthorn has sent home funds to bring out his family. His lot is just over the boundary, and he intends to settle there in two or three months. I think that by the first of September you will have a warm-hearted Irishwoman and a true-hearted Englishwoman for near neighbors. And it is not improbable that next summer I may bring to the locality the best American woman in the State of Michigan, Mrs. Root. May you long live to be the presiding genius of Sylvan Lodge, and an angel of mercy in the settlement."

The whole company cheered Mr. Root as he sat down. "Mrs. Bushman" was called for.

Mary, covered with blushes, for the first time in her life attempted to make a speech. She said: "Mr. Root, and gentlemen, I thank you sincerely for your kind wishes, and for the cheering information you have given me. And I want to say to all of you, that if at any time any of you find the need of rest or refreshments, don't pass by this place. The door of this house will never be closed in the face of either the hungry or the weary."

"These are truly spoken words, brave little woman," said John to his wife. "And I will stand by you in this thing, Mary, as long as we have a shelter over our heads or a crumb on our table."

"'Trust in the Lord, and do good, and thou shalt

dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' This," said Mrs. Myrtle, "is an old promise, made centuries ago, but thousands have proved it to be true. You may do the same."

The waggons were soon unloaded, and an invitation to wait for some dinner gladly accepted by Mr. Root and his men. After this was over the road-makers took their leave, after extorting a promise from Mr. Bushman and Squire Myrtle to make them a visit at their shanty before returning to their homes.

After the men went away all parties were busy in examining the place. John's father and father-in-law were greatly taken up with the land and timber. They also gave John credit for the neat and tasty way in which the house was built. In fact, they expressed satisfaction with the appearance of everything they saw.

Mary and her mother, with the help of Will Briars, were not long in setting things up in the house. There were no stoves to be put up in those days, but an old-fashioned fireplace answered the same purpose. With its lug-pole and trammel hooks, and flagstone hearth, sooty chimney, and its bed of hot coals, on which sets the old-time bake-kettle, with its big loaf of bread in it, and its shovelful of coals on the top, seems to the memory like a fading picture of the long ago. But fading and fanciful as this picture may seem to the housekeepers of to-day, it represents what was a domestic reality two generations back in this Ontario of ours in thousands of homes.

Mary's mother had provided the wide and shallow

bake-kettle, with its iron lid, and the long-handled frying-pan as its accompaniment, these being among the indispensables in the backwoods.

When the things were all placed, the house was far from being an uncomfortable one. It was divided into three rooms by rough board partitions. In one corner was the ladder, by which the "loft" or upper part of the house was reached.

The "upstairs" of a log house is an indescribable place. If the reader has ever seen the upper room of a log house, no description of mine is needed. If he has never seen it, no description could make him fully appreciate the reality. It would pay him to travel fifteen or twenty miles, climb up a ladder eight or ten feet, and look around him. If he does this he will soon see that the place, like a bachelor's hall,

> Is a store-house of comical oddities,
> Things that have never been neighbors before.

He will likely see all sorts of things, ranging from a baby's cast-off shoe to a high-post bedstead, with curtains of glazed cambric in bright colors.

Before night the premises had been pretty thoroughly explored. Mary and her mother were delighted with the beautiful little lake, with its evergreen surroundings. And right there and then John had to give them a promise that he would not cut away the pretty Canadian balsam trees that stood a little back from the water, and threw their cone-like shadows upon the mirror-like surface of the lake.

When the two fathers and John took a walk

of the time when, "the heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

As he sees the smoke rising in dark and whirling columns, as it ascends towards the sky, he is reminded of the "smoke that ascendeth for ever and ever."

As he watches the fire leaping up in cones of flame, rising higher and higher, as the heat increases, until it seems to send up its blazing tongues as if to kiss the sun, he will think of a world on fire.

And as the heated air rises and the cool air rushes in, from all directions, scattering the sparks and burning leaves here and yonder, he will think of the whirlwind of wrath, that will some day sweep all the enemies of good into the destruction that awaits the ungodly of every kind.

About eleven o'clock in the morning, the three young men started out with lighted torches, made of dry cedar, to set the brush on fire. The older men and the women were to stay by the house, with pails of water to put out any little fire that might kindle too near the house or stable.

The progress of the young men could be followed by the track of smoke and flame that they left behind them, and in about twenty minutes the whole clearing with the exception of the little space was in a solid mass of smoke and flame. They all stood and looked at the scene before them, until the heat sent the women into the house. The men, blinded by the smoke, covered with ashes and dust, and dripping with perspiration, battled back the fire when it came danger-

ously near to the house, but in half an hour the hardest of the fight was over.

"Burnt as black as your hat and nobody hurt and no harm done," was the laconic remark of Moses Moosewood at one o'clock p.m. that April day.

"Boys," said John to William and Moses, "would you like to take a stroll and have a look at your lots? We can't well do any more here to-day." They were both pleased with the proposal. They went into the house and loaded two guns to take with them.

"John, are you not afraid of getting lost?" inquired Mrs. Myrtle.

"No, mother, I cannot say that I am."

"It seems to me," she answered, "that there is great danger in getting lost in such an unbroken wilderness. I suppose that in some directions you might go a hundred miles and not find a house. What would you do if you got off, where you could not make anybody hear you holla—and when you could not tell the way home."

"Well, in that case I don't know what we would do," said he, "but we are not going to place ourselves in any such position? But you ask, how far would we travel before we would find a house if we started in the wrong direction? That would be a hard question to answer. The Indians and old hunters say that to the north there are lakes as large as Lake Ontario, but they are a long way off. I don't intend to take my friends to hunt up these northern waters, as we would find nothing better than fish and Indians when we got to them."

"Have you a compass?" asked Mrs. Myrtle.

"No, we don't need one," said John.

"How can you tell in what direction you are going without a compass?" she asked.

"Wherever nature has planted a hemlock tree, there it has planted a compass, and one too, that is not affected by mineral deposits," answered John.

"How is that," inquired John's father, who came in just in time to hear the remark.

"Last summer," said he, "two Indians came along one day, and asked for something to eat. After they had taken what I gave them, one of them said: 'Me like to gib white brother some to pay my dinner. Me hab no money, but me tell you someting. Did white brother ever see hemlock compash? Me guess not. Look at that tree dere,' said the Indian, pointing to a large one that is chopped down since. 'Look up-up to very top. You see him lean over to east. Every one hemlock lean over to see sun rise, sun home of Great Spirit,' said he.

"As they were starting away I asked them their names, and where they lived. The old one answered, my name is Leaning Tree. My friend's name is Bending Limb. We live in Huron country, at Saugeen River."

> "There is a germ of pleasant thought
> Here by the wildwood Indian taught,
> That nature bows a reverent head
> When morning sun comes from its bed."

"Well, John," said the Squire, "do you think there is any truth in the Indian's notion about the hemlock?"

"Decidedly there is truth in it," said John. "You can't find a hemlock tree that the top branch don't lean to the east, unless the top has been broken off. And with this fact to start with, we can find any point where we have hemlock timber to look to."

"How is it that we never heard of that before? We have Indians in our vicinity, and we never hear anything like that among them," was the remark of John's father.

"I suppose," answered John, "that one reason is because hemlock is not plentiful in that part of the country, so that the Indians have some other method of finding their way from point to point."

I have omitted to mention that two dogs had been brought along with the company; the one was a large mastiff, and the other a gray bull-dog, with a mixture of Scotch terrier. This dog was allowed to follow the young men to the bush. He belonged to Mose.

They soon came to the corner of Will Briars' lot. Here they saw the pretty little spring, by the side of which the surveyors were taking their dinner when they heard the sound of John's axe the year before. Will and Mose were delighted with the place.

"Here," said Will, "I shall build my house, and there will be no wells to dig."

"Yes," said Mose. "You can build your stable in that low place down there by the big hemlock. Then you can fix spouts to take the water as it pours out of the rock, and carry it right into the stalls without once having to lift it. Won't that be handy?"

"Look, boys," said John. "See; that big tree-top

leans to the east. Now we will go east about half a mile, and see what the land is like. Then we will turn south about half a mile. That will take us on the lot that has been applied for by Mose. Then we will turn west for half a mile, then north for half a mile, and come back to the place of starting, as the documents say. Now let us see how nicely we can go around a square by the help of the Indians' hemlock compass."

"All right," said the other two. "You go on, and we will follow."

"Well," said John, "I will go ahead, and let Mose keep two rods behind me, and let Will keep two rods behind him, on a straight line. We will start east, and if I turn to the right or left Will must tell me. In this way we can go almost as straight as a staked line, if we are careful."

They started, and went on as fast as they could walk. The dog kept taking little circles, and sometimes chasing a chipmunk to its hole, and at other times treeing a red squirrel. He kept himself in motion till they came to the first turning point, according to their reckoning. While they were getting their bearing for the next start Will cried out,

"See that strange-looking thing there?" pointing with his finger. "What in the world is it?"

On looking, John saw something moving on the ground that seemed to be neither walking nor running, but it was waddling along a little faster than a snail, but not quite as fast as a duck.

When John saw what it was he said to Mose, "Call

your dog, and hold him, for it will ruin him if he gets hold of that creature. It is a porcupine."

But it was too late The dog had got his eye on the porcupine, and in less time than it takes to write it he had hold of it. For a couple of minutes it seemed as though the dog was shaking a basket filled with white thornpins, and scattering them at such a rate that it was difficult to see the dog or his victim.

But the fight was soon over, and the porcupine lay dead, nearly torn to pieces by the ferocious dog. But such a looking dog as was there to be seen is not often found. His mouth and eyes, and face and neck, and breast were thick with quills. In fact, he looked as though he had suddenly turned himself into a porcupine, only the quills were stuck in the wrong way. It was a sad sight to witness the sufferings of the poor brute as he rolled on the ground, and tried to dig the quills out of his mouth with his paws; and in every possible way he seemed to try to make them understand his tortures, and to ask them to help him.

After a while John said to Mose, "You can do as you like, but if that was my dog I would put him out of his misery as soon as possible. He never can get over this, and the longer he lives the more will he suffer."

Mose said, "Boys, if either of you can put him out of pain by shooting him, I wish you would do it, for I confess I have not the heart to kill the poor brute, after he has come with me so far from his good home."

John Bushman quietly lifted his rifle, and in two minutes the dog lay dead beside his victim and his destroyer.

The three formed into line and started south for half a mile, as near as they could guess it. They then turned west, and at the end of another half mile they turned north.

"Now," said John, "we shall soon see how the old Indian's hemlock compass works, and what kind of surveyors we are."

"For my part," said Mose, "I have been more interested in the land and timber than I have in surveying. I never saw finer timber than we have come through since we started."

"John," said Will Briars, "how will we know when we get back to the starting-place? We did not leave any mark."

"The spring is there," answered John, "and the big hemlock will be a guide to the spring. We can't mistake them both."

"Is it not wonderful what a *Bushman* one summer in the woods has made of John," said Will to Mose.

"Yes," said Mose; "do you think that we can learn as much in so short a time?"

"Boys," said John, "none of us need pretend great ignorance of the woods. We can easily remember when there was plenty of bush in Pelham, and other townships around where we were raised. But going into a new place, and into a strange wilderness, is like going into wicked company. One wants to keep his thoughts about him, so as not to forget where he is."

They now started north to find the spring. After walking nearly half a mile, they saw the large hemlock, a little out of their course. But the deviation

was so trifling that they were well satisfied with the result of their experiment. It was now near sundown, so they went home, and found that supper was ready, and the people at the house were waiting for them.

They had an appetite for their supper, so there was not much talking done by any of the young men till after the eating was over. Then they related the afternoon's adventures. Every one felt sorry for the fate of poor Grip, as the dog was called. That his backwoods life should terminate so suddenly and tragically was sad indeed. But, as no one was to blame but Grip and the porcupine, and, since they were both dead, there could be no reflections cast on any one. So Grip, like many another hero, soon passed out of sight and memory. Poor Grip! he conquered, but in conquering died.

"Well, boys," said Squire Myrtle, "since you have been away Mr. Bushman and I have done two good things. We have made half-a-dozen first-class hand-spikes, and we have found a beautiful spring of clear, cold water. The time will come when the spring will be worth a good deal."

"Where is the spring?" asked John, earnestly.

"In a thick clump of cedars, only a few feet from the edge of the lake," answered the other.

"I am very glad to hear it," replied John; "I have often thought about water supply. But I had no idea of springs about here, as the ground is so dry, with no rocky ledges in it."

"Well, the spring is there, all right," said John's father, "and it is a good one. Water enough to supply two or three families."

"Don't talk about springs," put in Mose, "till you have seen Will's spring; it comes out of the rock in a stream the size of your arm, as clear as crystal, and as cold as ice-water. It comes out about three feet from the ground. By building his house in the right place, he can carry the water in pipes to his kitchen, and from there he can send it to his stable, and into the troughs to his cattle, without either lifting the water or taking the animals out of the stall."

Next morning the five men went to work to clear off ground for spring wheat. The two older men were old hands at logging. The young men had not done very much at it; but they had some experience, and were willing to learn.

John's oxen proved to be a good team for the work. They seemed to know what had to be done, and how to do it, and they would do their work without being whipped up to it. The first day they logged and "picked up" an acre or more. They fired the heaps after night, before going to bed. Next morning the heaps were well burned down. The operations of the day before were repeated, another acre was logged off and set fire to.

The next day was the Sabbath, and it was spent in resting, and in religious worship and conversation.

On Monday the two older men took a couple of guns, and Rover, the big dog, and went to pay the promised visit to Mr. Root and his men. The road was cut out and logged to the place where the men were at work, so there was no difficulty in finding their way.

They came back before sundown, bringing a lot of

partridges, that Rover had started up, and the men had shot them. They had a glowing account to give of the land and timber where they had been. But they did not see any signs of a house, or shanty, from the time they left till they came back.

"John," said Mose, "You will be able to tell, in the years to come, that you were the first settler in all this section of country."

"I think," said John, "that I cut down the first tree north of where Mr. Ashcraft lives, that is seven miles south of this, you know."

"What made you come so far back, when there is plenty of good land before you get to this?" asked Mrs. Myrtle, of John.

"Well," answered John, "you see, I picked out the lot on paper, and the distance looked small on paper. I could not tell which was settled, and which was not, by looking at the surveyor's maps. But when I came last spring, and found that my land was so far in the rear, I felt a little like going back, and waiting till some settlers would come in. But then I thought it would not be manly. And I made up my mind to face the difficulty, and I am glad now that I did so. Now I will have a start sooner than I could have had if I had waited for some one else to break the road."

The young men had made out a good day's work, so the Squire said, and they felt that they could get along very well without the older men. But they could not do so much in a day.

By Wednesday night they had about five acres cleared, all but hauling off the rail cuts. That one

man and a team could do, and John was to do it, and Mose was to go and help Will commence on his lot, till John got his wheat sowed. Then Will was to help at the logging again.

On Thursday morning the old people started home. Mary and her mother parted without any very boisterous demonstrations. They both had a good supply of fortitude and self-control, so that the parting was not as sensational as it would have been between persons of a more volatile nature. Though they had never before been apart for one week, and now they were parting for at least a year, neither of them gave way to her feelings.

After old Mr. Bushman saw how the two women deported themselves, he said to John, "There is good stuff. There are two Christian philosophers done up in women's clothes."

William Briars wrote a long letter to Betsy, and put a large red wax seal on it, that made it look like some of the imposing legal documents of the present day. This he handed, with great caution and with strict injunctions to secrecy, into the hands of Mrs. Myrtle, who promised him that nobody should see it or hear from it until she could place it in Betsy's own hands.

Squire Myrtle was to send the papers for the lot when he got them, for Mose. He was to direct them to Greenbush post-office, a new office opened since last fall. This would be only twenty miles away. Mose said he could go and come in a day.

After receiving many loving messages to those at

home, from all the young people, the two teams started homeward about eight o'clock in the morning of a warm, bright April day. After they were out of sight John said to the other young men:

"Now, boys, we're in for it, to sink or to swim, to succeed or to fail, to live or to die. Boys, what this neighborhood is to be in future years very largely depends upon us. Shall it be a respectable, orderly, well-doing neighborhood; or shall it be the home of rowdyism, and the birth-place of all kinds of mischief? Now let us, right here and now, solemnly pledge ourselves to three things. First, we will always do what we think is the right thing, by everybody; secondly, we will, both by precept and example, discourage others from doing what is wrong; and thirdly, we will stand by each other, no matter who else may come here, and no matter what may happen in the settlement. If we do as I propose, we will be a source of strength to each other, and a blessing to the community."

"I am ready to do as you say John," said Mose, "I know that I shall need help, and I am willing to do what I can to help others."

"What do you say Will," asked John.

"As to that," said Will, "I am with you until the end of my life, by the help of God."

"We will consider that matter signed, sealed and delivered," John said, as he walked into the house to see what Mary was doing.

He found her standing at the table washing up the breakfast dishes.

He turned her face up, and kissed her, and said, "Are you sorry, Mary, that you took the situation of a pioneer's wife?"

"No, John," she answered; "I did it voluntarily, because I wanted to be where you are, I expect to be lonesome for a time; but under the great guiding hand it will all come right in time. I like to be a pioneer's wife, John; I certainly do.



CHAPTER XII.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY the first of May John had the ground ready for his spring wheat and oats. He had brought with him some tools, a thing that every man going into the bush ought to do. If necessity is not the mother of invention, it certainly is a mighty stimulant to the inventor. At the dictation of necessity men not only adapt themselves to new modes of living, but they frequently become experts at new methods of securing a livelihood. Mechanics become farmers, and farmers are turned into mechanics, and both become something else, as circumstances change.

And a man that can not, or will not try to comply with these demands of new country life, should never think of being a pioneer. If he does, the chances against his success are fully nine to one; and it is a moral certainty that he will have a desperate hard time of it at best. A man that can't make a handle and hang an axe, or grind and hang a scythe, had better allow some one else to do the pioneering, and wait till the country is supplied with the various tradesmen before he goes to live in it.

People who have no ingenuity about them have no business in the backwoods, not even as hunters, lest they get lost and are never heard of more, or are found only in a condition to be buried.

But John Bushman was not one of this sort. He had energy and ingenuity. And although he had spent his boyhood and youth on his father's farm, he had got a good many mechanical ideas, and about home he was called "handy," whatever that means.

He went to work and made himself a three square harrow, or drag, as it was often called in those days. But he made one slight mistake in putting in the teeth. Instead of putting them in straight, or slanting them back a little, he slanted them forward a little. And it was wonderful how that harrow would tear up the ground. But it was also marvellous how it would hold on to a stump or a root when it caught fast to them.

John was well pleased with his work, and he made that harrow do service for two or three years. He said he could afford to stop and lift it when it got fast, because it did such good work when it was moving.

Next morning, after breakfast, John said to Will and Mose, "Boys, I want you and Mary to come out and see me sow some wheat."

"What for?" inquired they.

"Because in after years, when this country is all cleared up, and everything is changed, I want you to be able to say, that you saw the first handful of grain sown in this township. It will be something for you to tell your children of, you know."

"Children, indeed," said Will. "Yes, John, I like your suggestion. But is it not wonderful how soon married folks learn to talk like fathers and mothers?"

"We were children not long ago," said Mose, "and I remember how I always liked to hear my mother tell about things that happened when she was a girl."

"Well, come on," said John. "But, hold a moment. Mary, I want a couple of pieces of cloth of some kind for flags, so that I can go straight, and sow even."

"Will white towels do?" she inquired.

"Yes, anything that I can tie on the end of a stake, and see it across the field," said he.

John took the cloths and fastened them to two stakes, one of which he placed at each end of the ground to be sowed. Then he began to march with a measured step across the ground, and scattered the seed wheat broadcast as he went backward and forward.

After he had gone a few rounds Mary said to Will and Mose, "He looks like a farmer already, don't he?"

"Yes, he does," said they.

Then turning to Moses, Will Briars said, "Look here, my friend, we have got to hustle things pretty lively, or John will leave us so far behind in the race that we will forget that we started with him. He goes at everything in a systematic way, and he seems always to do his best at everything he undertakes. These, you know, are the men that come out ahead."

"Yes, that is true," said the other. "And we may very safely take him for a pattern in more ways than one. But is it not time we were going to work?"

"Don't get too proud of your farmer, Mary," they said to her as they went off to their work.

By this time John had got ready to start the harrow. He had often driven a team to harrow on his father's farm, but this was the first time that he had his own team hitched to his own harrow, and putting his own grain into his own ground.

He started to work, and as the harrow teeth tore up the fresh, black soil, John thought that he had never seen finer land. And as he walked along behind the oxen, and watched his work, with an occasional glance at Mary, who sat in the door looking at him at his work, John took a sort of mental inventory of his possessions. First, and foremost, there was his young and prudent wife, next came his two hundred acres of good land, then his cattle and other property, then his health and dexterity, then his kind friends. "All these," he said to himself, "with an approving conscience, and the assurance of Divine favor, ought to make any man happy."

He worked away with a light heart, and by the time the other men came home from their work he had one bushel of wheat nicely harrowed in. The next day was Sabbath, and it was spent much the same as was the last one, only there was less variety in the exercises, as there were not so many to take part in them. But it was a day of rest and refreshment to all of them.

As the evening came on, and as they sat around the fire, Moses said to the rest of them, "Do you know that since I changed my course of life I have more

real enjoyment in one day than I had in a whole year before. I used to think that, for a young person, a religious life was like a winter's fog, both dark and freezing. But I never knew what heart sunshine was until I gave my heart to the Master."

"I believe you, Moses," said John. "I have had the same kind of experience, and can testify that what you say is true."

"But, John," replied he, "you never had one part of my experience—I mean the wild, reckless, sinful past. You never used to do such things as I and many others did."

"Outwardly I might not have appeared so bad, but, you know, sin has its headquarters in the heart. My heart, Mose, might be as bad as yours, and yet, being differently constituted, and being under different influences, the evil in me might not show itself to the world to the same extent. And this, too, not by any desire on my part to deceive the world, but by the force of circumstances which threw around me powerful restraints."

"Do you think, John," broke in Will Briars, "that we can't tell what a man is by what he does, unless we know him fully?"

"Not in all cases, though we can in some. If we see a man committing wilful and deliberate sin, we need not be told that he is a sinful man, 'for by their fruits ye shall know them.' But if we see a correct outward deportment, we cannot always tell whether this deportment springs from a principle of right, influencing the actor, or whether the action may not be

the result of some other cause. We give the actor credit for the outward act, but the hidden motives we must leave to be searched out by a wisdom higher and deeper than our own."

On Monday morning, after breakfast, Mary said to Will and Mose:

"How much coaxing will it take to get you two to stay and help me to-day?"

"What do you want done?" asked they.

"I want a nice hen-house built for my chickens and ducks. The hens are laying, and unless they are shut in for a while, I am afraid they will steal off in the woods, and the eggs will he lost, and perhaps the foxes or some other chicken-eaters will take the hens," was her answer.

"I wonder if Rover could catch a fox? I would like to see him after one," said Mose.

"I hardly think he could catch a fox in the woods," answered John; "but if he had it in an open field he might."

"Chasing foxes won't answer my question or build my hen-pen," said Mary good naturedly.

"The mistress of Sylvan Lodge has only to issue her mandate to ensure attention and obedience on the part of her dependents," said Mose with a laugh.

"Don't make fun of me, Mose. You are not my dependents," Mary said.

"Yes we are, too," said he; "for if you should turn against us, who would cook our victuals, wash our clothes, make up our beds, and keep us out of mischief?"

"My! but that is a long, long list of questions to ask, and so soon after eating your breakfast, too. I don't see how you could think of them all at once," she answered. "But, seriously, I want the hen-pen built."

"And you shall have it," Will Briars said; "only tell us where you want it to stand, and give the size and description of it."

"For instructions in this I must refer you to John. He knows better than I do where to place it," said Mary.

Before John went to his harrowing, he hauled up a lot of poles for the hen-pen, and by night the young men had the job completed, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

By the end of the week John had four acres of wheat, and one acre of oats, and a half an acre of millet, sowed and nicely harrowed in. Will and Mose, too, had got about ten acres underbrushed and an acre chopped.

The next thing in order now, was to split the rails, and fence the fields of grain, to keep the cattle from it. This is an important part of the work on a bush farm. The rails are made from any kind of timber that can be split into pieces of suitable length, and small enough to be handled by one man. Cedar and pine are, perhaps, the best timber for rails. But various other timber is used, such as oak, either black or white, black or white ash, beech, elm, basswood, hickory, chestnut, and sometimes the knotty hemlock is made into rails.

John and Mose went to rail-splitting and fence-making. They found it pretty hard work at first. But they soon got used to it, and then it was like any other work, after one gets accustomed to it.

About two weeks were spent in fencing, and by that time a good fence surrounded the sowed land, along with an acre for potatoes and vegetables of various kinds. By this time, too, the grain was nicely up, and beginning to look green, giving the place quite a farm-like aspect, and driving away the look of wild loneliness that is found in connection with a house standing alone in a burnt piece of ground among the stumps.

Mary had got her ducks and geese so used to her that they would come at her call. She would let them out for a swim on the lake an hour or two in the middle of the day. Then she would call them up and feed them, and shut them in, for fear of foxes.

The woods now began to show signs of summer, in the unfolding leaves, and the opening blossoms. Various wild wood flowers began to show their beauty, and numerous forest plants sprung up from their cold wintry beds and, shaking off their covering of autumn leaves, that kind nature spread over them in the fall, they once more began to spread their leaves and add beauty and attraction to the scene, as their predecessors had done for a thousand generations.

"John, what are these?" said Will, one evening, as he threw down on the table a handful of some kind of plants, or rather of different kinds of plants.

Looking them over carefully, and after smelling some of them, John answered: "These are adder-

tongues, or some call them deer-tongues. These are leeks; they are the best things to spoil milk and butter that grow in the woods. If the cows eat the leeks—and they are sure to do so, if they can find them—the milk and butter will have such a 'leeky' taste that it can be used only after eating the leeks ourselves. That seems to take the bad taste away. This," said he, picking up a plant with a large, round leaf, "is called Adam and Eve. And here is cow cabbage. And this strange looking plant is the skunk cabbage."

"How many more kinds of cabbage can you find in the woods?" inquired Mose.

"About as many as you can find cabbage eaters in the clearing," said John.

One morning soon after these plants had been examined, on going into the yard, John found that an addition had been made to his stock, in the shape of a fine heifer calf.

"Now," said Mary, when John told her, "I shall soon have some milk, and when Cherry follows the example of old Brindle, we can make our own butter, and raise the calves, too."

"Well, Mary," said he, jokingly, "If that is not counting the chickens before they are hatched, it is making butter before the cream is soured."

"Never you mind, John, the cream will be here, and the butter too, in due time."

By this time the planting was all done, and the grain was looking well, and everything seemed to be prospering with these people in the wilderness.

"And," said Moses one night, before he retired, "I
to-morrow, and
Those papers have come. You know it's over a
They ought to be on
by this time; don't you think so?"

"Alright," said John. "But you will need to start
it's go there and back in one day."

"Mary will put up something for me to take
with me, I will start as soon as it is light, and take
breakfast as I walk along."

"Honestly, I will give you something to take along
with you. But you are not to go before you have
breakfast, I will see to that," Mary replied.

"Ha, I don't wish to give you any bother, Mary,"
he said, "and I will do first-rate on a lunch for one
day."

"Neither you can or not, you won't get the chance
to do-morrow, if I am alive and well in the
morning."

"Mary let her have her way, Moses," said John,
"I suppose she is like other women in that. I
heard an old man say that—

'When she will, she will, and you may depend on it;
And when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on it.'

but I could find all women are that way."

"Well, I shall not contend with her about the
weather," said Moses. "That would be like
quarrelling with his own bread and butter."

The next morning, by sunrise, Moses was on his way
to Hawkhurst, post-office. But not before he had his

breakfast, and a good one, too, for Mary said, "when a man is going to walk all day, he needs a thing substantial to start on."

When John went to the yard that morning he found another colt among the stock—a heifer, like the rest.

"Now," said Mary, "I shall not have time to be lonesome. With two cows to milk and two calves to feed and with chickens, and ducks, and geese to take care of and butter-making, and bread-baking and cooking and washing, and scrubbing surely I can employ myself so that I will not feel lonely."

When Will came in at evening he said he had news to tell them, and on being asked what it was, he said, "This afternoon a man came to me, who says I live on the lot right opposite mine on the other side of the boundary. He has commenced working on it and he has a temporary little shanty up already. I did not know that he would have neighbors so near him till he heard me chopping, and came to see who I was. He was greatly pleased when he found that I was so near the oldest settler in the township."

"Well, I am thinking that he will be the pioneer of the township of Oakland, for that is where he is. Where did he come from, and did he tell ye his name?" said John.

"He comes from the township of Ashdown, and his name is Wyndham. He is a man about thirty-five, and has a wife and [illegible] children. He is a [illegible]man. ut

"John," said Moses one night, before he retired, "I have a mind to go out to the post-office to-morrow, and see if those papers have come. You know it's over a month since they were sent for. They ought to be on hand by this time; don't you think so?"

"All right," said John. "But you will need to start early to go there and back in one day."

"If Mary will put up something for me to take along to eat, I will start as soon as it is light, and take my breakfast as I walk along."

"Certainly, I will give you something to take along with you. But you are not to go before you have breakfast, I will see to that," Mary replied.

"Now, I don't wish to give you any bother, Mary," said he, "and I will do first-rate on a lunch for one day."

"Whether you can or not, you won't get the chance to try to-morrow, if I am alive and well in the morning."

"Better let her have her way, Mose," said John, "for I suppose she is like other women in that. I once heard an old man say that—

> 'When she will, she will, and you may depend on it;
> And when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on it.'

And he said that all women are that way."

"Well, I shall not contend with her about the breakfast," said Mose. That would be too much like a man quarrelling with his own bread and butter."

"In the morning, by sunrise, Moses was on his way to Greenbush post-office. But not before he had his

breakfast, and a good one, too; for Mary said that "when a man is going to walk all day, he needs something substantial to start on."

When John went to the yard that morning he found another calf among the stock; a heifer, like the other.

"Now," said Mary, "I shall not have time to feel lonesome. With two cows to milk, and two calves to feed, and with chickens, and ducks, and goslings to take care of, and butter-making, and bread-baking, and cooking, and washing, and scrubbing, surely I can employ myself so that I will not feel lonely."

When Will came in at evening, he said he had news to tell them, and on being asked what it was, he said: "This afternoon a man came to me, who says he has the lot right opposite mine, on the other side of the boundary. He has commenced working on it, and he has a temporary little shanty up already. He did not know that he would have neighbors so near him till he heard me chopping, and came to see who it was. He was greatly pleased when he found that he was so near the oldest settler in the township."

"Well, I am thinking that he will be the pioneer in the township of Oakland, for that is where he is. Where did he come from, and did he tell you his name?" said John.

"He comes from the township of Ashdown, and his name is Woodbine. He is a man about thirty years old, and he has a wife and two children. He is a fine looking man, and he is a Lowland Scotchman. But he came ten years ago to this country."

"I am glad to hear of such men coming into the

neighborhood. They will help to build up the place," replied John.

It was now getting dark, and Mose had not yet returned.

"I wonder where Mose is by this time," said Will.

"That would be a little hard to tell, especially since we have had no experience as to the length of time it takes to go over the road he has to walk over," was John's answer.

"I can answer your question," said Mary. "He is just now between the stable and the house. I see him through the window."

By this time Mose came in and sat down, saying, "Boys, but I am tired and hungry."

"We don't doubt that, Mose. Forty miles of walking, over a rough road, is enough to tire anybody. But pull off your boots, and put on these slippers," said John, as he reached and took a pair of slippers from a shelf, and gave them to Mose.

"Mary," said Mose, "what can you do for me now? You did grandly this morning."

"Your supper is all ready for you. I put it beside the fire, in the bake-kettle, to keep it warm till you came home. I will have it on the table by the time you get yourself washed and ready for it," she said.

While Mose was eating his supper, John and Will went out to fix things up for the night. After they had gone, Mose took out of his side pocket a large letter, and, holding it up, said to Mary, "Look here, what I found in the office for William Briars. I think it is from Betsy."

He put it back, and by the time he finished his meal the others came in.

"Well, Mose," said John, "what is the news?"

"Plenty of news," said he; "I got my papers all right, so that I now know what I am to do. I am glad of that. But that is not the only thing that makes me glad."

"What is that? Got a letter from home, or what is it?"

"No, not for myself; but here, Will, is one for you. Take it thankfully, and read it joyfully."

Will took the letter, looked at the handwriting and at the seal, and then put it in his pocket.

"How many shanties do you think have been put up along this road, between here and Greenbush, since we came here," said Mose, turning to John.

"Perhaps four or five," answered John.

"Well, you may more than double that," said he.

"Is that so?" enquired John and Will, both at once.

"There are four shanties between here and Ashcraft's, and five between there and Greenbush. I saw and talked with six of the owners. Four of them are young men like myself and Will. The others are married men."

"How far from this is the nearest one?" asked Will.

"About two miles, I should judge."

"Well, then, you did not find them all. There is a settler right across the line from me."

"I am glad that people are coming in so fast," said John.

"Here, Will, take this candle, and go and read your letter, and let us have the news," said Mary.



CHAPTER XIII.

HARVESTING THE CROP.

"WHAT are you going to do with your grain when it is ready for harvesting?" said Will Briars to John one morning as they were walking along the path that led through the wheat.

"I hardly know," said John. "I have been thinking a good deal about it lately. One thing is certain, that is, I cannot put up a barn this summer. I have too much else to do."

"Could you not make a temporary floor, and thresh the grain out of doors, the way we have often threshed peas and buckwheat."

"I have thought of that myself, but how am I to get the plank?"

"Did you not tell me that the lumber for your house was made with a whip-saw here on the ground?" asked Will.

"Yes, we made the boards for the floors, and all the rest, except the sheeting, with the whip-saw. But Mr. Beach, who helped me do it, and who understands the work, is not here; and if he was here I don't suppose

that I could get him, he will be so busy with his own work," John said.

"Look here, John; let us try it ourselves. I believe that I can soon learn to handle one end of the saw. You know we shall want boards more or less all the time. Some men can make money by cutting lumber with this kind of saw. Suppose that we start a two-man saw-mill, John. We will commence with some boards to make you a threshing-floor."

"All right, Will. We will go to work to-morrow, and get up some small-sized logs, and then try our skill and ability at saw-milling. We can use the old saw-pit, which Mr. Beach says is a good one. And the plank will be all the better for lying in the sun to dry for a few weeks," said John.

Where there is a will there is generally a way, and prompt action is one of the elements of success. John Bushman was a full believer in these maxims, and he acted on that belief.

At it the two went next morning. They went to the pinery and cut a number of logs of suitable size, and hauled them to the saw-pit. Then they commenced the sawing. Moses insisted on being taken into the milling enterprise, and they willingly gave him a chance. Will and Mose were a little awkward at first. It was a little hard for a while, and they got very tired; but they stuck to it, and at the end of about eight days they had plank enough to make a floor twenty feet square, with a board to put up edgeways all around it, to keep the grain from flying off and wasting.

After their task was completed they were congratulating each other on their success. Mary listened to them for a while. Then she said: "That agrees with my father's philosophy of success in this world."

"What was it, Mary?" asked John.

"I have often heard him say that difficulties disappeared before a determined will," replied she. "And, sometimes to encourage the boys, he would tell them that

> "A resolute will is better than skill
> For turning a mill or climbing a hill,
> Or facing an ill or paying a bill,
> Or handling a drill or crossing a rill,
> Or swallowing a pill or warming a chill,
> Or opening a till or driving a quill.
> For where there's a will there's a way ahead still."

"Bravo, Mary," said Will Briars. "That is well done; and I don't know which deserves the greatest compliments, your father's poetry or your memory. But I think that I am the one that has a right to feel myself honored by being the subject of seven full lines of poetry. The whole of it, you know, is about a resolute *Will*. That is me. But I am going to try and deserve the name, and then it will be no presumption to claim it."

The season was passing rapidly away—at least it seemed so to the busy settlers in the vicinity of Sylvan Lake.

Mary was kept from idleness and moodiness in looking after her cows and calves, and fowls, and her beds of onions and lettuce, beets and parsnips,

and other garden produce, that the old-time ladies mostly had the care of. Besides all this out-of-door work, she had to bake and cook, and wash and mend, starch and iron for herself and the three coarser samples of humanity, who had placed their personal comfort in her keeping. More than this, she had some quilts to make, and the yarn to spin and double and twist for the socks and stockings for the whole of them.

It was well for Mary now that she had been trained by an industrious, economical mother, who understood all about these things, and had thoroughly taught her daughter to do the same.

It was well for John Bushman that his wife was not one of the affected, selfish, useless butterflies of fashion so often met with in modern society—that she was not one of the extravagant, thoughtless, wasteful, peevish, self-seeking, domineering creatures that so often hang like a dead weight upon a husband's energies, and drag him down at last to financial, if not to moral, ruin. John Bushman fully appreciated his wife, as from day to day he noticed how skilfully and cheerfully she went about her work. He felt that if they missed the road to success, the fault would not be hers. Of such a woman it is said in Proverbs, "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." A man's success in life very largely depends on his wife. But how far John Bushman succeeded will be shown in future chapters.

William Briars and Moses Moosewood were working every day on their lots, and were getting nice begin-

nings on them. John commenced his haying—that is, he began cutting the "Beaver Meadow" grass for hay. By the time the wheat began to ripen he had five or six tons of hay ready to stack. He made a road to the meadow, and on a temporary jumper he and Mose hauled the hay, and stacked it beside the stable.

But perhaps some of my readers may ask, "What is a beaver meadow, any way?"

The little amphibious rodent called the beaver is the agent by which the beaver meadows are produced. He first selects a place along some creek, where, by making a dam across the stream, the backwater will overflow a section of the land. Here he lays his plan with as much precision as a skilful engineer.

Having laid out his work, he commences to build the dam. The form of it is an arc of a circle, with the bow up stream. This he does by collecting wood and leaves and mud. He uses his teeth for an axe to cut the timber. With his paws he puts everything in its place. He uses his broad, flat tail for a cart to carry the mud to where he wants it; and for a trowel to place it in position, and as a mallet to pound it into a solid mass.

As the dam grows higher the water spreads out over the land, and when it is done sometimes a number of acres are flooded, and looks like a large mill-pond. The little builder puts his dam there to stay, so that no spring floods break it up. In course of time all the timber on the flooded tract dies, and after a lapse of years it all decays, and entirely disappears. When the beaver falls a victim to the trapper and hunter his

home is left to fall in ruins. The dam, for want of repairs, in time gives way, and the water runs off the flooded land, and leaves it as level as a floor. In a few years this is covered with an abundant crop of tall, wild grass, that does very well as a substitute for hay, when it is cut and properly cured. The early settlers avail themselves of this spontaneous hay crop until they can raise that which is of a better quality.* This is the kind of hay that John and Mose stacked up by the stable, to have it on hand for the stock in winter.

And there is another operation that must not be overlooked. That is the gathering of wild fruit, and preparing it for winter use. Around John's beaver meadow there grew a large number of wild plum trees. These were laden with fruit. Some of them, when ripe, were red, some yellow, and some almost a purple. These plums are by no means a despisable fruit when they are ripe, but they don't ripen till August and September. One way of keeping these plums was to sink a tight barrel or other vessel into the ground where it would be kept cool. Then fill it up with plums while they were still a little green. This being done, fill the barrel up with clear, cold water, cover it up, and let it stand till winter, when the fruit will come out nearly as fresh as when it was put in. Another method of keeping them was

*Perhaps it would be as difficult to fix the time when those meadows were commenced by the little builders, as it would be to tell the date of the kitchen middens of Europe, or the mounds and flint arrow-heads of America.

by the old way of preserving in sugar; still another was by the drying process.

But there was other wild fruit to be got.

One day, while Will and Mose were out in search of a swarm of bees that they saw pass over, they came to a large berry patch. It was on a hemlock ridge that had at some time been burnt over. This was covered with a variety of berries. There were strawberries, raspberries—two kinds of them—and the large blackberries. These the men would go and pick at odd times, and Mary would exert her skill in preparing them for present and future use. By the time the berries were gone they had laid in a good winter's store.

By this time the wheat began to show its ripening hue, and admonished its owner that the harvest was coming near.

One evening, as Mose came in from his work, in passing through the field, he found some heads of ripe wheat. Holding up one of them, he said:

"See here, John; your wheat will do to cut next week. What are you going to do for a cradle to cut it with?"

"That is a question that should have been answered before this; but I have been so much engaged since I came here that I forgot all about it. I shall have to try and make some kind of a thing myself. I have a scythe and other irons needed," he answered.

"Well," said Moses, "you know my father makes cradles, and I know something about it myself. If you like, I will help you."

"All right," said John. "We will try what we can do to-morrow."

Next morning they went to the woods and got some good white ash timber of the shape they wanted. By night they had a very good grain cradle ready for use.

While they were hunting the timber for the cradle they heard the sound of a couple of axes at the back end of John's lots. They had not heard of any one being on that line, so they concluded next morning to go and see who was there, and what they were doing. They took the guns and old Rover, and started on a trip of discovery. When they came to the place they found three men working on the corner of the lot that butted on John's rear hundred. The one was an elderly man, the others were his sons. They were Dutchmen. Their name was Crautmaker. They came from Hamburgh Township. They were a strong, hardy-looking lot of men.

When John and Mose came up to them they were chopping down a large rock-elm tree. The two young men were Canadian born, and were good choppers. The old man was not so good; but for all that he could handle an axe well enough to do a fair day's work.

"Goot morning, shentlemens," said the old man. "I vas glad to find some von in dish packwoods pesides me and Shon and Shake. How far you comes dish day, and vhere you lives?"

"We live just across one concession from here," said John. "My land reaches to the line here, so we are to be neighbors. I am glad to see you all," he said, as he stepped up to shake hands with them.

The young men could talk either Dutch or English, and Mose was not a little amused to hear them answer their father in Dutch, when he would question them in that language, and at the same time carry on a conversation in English.

After they had talked a while about the land, and the prospects of the settlement, the old man broke in upon their conversation with this question to John and Mose:

"Say, mine vrends, are you gristians?"

John was the first to answer. He said, "I am happy and thankful to be able to say that I am an humble follower of the meek and gentle Saviour."

"I, too," said Mose, with some feeling, "am trying to live the life of a Christian."

"I am very much glad vor that," said the old man.

"Well," said John, "we have a small religious service at our place every Sabbath in the forenoon. If you would come over and take part with us we would be very much pleased to have you do so."

"How can we find your place, Mr. Bushman?" asked Jacob, the younger of the old man's sons.

"You can't miss the way if you follow the open road. It goes right past my place, and mine is the first and only house," John answered.

"How soon do you expect to move your family in here, Mr. Crautmaker?" inquired Moses Moosewood.

"Shust so soon as we can put up one pig house. So that mit the downstairs and the upstairs we can got rooms vor nine beoples—mine frow and myself and our seven shildren," was his answer.

John Bushman said to the old man, "Mr. Crautmaker, I have a good yoke of oxen; if you need them to haul logs for your house, you can have them. I suppose these young men can drive oxen?"

"Yes," said the eldest. We have always been used to oxen as well as horses. We have a pair of oxen at the old home; but till we get them here we shall be much obliged for a little accommodation in a neighborly way."

"All right. When you want them let me know," said Bushman.

"When we want them one of us will take your place, and have you come with the oxen," said Jake Crautmaker.

"Come across to our little meeting next Sunday, at 10 a.m.," said John Bushman.

As the two men went back, by way of the beaver meadow, the dog commenced to bark fiercely, a little ahead of them, as they were pressing their way through a thicket of small cedars. In a minute more they heard a cry, not unlike that of a lamb in distress. Coming nearer, they saw that old Rover had caught a spotted fawn. He was laying on it, and holding it down. He seemed inclined to play with it, but the deer was struggling to get away.

"Don't hurt it, Rover," John said, and the dog seemed to understand what was said to him. He would fondle with the young and helpless little thing, and lick it with his soft tongue, and tried, in every way, to impress upon it the fact that he had no ferocious or cruel feeling towards it. But not until John

took it from the dog and lifted it in his arms did the little prisoner stop its cries and its efforts to escape. But it seemed to feel that it had found a friend and protector when it nestled down quietly in the man's arms. That fawn grew very tame, and it became a fine large deer, and ran with the cattle in the woods. They tied a white ribbon around its neck, so that it could be distinguished from others. More than one wild deer fell a victim to John Bushman's rifle while trying to cultivate the acquaintance of this pet. When they came home Mary was greatly pleased with the pretty fawn. She had never seen anything like it. With its great brown, pleading eyes, with its smooth, spotted skin and tiny little feet and legs, it altogether presented a picture of innocence and beauty that seemed to appeal to the gentle and tender feelings of her sympathetic heart. It soon became so much attached to Mary that it would follow her around like a dog. For several years Rover and the deer were Mary's escort from place to place, and they became great friends to each other. Rover would have fought for that deer as long as he could stand. They named the deer Rambler.

The wheat harvest was now at hand. The crop was excellent, as was all of John's grain that season.

John changed work with Mose, and got him to help take off the harvest. Cradling heavy wheat among the stumps is no child's play, as any one will say who has ever tried it, but they were both good cradlers, took turns at it, so that neither of them had to weary himself at it.

When the wheat was fit to stack, John got Harry Hawthorn to come and stack and thatch it for him. Harry had been working on his lot for the past month, Mary had made his bread and furnished him with butter. When John asked him if he could thatch a stack of wheat, his answer was,

"Shure and its meself that can do it, Misther Bushman. Many a great stack of grain I have thatched in Ould Ireland, and they were afther bein' done so nately that niver a dhrop of rain could get intil them at all at all. Though I say it meself, as shouldn't say it, perhaps, no one can do a betther job at thatching than your humble Irish frind can do."

This glowing language of Harry's was no vain boasting. His work proved that the men who could equal him at building and thatching a stack of grain were few and far between.

Harry was expecting his wife in this country by the fall, but he had changed his mind about bringing her to the bush before the next spring. He concluded to do some chopping, and put up a small house that season, and not move in until the next spring.

But Mr. Beach was expecting to move his family on the lot beside John's in the course of two or three weeks. He was busily engaged in building a house; Moses and Will were helping him some of the time. Things began to look like civilized life. With a settler on every lot that joined on Bushman's, he felt that his isolation was a thing of the past.

Between helping the incoming settlers to saw their lumber, and make their shingles, and raise their houses,

John and Will and Mose were kept on the move all the fall. People were coming in on all sides of them. Not less than ten or twelve families were settling within three miles of John Bushman, besides Will and Mose. John and Mary, being the first settlers, and having become pretty well established in their new home, had plenty of chances to exercise their hospitality towards their prospective neighbors. But they acted on the motto expressed by Mary, the first day she stood in her backwoods home: "Never to shut the door in the face of hunger or weariness."

But by this time John's other grain was ready to harvest. This time he went at it alone, as Will and Mose were both away helping a man to put up a house on a lot two miles farther in the woods.

But John got along with the job of cutting his oats and millet, and he found the latter was about as high as his head, and some of the heads were eight or ten inches long.* By the middle of September he had all his grain nicely harvested and stacked, Harry Hawthorn again being the artist.

*This grain seems to have passed out of use in this country. Sixty or seventy years ago it was raised to feed fowls and pigs mostly.



CHAPTER XIV.

MARY FINDS A FRIEND.

FROM the latter part of April till the middle of September, Mary had been as completely isolatd from companionship with her sex, as though she had been the only woman in the world. Her connection with womankind had been only by memory. The last female face she had looked upon was when, through tears, she looked into the sad face of her mother on the morning that her parents and John's father started for their frontier homes.

To say that she was not lonesome would not be true. But to say that she was discontented or unhappy would be equally untrue. There are longings, however, that can only be satisfied by association with those of one's own sex and age. Old men enjoy the society of old men, old women like to talk with old women. Young men and young women are the same. Mary had felt the want of company, but she had made no complaint; she solaced herself by the thought that a change, in this respect, could not be very long delayed. But nearly five months had elapsed since she had seen one of her own sex. And John and his companions

had frequently spoken to each other about it. They admired the quiet and uncomplaining manner in which Mary had borne the deprivation. They had said nothing about it to her for fear of harrowing up her feelings.

On the morning of the second Sabbath of September, about nine o'clock, a rap at the door gave notice that some one wanted admittance. Mary was nearest to and she hastened to open the door. When she did so she found herself face to face with a strange young man. But a few feet behind him stood a young and beautiful woman.

For a moment Mary stood as if confounded. Then, rushing past the man, she threw her arms around the woman's neck and kissed her, over and over, as fondly as though she had found a long-lost sister. The strange woman, at first, seemed to be somewhat confused. But when Mary got a little calm, she said, "O, I am so glad to see you, I have not seen a woman's face before for five long months. Don't think me rude, for really I was so rejoiced to see you that I hardly knew what I was doing, I could not help it." The strangers came into the house and sat down, being made welcome by John.

The man then said, "I hope we shall not be intruders. We heard from Mr. Crautmaker that you are in the habit of having religious service here on Sabbath mornings; my wife and I concluded to come across and see if we could join with you. My name is Richard Greenleaf. We are going to settle on the lot that corners with your back hundred. We are, at

present, staying in Mr. Crautmaker's shanty till we can get up one of our own."

"We are pleased, I am sure, to make your acquaintance, Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf," said John. "And as for taking part in our little meeting, as we call it, you are not only welcome to join us, but we shall be very much pleased to have you do so."

By this time Mr. Crautmaker and his sons came in, and Mr. Woodbine came to join in the exercises. The presence of the Master was in the midst of the little company in that humble backwoods dwelling on that autumn Sabbath morning. For the first time in his life, Moses Moosewood led the meeting. He and all present were refreshed and strengthened.

After the services were over, Mary said to her new-found friend:

"You and your husband must take dinner with us to-day. I cannot be put off in this matter. I have never seen a woman at my table since my mother left me, and you *must stay* for dinner."

"I am willing, if Richard is," said Mrs. Greenleaf.

Mary stepped across the room to where John and Mr. Greenleaf were, and asked the latter if he would consent to the arrangement that she and his wife were making.

"Any arrangement that you make with Martha I will consent to," said he; "she is to have her way half of the time, and this is one of her days to rule, so you see it will be all right."

Going back to the woman, Mary said, "You are to stay, and I am so glad that you are, I hope it will

often be your day to rule when you come here to meeting."

"As to ruling," said Martha, "I never heard of any arrangement until now. I don't want to rule. But I will tell Richard about it sometimes, to keep him in mind of what he said to you."

Mary soon had the dinner on the table. She never did much cooking on the Sabbath. Everything that could be done on Saturday was done, so as to avoid, as far as possible, the necessity for work on the day of rest.

When the dinner was over, the two women walked out around the place. Mrs. Greenleaf was very much pleased with what she saw. The pretty lake, and its border of evergreens, and the ducks and geese swimming on it (and there was quite a flock of them now), gave the place a homelike aspect not often seen on a new farm. Then the calves and other cattle, and the stacks of oats and wheat were things of interest in the eyes of farmers' daughters, as both of those young women were.

"I am pleased to find so nice a home and so large a clearing in this back place; I did not expect anything like this," said Martha.

"When my husband came here one year ago last April, there was not a tree cut down within seven miles of here, and there were only two houses within twenty miles or more. Now I am told there are ten or twelve houses and shanties on a territory of three miles square," remarked Mrs. Bushman.

"Did Mr. Bushman come in here alone?"

"Yes, he came all alone, and did all this chopping and got up this house last year. He got the men that opened out these two roads to help him raise the house, or he could never have put it up then," answered Mary.

"Well," said Martha, "we expected to be the first settler except Mr. Crautmaker. This road that goes from here over past our place is partly cut out for twenty miles. We came in on that road and we had left the last house fifteen miles behind us when we came to our lot, which is just on the other side of the road from Mr. Crautmaker's."

"Were you acquainted with that family before you came here?" asked Mary.

"O, yes, well acquainted; I was born and brought up within sight of the farm they have lived on for ten years. They are an honest, industrious and prosperous family. The old people are a little awkward in their mode of expressing themselves, but they are all right at heart," said Martha.

"I thought as much by what I have seen of the old man and the boys," said Mary.

These two women were about the same age, and not unlike in personal appearance. They were a little below the medium size, for that day, but they would be fully up to the average of our times in size Their personal appearance was as near faultless as the generality of young women can claim to be. Their complexion may be described as a mixture of the blonde and brunette. In Mary the blonde met the brunette a little more than half way. And in Martha the bru-

nette predominated a little over the blonde. This made a couple of shades of difference in their complexion. But this difference was not sufficiently marked to necessitate much divergence, either in the features, or the color of eyes or hair. This complexion was quite often met with in Canadian girls of the last generation.

Mary's hair was a shade lighter than brown, and a little darker than blonde. Her eyes were of that clear, deep, expressive blue that indicates kindness of heart, without softness, and firmness of character without unreasoning stubbornness.

Martha's eyes were of a dark brown, almost black. Her hair was the color of her eyes. The hair of both was somewhat inclined to curl, a fact that sometimes gave them some trouble to keep their heads in a presentable condition.

These two women presented a fair type of the average girl of Upper Canada sixty years ago. A close observer might have said of the two, that they were not likely to fade prematurely for want of sunlight and exercise, nor to fret themselves into an early grave, or into a peevish, sickly or unhappy old age.

The acquaintance and friendship of these two women lasted long, and, as the years rolled on and the burdens of life increased, and the cares of life multiplied, their attachment for each other seemed to grow stronger. And it may be said, by way of anticipation, that the high moral tone that characterized that neighborhood, in after years, was greatly augmented by the influence and example of these two young women, who

were the pioneer white women in a large tract of country.*

The month of September that year was a dry one. About the middle of the month John said to Will and Mose one morning, "Boys, can you stay and help me to-day?"

"Yes, if you want us. But what are you going to do?" they said in concert.

"Two things," said he. "I want to make a cart, for one thing, and I want to burn off the stubble, for another thing. It is dry now, and it will burn well."

"How are you going to make a cart, and why do you want it just now?" asked Will.

"I want the cart to go to mill, and we will make it of elm logs, sawed short, for wheels, and an ironwood pole for an axle-tree," was John's answer.

"All right," said the boys; "go ahead, and we will follow your directions."

They took the cross-cut saw, and went to the fallow, to a large water-elm, and from that they cut two sections of six inches, measured lengthwise of the tree. Through the centre of these they made holes large enough for the arms of the axle. Then they fitted the pole and put it in, and made a tongue to it, and fixed a box on it. Now they had what was called, in backwoods parlance, "a pair of trucks." This made a very good substitute for a two-wheeled cart, while it lasted.

* The writer had the privilege, years ago, to preach in two different townships, in the houses of the pioneer white women. In both cases success has attended the labors of the families of those who found room in their shanty for preaching.

The water-elm will not check in the sun, like harder wood, and it will not split like the harder and firmer rock elm.

About eleven o'clock they suspended the work of cart-building, and went to see about burning the stubble. The wind was blowing away from the house and stacks, but they went to work and carried up a few pails of water, so as to have it handy in case of emergency.

After dinner they started the fire, thinking that it would take the afternoon to burn the field over. But when they saw the flames jump from place to place before the wind, they became frightened. But now it was too late to stop it. On and on it went, as fast as a man could walk. In ten minutes the whole field looked like a solid mass of smoke and flame. And in ten minutes more the smoke and flame was nearly gone, and the ground was as black as a full-blooded African's face, and danger from the fire was all past.

"That is quick work, boys," said Mose, as with his foot he commenced to scrape over the ground.

"Yes," said John, "that is turned black sooner than I expected to see it. But, though it has been a short job, it is decidedly a good one."

"I say, John," said Will, "why would not this do for fall wheat? After this burn it will be just as clean as a piece of ground can be. And it can't be exhausted by only one crop."

"If I can find a bag or two of fall wheat, I will do so, when I go to Mapleton to mill. And I will sow it on the best part of this ground, and see how it will do.

I have heard that if you can get a good burn, the second crop may be as good as the first."

The next morning John hitched up to his new cart, and started for Mapleton for some flour and wheat for seed. He could not take time then to fix a floor and thresh some of his own wheat, so he concluded to buy some flour for the time being.

Will said to him before he started, "You will need to keep that go-gig well greased, or it will make such a squealing along the road that you will frighten all the horses out of the fields, and all the sheep out of the pastures, as if a pack of wolves were coming."

"O, yes," said John, "I forgot to grease it. Mary, can you let me have some butter or tallow to grease my waggon?"

The grease was soon provided by Mary, and with a little help from Will and Mose the axles were soon well lubricated.

Having got everything ready John started for the two days' trip. His oxen walked off with the trucks as proudly as though they had a hundred-dollar waggon behind them. He reached Mapleton in time to do his business before dark. He got the flour at the only mill in the village. He was also fortunate enough to find a bag and a half of nice clean fall wheat. He took some oat sheaves along to feed the team.

The miller made John stay all night with him, saying that after coming all that distance he and his oxen deserved to be well taken care of for the night, and so they were. The miller and his genial wife gave John a good supper and a good bed. He was

much pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. Whitewood, the miller, and his kind-hearted wife.

Next morning he started home with his flour-bags of flour and three bushels of seed wheat. The load impeded the progress of the oxen, so that it was after sundown when he arrived at Sylvan Lake.

John had a good deal to tell about the changes that had taken place since they came into the bush; but the most important thing of all was a letter for Mary and one each for Will and Mose. He found them in Greenbush P. O., where they had been for a month. Mary's letter was from Betsy Bushman. It was a general family letter, speaking of the affairs of both families. And since neither the writer nor the reader has any right to meddle with other people's private affairs, we will leave the owners of these letters to do as they think best with them.

John told of new settlers along the line from there to Mapleton. A number of shanties were built, and others were in course of erection. Three or four good-sized houses were raised, but not yet finished. People were preparing, in considerable numbers, to move in on the following spring. Young men were making a start for themselves. Men with families were making homes for them, and all were hopeful and cheerful.

Among the single men was a medical doctor, who had concluded to try his fortune in the bush. He was Dr. Ashgrove. John stopped to feed his oxen and eat his own cold dinner just in front of the doctor's shanty. He found a man of about thirty years of age, with a sharp, piercing black eye and a determined

look. On asking the man how he liked bush life, he answered,

"I have not been here long enough yet to get used to it. But I am trying hard to believe that I shall like it after I get my sinews and muscles seasoned to the hard work, and my hands toughened to the axe-handle. Look at them now, stranger," said the doctor, as he held out his blistered hands for John to examine.

"Your hands are very sore, my friend. I think you have not been accustomed to hard work," said John.

"That is so," said the doctor. "I have never done a dozen hard days' work in my life. My father was an English gentleman. He gave me a medical education. He died at last, after having lost his property in an unfortunate speculation, leaving me to my own resources. I came to this country to seek my fortune. That fortune I have found here in the shape of two hundred acres of good bush land. I don't like the medical profession, and will not practise it, so I am going to be a farmer."

"Well," said Bushman, "it is a big undertaking for a man who has no practical knowledge of life in a new country, but patience and perseverance will secure the same success to you that it has done to many in this land."

"What others have done under the same circumstances I can do. At any rate, I am going to try."*

*A Doctor Neely, when the writer was a boy, settled on a lot in Erin Township under circumstances similar to those above described. He lived there some years, then sold out and left the settlement.

The fall wheat that John brought from Mapleton was sown and nicely harrowed in the same week that he got it. The potatoes were dug out, and they proved to be an excellent crop both as to quantity and quality.

They now had more than enough of produce for their next year's supplies. This was considered to be a very good beginning for John and Mary.

Arrangements were now to be made for next year's operations. John got Will and Mose and Harry Hawthorn to help him to log off the rest of the twelve acres' chopping, so that it might be ready for the next spring's sowing. Harry was a little anxious to help Bushman for two reasons. He wanted to get a little practice at that kind of work, and he wanted John's help with his oxen to clear off a spot around his shanty, so that it might have a sort of home-like appearance when "Biddy and the children" should come the next spring. Harry was somewhat awkward at first, but being willing to be taught, and quick to learn, he soon got to be a very fair hand at the work.

It did not take many days to do the job. Then all hands went to help Harry clear off the spot around the shanty, to make it ready for the coming of Harry's wife and children.

By this time old Mr. Crautmaker was ready to move his family into their new home. He left the boys to work on the place, and he went to bring in the rest of the family. The month of October was a beautiful month, and the settlers improved it by making preparation for the approaching winter. None of them had as yet spent a winter there, and many conjec-

tures were indulged in and expressed with regard to what winter in the backwoods would be like.

Among the various kinds of work at this time of the year was "underbrushing," and every man who intended to stay on his lot through the winter was engaged in this work, because it was not possible, when the snow was on the ground, to cut the undergrowth and saplings close enough to the ground to make it practicable to harrow in the grain. Whatever was intended to be chopped through the winter must be underbrushed in the fall.

John Bushman had measured off six acres to be chopped through the winter. This, along with threshing his grain, and doing the many nameless chores always to be found on a new place, was a pretty large calculation for one man. Will and Mose were going out to the old settlement for the winter, so that John and Mary expected to be alone. John was generally moderate in his expectations, and cautious and careful in laying his plans, and what he set out to do he, as a rule, accomplished.

As winter approached, those who were intending to go away made arrangements for doing so. And those who expected to stay tried to make the best preparations they could to meet the rigors of winter among the forest trees. Mr. Beach had got his house ready for use. But, like Harry, he had deferred moving into it until the next spring, having been offered a good winter's work at fair wages elsewhere. Will Briars had not put up a house, as it was settled that he and Betsy could stay with John and Mary until one could be built next spring.

CHAPTER XV.

WINTER IN THE WOODS.

THE month of November came and went without much change in the new settlement. The weather was growing colder. The nights were getting longer, while the days were gradually shrinking.

John had prepared his threshing-floor, and made himself a flail to thresh the grain and a "fan" to clean it with. The "fan" was made something on this wise: Some thin, light boards, or pieces of split cedar, were jointed together, then cut into the shape of a horse-shoe, only the two ends were not brought so near together. Then a piece of some light, bendable timber was dressed to the thickness of about half an inch, and six or seven inches wide. This was bent around the bottom, and nailed securely, leaving what would correspond with the heel of the horse-shoe open. Handles were fastened to the sides of this. The operator put a lot of uncleaned grain on the bottom of the fan. Then taking hold of the handles, he placed the round end of the machine against his waistbands, and commenced to waft the outer end up and down, some-

thing as a woman wafts her apron to frighten the chickens out of the garden. It is surprising the amount of grain that an expert at the business could clean up in a day.

The flail was made of two sticks. One of these was about the size of an ordinary hoe handle, and was called the staff. The other was about three feet long, and somewhat heavier than the staff, and was called the swingel. These were tied together at one end, and the grain was spread on a floor and pounded out of the straw with this implement.

The great difficulty with this kind of threshing and cleaning was the "white caps." These were simply grains of wheat that broke off from the straw but did not come out of the chaff. And getting out the "white caps" was an important item in grain cleaning before the days of machine threshing. These white caps were generally spread on the floor and threshed over again. But after all, they would often show up in the wheat that the backwoodsmen carried to mill or to market.

Another one of the necessities of the new settler is a sleigh or sled, for various purposes. Bushman needed an ox-sled, and the question was how could he get one. There was not a sleigh-maker within forty or fifty miles of him, so far as he knew. The only way that seemed open to him was by doing as bushmen so often have to do, viz., make the article or go without it. A consultation with Will and Mose resulted in a decision to go at it and make a sled. They went to the woods and found a white oak tree, with a

root turned in the shape of the runners. They cut the tree at the roots, and worked out the runners, so that by sawing them in two lengthwise they had a pair. They did this with the whip-saw.

John brought with him some tools, as every man ought to do who goes to the backwoods. As it was in making the cart, so now in making the sled, they succeeded better and sooner than they expected, and produced a very fair sample of a strong wood-shod sled, good enough for anybody, as Mose remarked when it was done.

The first of December was here. The ground was covered with snow. Will and Mose were to start, in a day or two, for the old homes. Among them they had threshed out a grist to take to the mill. John was to take the grist and go with them as far as Mapleton.

But in their hurry and bustle to get things in shape for the movement, they had entirely overlooked one matter of considerable importance, at least one of the group thought so. What was Mary to do while John was gone? Moses was the first to speak of it, by asking Mary what she would do while John would be away. She answered, "I hardly know; but I suppose that I and Rover can get along in some way for two days and a night."

"I don't think," said John, "that you and Rover are to be put to the test. Not, at all events, if I can help it. I know what it means to be alone in the house, with woods all around you."

"Look here, John," said Will, "how would it be for

Mose and I to go over to Mr. Crautmaker's and see if one of the girls would come and stay with Mary till you come back. It is too bad to go and leave the poor girl here all alone."

"Bad or not, it is not going to be done," said John. "But your proposal is a good one; go ahead, and come back as soon as you can, and if the girl will come, bring her along with you."

They started, and it did not take them long to reach the place, as it was only one concession, or about three-quarters of a mile to go. They found the family busily engaged in putting things to rights about the house. They had never seen any of the family except the old man and the two eldest boys. The rest of the family consisted of the old lady and two young women, and two boys, and a girl younger than they were. They were very kindly received at Mr. Crautmaker's. After a little talk on different subjects they told what they were after, and how important it was that they should receive a favorable answer.

The old man was the first to speak. He said, in his broken way, "I say, vife, ve must acgomodate Meister and Meistres Pushman. Dey vill makes us goot nibors, and ve must meets them half of de vay. Katrina must go and stay shust so long as Meistres Pushman tells her to."

"Dat ish all right, mine old man," said the old lady; "ve vill do shust as you say, for you know dees beoples best. Katrina may go and stay till she comes home again."

In half an hour two young men and one young

woman might have been seen going through the woods, in the direction of John Bushman's. The girl was in the neighborhood of twenty years old. She was the picture of blooming health, about medium size, with a fair complexion, and of a vivacious temperament, and yet exhibiting a maidenly modesty of deportment that made her, on the whole, a person of more than ordinary attractiveness. It is not to be wondered at if the young men were somewhat interested in their travelling companion that afternoon. When they came to Bushman's, Will told John and Mary that it was his opinion that Moses Moosewood was hopelessly smitten by the rustic charms of the unassuming Katrina Crautmaker. Whether this were so or not time will tell. But one thing may be said without pretending to read the future, and that is, the dreams that Mose had during the winter were of a strangely mixed character.

Sometimes, in his dreams, he would fancy that he was loading bags of grain on the sled, and as fast as he put them out of his arms, by some strange freak every one of them became a Katrina Crautmaker. Then again he would fancy that the oxen were before the sled and Katrina and he were on it and going down a steep hill. At other times the sled and oxen would be absent, while he and Katrina would be carrying bags of grain up a steep hill. And to finish up with, he would sometimes dream that oxen, sled, bags of grain and Katrina, all in one struggling mass of living helplessness, were thrown over a tremendous precipice and were all killed and dashed to pieces.

Yes, Moses Moosewood's dreams were strangely mixed up that winter. Can any one guess the reason of it?

Mary and the young girl were mutually drawn to each other. Thoroughly honest natures do attract one another by an instinctive or intuitive knowledge of each other's character. These women were both thoroughly honest. They became friends at once.

During the night some more snow fell, so that now the sled would slip along nicely. In the morning before they started Mary gave John two of the gold pieces that old Hickory gave her, along with a list of articles to fetch from the store. This was the first time she had sent to the store since she came to the bush.*

They started about daylight. Will and Mose were going home after an absence of seven months. They expected to stay away till April or May. Will expected to bring Betsy Briars back with him; Moses expected to come alone.

A great change had been wrought in the character and habits of Moses since the time that he came to see John Bushman about going with him to the bush. Before that he was a wild, reckless, fearless and wicked young man, ready for any kind of mischief that came in his way. But now he was the same cheerful, buoyant young man; but his vivacity and cheerfulness were of a different type. Now he could be happy and

* The writer can well remember the time when the families who settled in the locality of Ballinafad, in Erin Township, had to go all of twenty-five miles to get to either a mill or a store, or a magistrate or a doctor.

joyful as the result of having made his peace with God.

Before they parted, John cautioned Moses against allowing himself to be influenced by old companions and old associations, so as to forget that he no longer belonged to the thoughtless and giddy multitude, who seek only the things of the present life, and give little or no thought to the great beyond.

When the men got as far as Greenbush post office they found two letters. One was for Moses Moosewood, from his mother. The other was from John's father, telling him that, as soon as there would be good sleighing, he and Mrs. Bushman would make them a visit. He was intending to bring the sheep with them, and some other things, one of which would be a barrel of apples.

Will and Mose left John at the mill at Mapleton. They bid him good-bye, and went on toward their destination. John found the mill so nearly empty that his grist could be ground that night. As on the former occasion, the miller insisted on John stopping over night at his place. In the morning John got his things at the store for Mary, and putting all on the sled he started for home. But before doing this he wrote to his father, and put the letter in the office at Mapleton. In the letter he asked his mother to fetch some dried apples, and cherries, and peaches, if she could. He told his father to trade two of the sheep, or sell them, and in their stead to bring along two sugar kettles, as he intended to try the making of maple sugar in the spring.

While John was away, Mary and her new friend got along very nicely. They got acquainted, and the friendship here commenced was designed to last, because it was founded on mutual respect. In their conversation Mary found out that Katrina was entirely free from love's entanglements, and that both her heart and hand were disengaged.

"How did you like the looks of the young men who went away with my husband?" asked Mary of Katrina.

"I think they are civil, nice young men," was her answer. Then, after a moment, she said, "I suppose they will both be married men when they come back in the spring?"

"William Briars will likely be married before he comes back to my husband's sister, but Moses, I think, has no expectations at present in that direction. I am confident that he is not engaged, and I don't think that he ever paid much attention to any of the girls of his acquaintance."

"Have you known him long?" she asked.

"Yes; ever since we were children. We came from the same neighborhood," said Mary.

The conversation here dropped, as neither of the two had any reason for continuing it.

John had taken his rifle with him, a thing that backwoodsmen very frequently do, and some of them always do, when they go into the bush.

John got tired walking, so he got on the top of the bags on the sled to ride aways, and rest his limbs, as the snow was a little heavy to walk through.

He had not been long in this position when he saw a drove of deer coming toward him. He spoke to the oxen and stopped them. Then he got his rifle from where he had laid it in safety down at the side of the box. By the time this was done the deer were within some fifty yards of him. To lift the gun and take aim at the foremost and largest of the deer was but the work of a moment. At the crack of the rifle the deer dropped, shot through the heart. The rest of the flock ran away a few rods, and then turned and stood looking at the sled and oxen, as though they had never seen anything like it before.

John looked at them, as they stood in a row facing him. Then he said to himself, "The meat need not be wasted, if I do kill another one."

So saying, he took aim at the largest deer, and fired. At first he thought he had missed it, by the way it ran off. But on going to where it had stood, he found large spots of blood on the snow. He followed its track for some thirty or forty rods, and there he found the deer dying.

He said to himself, "That is not badly done. Two nice deer inside of ten minutes."

He opened them, and took out the offals, and then put them on top of the bags. By the time he got home it was dark.

He found Mary and Katrina waiting for him, with the supper on the table, all ready. When he drove up to the door they came out. But when they saw two pairs of pronged horns pointing at them, they ran back into the doorway.

Mary said, "For the landsake, John, what have you got on that load that looks so frightful?"

"Only some venison that came in my way, and I brought it along," was John's answer.

To put away and care for the oxen, and eat his supper, and dress the deer, kept John busy till bed-time, with all the help that Mary and Rover could give him.

The venison was in good order, the deer being fat, and their meat tender. Mr. Crautmaker's and Mr. Greenleaf's families each got a piece of the venison.

Mary was well pleased with the purchases that John had made for her at the store.

When he gave her the odd change that was left, John said, "Mary, you never told me the amount of that handful of gold coins that Old Hickory gave you."

"Did I not, John? Well, it must be because you never asked me, then. I will tell you now. There were twelve guineas and two half-eagles."

"That was a good gift for the old man to make to a stranger," said John.

"Well," said Mary, "I was not more surprised at the old man's gift, than by the romantic way in which it came about."

"Mary, I would like you to tell the old man's story to Katrina."

"I have no objection," said she; so, commencing at her first meeting the old man, she told all she knew about him up to the time that he gave her the gold.

When Mary ceased speaking, Katrina, with considerable earnestness in her manner, asked, "Do you

know his real name? for, of course, Old Hickory is only a nickname."

"I never heard any other name for him," she answered.

"You say his wife died in England?"

"Yes, so he said. Both wife and child died there."

"Well," said Katrina, "what I am going to tell you, please don't mention to any one else, but there is a strange coincidence between your story and a piece of family history that comes near to me and mine. My father has been twice married. His first wife was an English woman. My brother John is her son. She had a brother who lost a wife and little girl, with small-pox, before she and my father were married. That brother went away, and the family lost all traces of him, thirty years ago. Who knows but Old Hickory may be my brother's uncle?"

"Since you speak of it, I remember the old man said his wife and child died with small-pox," Mary said.

"If he is my brother's relative his name would be William Hedge," said Katrina.

"Well, at all events, the coincidence is a striking one. We will try and find out what his name is. Perhaps Mr. Bushman will be able to tell us when he comes here," Mary said.

John came in from looking after the cattle in time to hear what Katrina said about the name.

He said, "It seems to me that I have heard the old man called Mr. Hedge, years ago, when I was a boy."

"I think the same," said Mary. "It seems like a dream to me that I have heard that name given him.

But I can't be certain. However, we will let the matter rest until father Bushman comes."

Next morning John put the oxen to the sled to take Katrina home, as there was no track across since the last snow. Mary was to go, too. She had not seen any of Katrina's people but the old man and the two young men.

They shut everything up, and locked up the house, leaving Rover to watch the place till they came back.

"What would Rover do, if some one should come while you are away?" asked Katrina.

"He would not harm him, if he kept his hands to himself. But it would be a little risky if a stranger should meddle with anything about the place. The old dog knows his place, and he will keep it, and he expects every one else to do the same."

John put a quarter of a deer on the sled for the two families on the other concession, as Mary intended to call on Martha Greenleaf before coming home.

Before he started, John brought out the rifle and put it on the side of the box where he had fixed a place for it. Mary said, "Are you going to take the gun along, John?"

"Yes, Mary," said he. "This country is too new yet to undertake to carry fresh meat through the woods without something to defend it with."

"Are you afraid of Indians, Mr. Bushman?" asked Katrina.

"No, not Indians. But the bears and wolves might take it into their heads to try my venison. They are sharp-scented and saucy.

They started and got along all right, and were at Mr. Crautmaker's by ten o'clock. Mary was much pleased with the old-fashioned hospitality of this plain and honest family. She spent a part of the day very pleasantly.

John's venison was a great treat to them. In the afternoon John and Mary went to Mr. Greenleaf's. He and Martha were very much pleased with the quarter of the deer. They had their little shanty nicely fitted up; Martha seemed to have "a place for everything and everything in its place." Richard Greenleaf had made a commencement toward chopping a fallow. He said to John, "Man, but this is a different thing from tending cattle, and driving the old folks to church, and going to mill and to market. This is the hardest work that ever I did."

"No doubt of that," answered John. "But there is one thing that you and I should not forget—what we are doing now, our fathers had to do. They labored under greater disadvantages than we do. But they succeeded, and we will do the same, if we do our part as manfully as they did theirs."

"That is so," said Richard; "I know my father and mother worked very hard, to make the good home they now have."

Martha and Mary made arrangements to spend the Christmas together at John's house, and then the oxen were once more put in motion with their heads turned homewards, and in half an hour John and Mary sat comfortably at their own fireside.

CHAPTER XVI.

VISITORS AND CALLERS.

ONE bright and cold moonlight night in the last week in January, about eight o'clock, John and Mary were sitting by a good fire in the room, that answered to the name of kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, parlor and drawing-room, or in fact, any kind of room but bedroom. While sitting by a good fire in this very accommodating room, they thought they heard the tinkling of sleigh bells.

"What is that?" said Mary.

"It sounds like bells. I will go out and see if I can hear anything out of doors," John said. But before he had time to reach it, they heard a sleigh drive up to the door and people talking. The next moment Betsy, closely followed by her mother, walked into the room.

After kissing Mary and glancing around the room, Bet said, "John, you go out and take care of the horses, and let father come in to the fire. He is nearly frozen by coming to this awful cold country."

"Why, Betsy, how you talk; father has not complained of the cold," said the mother.

"No, mother, he don't complain; you know, he never complains. But I am in a hurry for him to come in and see what a cozy little nest his first-born son has got himself settled down into," said she, looking at John and laughing.

"Never mind about the nest, Bet. If you find the bird all right. Your turn will come if you only have patience to wait for it," said John, as he went out of the door, just in time to escape the big ball that Bet had made by rolling up her shawl to throw at him.

"What a wild girl you are, Betsy," said her mother.

"Never mind, mother. It is so long since I saw him, that I am dying for an old-fashioned frolic with John. I almost wish that we were children again," she answered.

Mr. Bushman brought a heavy load of things. Between sheep, and sugar-kettles, and apples, and pork, and dried fruit, and grass-seed, and a lot of things sent to Mary by her mother, he had as much as his horses could get along with.

After the team was put away and the sleigh was unloaded, the rest of the evening was spent in telling what had taken place about the old home, and the new one, since they last met.

John's father was well pleased with what John told him about his crops. He also commended John's course about sowing the fall wheat. That was just the place to sow the Timothy seed that he had brought with him. And the sheep would need a pasture field, and that was the quickest way to get it.

"What will you do with your sheep until you get a pasture field for them?" asked Betsy of her brother.

He answered, "I will keep them shut up in a pen and feed them on beaver-meadow hay and green leaves or anything that they will eat, until the grass grows in the meadow. Then I will cut grass and feed them. For this first year I must do the best I can with them. After that I can have a suitable place for them."

"Mary, can you card and spin?" inquired Mrs. Bushman.

"Yes. Mother taught me how to do both," she replied.

"There is a Scotchman settling on the lot opposite to Will Briar's lot, who is a weaver, and he is going to bring his loom with him when he moves in here. We will be able to get weaving done near home," said John.

"Scotchman, your granny," said Bet. "Have you forgotten already, that you have a sister who can weave?"

"O, dear me. Now I have done it," said John, in a half whining tone. "I have passed by the prospective Mrs. B——'s, and gone to a Scotch weaver to get some cloth made. But let it pass this time, sister dear, and the next will be brought to you."

"Well, of all things, but you are the provoking tease. I won't touch your nasty old yarn," she said, pretending to be out of temper. Then turning to Mary, she said, "For your sake, Mary, I will do your weaving when everything is in readiness."

"No matter for whose sake it is done, so long as it is well done," said John.

Next morning, when Mrs. Bushman and Betsy could look around and see the place they were delighted with it. The lake and the evergreens that surrounded it, with the white snow everywhere showing itself among the leaves and branches, made a picture of rural beauty not often seen. But when the sun got up, so that its rays struck the water at an angle of about forty-five or fifty degrees, the beauty of the scene was greatly increased. The sun-light, as it touched the rippling surface of the water, seemed to plant luminous centres all over, and from those centres there went out, in all directions, what looked like streams of yellow light, and these, falling upon the snow, partly hidden among the evergreen branches, gave it the appearance of lumps of amber, so that the mingling of light and shade, and the mixing of so many different shades of color, gave to the lake a stamp of beauty seldom met with anywhere. After they had been looking at the scene before them, Mrs. Bushman turned to John, and said, "It would be worth a trip from our place to this, if it was only to see that one sight; it is so charming."

"I am glad you like it mother," said John. "I often think of the bright world beyond the storms of life, when I look at Sylvan Lake in its gayest dress."

"John," you have made a good hit by coming to the bush just when you did," said Mr. Bushman next day, looking around the place.

"I think so, too, father," John answered.

"Yes, there is no doubt of it. I see that some twelve or fifteen settlers have made beginnings along the road this side of Mapleton since we were here last spring," was the father's answer.

When they went into the house, John said, "Mother, would you like a ride on an ox-sled?"

"Well, John, it would not be the first one, for I can remember when we had to ride on the ox-sled or walk," she answered.

"Well, then, for the sake of old associations, you ought to have such a ride. I propose to take you all on a visit to our only neighbors, Mr. Crautmaker's and Mr. Greenleaf's. We have plenty of prospective neighbors, but as yet we have not many real neighbors. What do you all say? Will you go?"

"We might as well get acquainted with the people around here," said Mr. Bushman; "and I think we had better go."

"All right, then; that is settled," said John.

"Will you let me and Rover keep house?" put in Betsy. "I am afraid of those big Dutchmen over there."

"Now, Bet, none of your nonsense. Do you think that because Will Briars has been soft enough to try and captivate you, therefore no other young man can be where you are without trying to catch you?" said John.

"Well, if you are not the most impudent biped that I know of, my name ain't Betsy. But, listen:

"I know a man who feels so big
Because he has a clever wife

To cook his meat and clean his knife,
That he is saucy as a pig.

But if I had that woman's lot
I'd tell him plumply to his face
That he must learn to keep his place,
Or I would smash the dinner pot."

"There, now, you have got my opinion about you," Betsy said, as she waved her hand toward the door, as an intimation that he should get the sled and oxen ready.

"Well, of all things, Betsy," said her mother.

"Mother," said John, "I like it. Mary is so still, I can't get any nonsense from her, and you know Bet and I were always bantering each other. And yet we never had a quarrel, or anything like it in our lives."

"I was only joking," said Betsy. "I want to see Katrina, for I am pretty sure that Mose is more than half in love with her already."

"Katrina is a nice girl," put in Mary.

All was ready in a short time, and away through the woods they started. As on the former occasion, John took his rifle along. They went to Mr. Crautmaker's first, and spent a pleasant time with that family.

During the conversation, John asked his father if he knew the name of the old man who was called Old Hickory.

"Yes," said Mr. Bushman. "I was a witness to the deed when he bought the farm where he lives. His name is William Hedge. Why, what made you think of him now?" he asked.

Mr. Crautmaker spoke, and said: "I once had a brother-in-law by that name, my first wife's brother. He lost his wife and only child by small-pox over thirty years ago. He seemed all broken up, and went off no one knew where, and the family lost all trace of him."

"What age would this man be, and how long have you known him?"*

"About twenty-two years, I think, and he is about seventy years of age, I should say. We have not been much acquainted with him, as he always kept out of society," was answered.

"I have a portrait of mother, and I will let you see if there is any resemblance to the old man in it," said John Crautmaker, who had been a very intense listener to the conversation.

The portrait was examined by Mr. and Mrs. Bushman. They both thought that they saw a striking resemblance, making allowance for difference in age and sex.

"See here," said Mr. Bushman to the young man. "If you will let me take that picture with me, I will show it to the old man, and see if he will recognize it."

"I will willingly do it if you will give yourself the trouble to go and show it to him, and let me know what he says about it," said he.

"I will gladly do that, and let you know the result. When William Briars and Moses Moosewood come

*In this conversation we have translated the old man's broken words into fair English.

back in the spring, I will send the picture to you by them," Mr. Bushman said.

After this arrangement was made the visiting-party left, and went across to Richard Greenleaf's. Here they were warmly received by Martha, who had often heard Mary speak of them. After spending a pleasant afternoon with this interesting young couple, the party went home, in time to attend to the chores.

When they came within sight of the place, they heard Rover barking fiercely. They hurried on to see what was the matter, for he never barked like that unless there was some cause for it.

When they got around to the stable, they saw that Rover had a man treed on the hen-house, and was barking at him. The man looked frightened when he saw them come into the yard.

John called the dog off, and then went up to the man, and asked him what he was doing there.

"I am here," said the man, "by the order of your policeman that, it seems, you left to take care of the place. I made a mistake. But he would not take any explanations. He has kept me here for four or five hours."

"What did you do?" inquired John.

"I will tell you," said the man. "I am on my way to a settlement some twenty-five or thirty miles from here. I was told that a new road had been cut through the country, and it is the shortest and best way to go to where I am going. When I came this far I felt hungry, and I thought that I would go in and see if I could get something to eat. I went to the house and

found no one there. The dog watched me very closely, but he did not molest me. I thought that I would look into the stable, and see what was there. That is where I made the mistake. I had only put my hand on the stable door, when the dog took hold of me, and to get away from him I got upon the hen-pen, where he has kept me till now."

"Well, my man," said John, "I am sorry that you have been detained by the dog. But I can't blame the dog for doing as he did. You can't go on any further to-night, so come in and content yourself till morning. We will give you your supper, and bed, and breakfast, as a sort of compromise for your forced detention by the dog."

"All right; I shall be thankful for your kindness," said he, as he walked toward the house, the dog keeping close to him.

Next morning, after breakfast, the strange man started on his journey, as he said, to the next settlement, saying that when he came back he hoped to be able to make some suitable return for their kindness.

When he had gone away, Mary said, "I am not at all anxious for his return, or for remuneration. I don't like the looks of him, and I would not trust him."

"I agree with you, Mary," said Mrs. Bushman, "about that man. I would be afraid to trust him. And yet I could hardly tell why. He seemed civil enough. But I feel that I would be unsafe if I put confidence in him so far as in any way to put myself in his power."

"That is a little strange," said John. "That you

should both have the same opinion about him is what I can't understand, and yet you may be right."

"I would almost be willing to vouch for it, that they are right," said John's father.

"On what grounds, father?" asked John.

"On the ground that women are seldom, if ever, wrong in the estimate they form of the character of a strange man," he said.

"Are they better judges than men are on this subject?" inquired John.

"Yes, decidedly so; only in their case it is not judgment, but it is instinct, or intuition, that governs their conclusions."

"I don't think that I understand your meaning," said John.

"Probably not. But I will explain. We get all the information we can about a man, and we mentally take his measure. After we have gained all the facts that we can in regard to the man, we base our judgment on the ascertained qualities of the man, and form our estimate of him accordingly. But with women the process is entirely different. When a true woman comes into the presence of a strange man, if she will note the first impression that arises in her mind, and governs herself by that, she will seldom, if ever, make a mistake in estimating men."

"Well, I never heard of that before," said he.

"I suppose not. I don't know that we ever had any talk on the subject before. But Mary's remarks about that man brought the matter up. One thing I do know; in my own experience I have, on different

occasions, been saved from loss through taking your mother's advice about strangers, even when she had no other reason to give for her fears than simply, 'I don't like the looks of him.' And, on the other hand, in some cases where I have acted on my own judgment, and gone against her advice, I have found, in every instance, that her estimate of the person was the correct one."

"Good for you, father Bushman," said Mary. "That will count one for my side, won't it?"

"I suppose it will," he answered.

"Father," said John, "how do you account for what you say is a fact about women's reading of men's character?"

"I suppose we may say it arises from the law of compensation that is said to run throughout animated nature. By this law the balance or equilibrium of creation is kept up. Where there may be weakness and inferiority in some respects, there is always a compensating strength and superiority in some other respect.

"For instance, those creatures that are easily destroyed have the power of rapid increase. So that, although they are individually weak, they are numerically strong. On the other hand, the strong and ferocious animals increase slowly, so that, though they are individually strong, they are numerically weak. Compare the power of increase of the lion and the tiger with that of rabbits and rats, and you see where this compensation comes in.

"Take another illustration. You tell about Moses'

dog and the porcupine. Now, the little porcupine could not run as fast as the dog, nor could it resist his strength. But nature, or rather the God of nature, compensated the porcupine by surrounding it with a coat of mail, made up of a thousand barbed arrows, any one of which might kill the dog if it pierced him in a vital part. While the dog was swifter and stronger than the porcupine, he had no such weapon for self-defence as the weaker and slower creature had.

"Now for the answer to your question. A man relies for self-protection on the force of his will, the clearness of his intellect, and the strength of his arm. But woman was not made to fight, nor to defend herself by acts of prowess. Her strength is found in the correctness of her intuitions, the quickness of her instincts, and the strength of her moral perceptions. With these in their normal condition, she is comparatively safe. But when these are overpowered she becomes like a ship on a strong sea without a rudder or a pilot, driven before the gale and as likely to be dashed upon the rocks or among the breakers, as to reach the safe and quiet haven." Mr. Bushman spoke truly.

And Milton does no violence to nature, when he makes Mother Eve trample on her own instinctive feeling, and lay a suicidal hand upon her intuitions and moral perceptions, by parleying with the devil, before she yielded to temptation. "And that the woman who parleys with temptation is lost," has been true from the days of Eve, till the year of grace 1888. And I will venture to repeat Mr. Bushman's statement,

and endorse it, that if a woman will be guided by her first impressions in regard to a strange man, she never need to be deceived by that man.

"Father," said John, "will you show me how to make a sap trough before you start for home? Sugar-making will soon be here, and I want to have everything ready when it commences."

"Don't you know how to make a sap-trough?" said the father.

"No; I never saw one made. I have seen them after they were done, but I never saw any of them made."

"Well, we will go this afternoon, and see what we can do. You have some nice pine trees out behind the lake, that are just the thing to make them of," said Mr. Bushman.

They made some thirty troughs that afternoon, and John learned how to do it so well, that by the time the sap began to run he had about two hundred troughs made and put in place at the roots of the trees in what he intended for the "sap-bush."

The next morning after the sap-troughs were made Mr. Bushman said to John, "What arrangements have you for storing the sap that you get, until you can boil it?"

"I have no arrangements as yet," said he.

"Do you know how to make a store-trough?"

"No; I don't think I do. How do they make them? Could you help me to make one?" said John.

"Yes. We will go at it right away, for you know I must start home after one day more."

They went to the pinery and selected a tree of the right size, which was about thirty inches across. They felled it, and after taking off a few feet of the butt-end for fear of "shakes," they measured up some thirty feet as the length from end to end. They left about two feet at each end that they did not dig out. The rest of the log they dug out with axes and carpenter's adze, until they had a shell that would hold some sixty or seventy pails of sap. They got done at sundown. Mr. Bushman said, "There, John, you have a store-trough good enough for old King George himself, if he were here."

"Yes, father;" said John, "I am very much obliged to you for helping me to make it. If I need any more, I think now that I can manage to make them myself."

The time appointed for Mr. Bushman and his wife and daughter to start for home came round, and as punctuality characterized the Bushman family, they started next day for home.

John jibed Betsy a little, telling her to be sure and come back before the berries were all gone, so that there would be nothing but briars left. She told him to mind his business and they started for home.



CHAPTER XVII.

SUGAR-MAKING.

PEOPLE who never had experience in the work of making maple sugar can form but a very vague idea of what it really means. The work is so mixed up with what is pleasant and exhilarating that a great deal of it seems, betimes, more like play than work. It is true that some things that have to be done are hard to do. The carrying of the sap by hand, when the snow is deep and covered with crust that will almost bear up a man, and then let him down with his load of sweet water and perhaps spill it all, is not among the easiest or pleasantest kind of employment. This is not only tiresome, but it also tries one's temper sometimes pretty severely.

Then there is wood-chopping, which is hard work, and working around the fire and in the smoke is by no means like play. But after all is said that can be said about the hardships of sugar-making, there is more of pleasure than pain in it, more profit than loss, and more sweet than bitter; on the side of its advantages may be counted first, the saving of expense in buying your year's supply of this saccharine necessity in household furnishing. And the feeling of independ-

ence that a good supply of sugar gives to the housekeeper, who knows that she can't be taken short for sweetness, while she has a lot of cakes of sugar stowed away in some safe place, is among the advantages of the business.

And the pleasure of making our own supply of any thing seems to enhance its value. And another advantage is in the business itself after it has been started. The expense of starting is something, but it is not like an annual outlay. Once the business is fitted up, it will last for years without additional expense. There is no seeding nor feeding to be done in connection with a sap-bush, so that after the work of tapping the trees and boiling the sap is paid for, the rest is clear profits in sugar, molasses and vinegar.

About the last week in March John tapped his trees. The first run of sap is said to be the sweetest and best for making sugar. For three days and nights the sugar maples in John's sap-bush seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to try and drown him out. The troughs were filled and emptied, until no room could be found to store any more sap. His kettles, including Mary's dinner-pot and bake-kettle, would hold about fifteen pails and boil. Although he had kept the kettles going for two days and a night, the sap was accumulating on his hands. The store-trough was full and all the sap-troughs were nearly so.

"Seventy pails of sap in the store-trough and not less than a hundred pails in the sap-troughs," said John to Mary, when she came to bring him something to eat.

"I never thought that sugar-making was like this. You must be just about tired out already. Here you have been working for two days and a night without rest or sleep," Mary said.

"The old adage, you know, says you must 'Make hay while the sun shines,' said John; "but it may be changed in this case to 'make sugar while the sap runs.' And that is what we are doing. It is hard work while it runs like this, but this run is about over. The wind has got into the north, and there will be no sap running to-morrow; and I am glad of it, for it will take me all of three days to clear off what is on hand now."

"When will you 'sugar off,' John? I am all expectation about that," said Mary.

"Just as soon as I can take one of the large kettles out of the row, without allowing the sap to run to waste," he answered.

"Do you know how to do it all right?" said Mary, as though she felt a little doubtful.

"I am not over confident that I shall have complete success at first. I often saw it done when I was a boy; but it is some years since I saw any sugaring-off done," was John's answer.

"Martha Greenleaf wants to see you sugar off sometime before the season is over," said Mary.

"All right," said John, "she shall have a chance to do so. After I get some experience in the business we will invite all of our backline neighbours, Greenleafs and Crautmakers, some afternoon, to come over and help sugar off. We will have a sort of backwoods jollification.

Mary insisted on staying in the bush that night with John. She had spent part of each day in the camp, as they had the little shanty that was built for temporary shelter. And while John was gathering sap and chopping wood, she kept up the fire under the kettles. The camp was some fifty rods from the house. Rover and Rambler (the deer) had already found the road to the camp.

That night Mary carried out some blankets and a pillow, and spread them on hemlock brush for John to get some sleep, while she attended to the kettles. Rover was to keep her company. The deer was shut up every night in a place fixed for it in one corner of the sheep pen.

John gathered up a lot of wood in front of the fire, so that Mary would not need to go into the dark at all. Then he laid down and soon fell asleep. Mary felt a little timid when at first John's heavy breathing told her that he was sleeping. But she consoled herself with the fact that John was near at hand, and was easily awakened in case of danger.

The stillness of the night was only broken by the gentle whispering of a slight breeze, as it spent its little force among the leafless branches of the trees, and the hissing and splashing of the boiling and foaming kettles on the fire.

Mary watched and worked by turns, as occasion required, until sometime past midnight, and John slept on. She sat down on a block of wood, and leaned against the side of the shanty where she could watch the smoke of the fire ascend among the tree tops in

curling clouds of blue and yellow, as the light of the fires sent streaming arrows after them, painting them in such changeful hues.

Mary got a little dozy while sitting here, but presently her eye caught sight of an object that instantly banished all sleepiness from her. Among the shadows of a large tree, and in a deep shade of one of its limbs she saw what seemed to be two balls of fire shining out of the darkness. They looked to her as if they were the size of tea-saucers. She stood and looked at the strange sight, wondering what it could be.

"Who-hoo, who-hoo, who-hoo-o-o-oo-ah-o-ah-awe," came from between the balls of fire, and a bunch of gray feathers on the limb began to move like a pillow shaking itself to pieces.

Mary sprang up, and went to wake up her husband, but just as she got him partly awake, the sound came again from the bunch of feathers.

"Who-hoo, who-hoo, who-hoo-o-o-oo-ah-o-ah-awe."

"I'll soon tell you who we are, if I can see you, my jolly friend," said John, as he rose to his feet and reached for his gun.

"Dear me, John, what is it?" asked Mary.

"It's only an owl," said he; "see how his eyes are shining in the dark. Keep quiet, Rover."

"Who-hoo, who-hoo, who—" Just here a bullet from John's rifle went between the eyes of the bird of darkness, and it never again frightened a woman, nor picked up a belated chicken. It dropped to the ground dead. "Go and fetch it, Rover," John said to

the dog, and the next minute the sharp, bright eyes and the bunch of gray feathers were lying at Mary's feet.

Now all sleepiness was gone, and for the rest of the night, they all—that is John and Mary, and Rover—kept watch and attended to the fires.

As John had predicted, before morning the sap stopped running, and a heavy frost set in, which prevented any more sap that week.

By the next night John had all his sap in syrup or into the store trough, so that he intended to sugar off a small batch that evening. He fixed a place separate from the boiling place, where he could swing one of the large kettles by itself, while the others were kept full of sap, and kept boiling all night. Of course Mary was to be present at the sugaring off.

They put in syrup enough to make a nice cake of sugar, and tried that first. John had heard old men say that the quicker you can get the syrup into sugar the better after it begins to boil, and is thoroughly skimmed.

They watched that kettle as few kettles are watched, until the sugar would harden up if it was dropped on snow or put into cold water. When they got it hard enough to suit them they took it from the fire and commenced the cooling process. This consisted in stirring it awhile, and then letting it stand awhile, until it was gritty. Then continuous stirring until it was cold enough to take out of the pot was said to improve the color and the grain of the sugar. John's first effort proved to be a success. The two

cakes of sugar were of the best quality, and the quantity was about double what he expected from the amount of syrup he put into the kettle.

Next day they sugared off two batches, and boiled all the sap on hand, so that they had everything in shape for another run of sap. They put away the remaining syrup till Monday, and put things in order for the next day, which was Sunday.

As John came in from doing the chores that Saturday night, he said to Mary, "For once in my life, at all events, I am tired."

"No wonder, John," she answered. "You have had a very hard week's work. Between working all day and all night, and going without sleep, I don't wonder that you are tired."

"Well, to be sure, Mary," said he, "we have had a hard week, but it has been a paying one. By the time we get all done off we must have over one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar."

"Yes, and then look at the quality of it. That is a great deal in my estimation; for with burnt or very dark sugar it is impossible to do good cooking. How mother would praise your sugar if she were here," Mary said.

"I am glad you think so, Mary," said John, "and I wish your mother was here to praise my sugar, for she can't well praise my work and not speak well of me. And I heard an old man once say, 'Blessed is the man whose mother-in-law speaketh well of him.' And I should feel myself highly complimented to be well spoken of by a woman with as much good sense as

Mrs. Myrtle," said John. "But, Mary, why don't you say *our* sugar? You did your share of the work, I am sure; and if there is any credit to be given, you must come in for a share."

"Well, you know, what is mine is yours," she said.

"That is all right enough; but it works both ways, like spelling the word madam—it amounts to the same thing whichever way you take it. What is mine is yours, as well as the reverse," John said.

"I am satisfied either way, so long as we have the thing between us," was her answer.

The Sabbath morning came in, bright and clear and beautiful, just the kind of a morning to fill the birds with music and brutes with gladness, and the heart of man with feelings of devotion.

The usual religious services were held, and among the few worshippers none were more joyful than John himself. The order of holding their meeting was entirely free from cast-iron rules or mere formality. Some of the men would give out a hymn, and after singing it, some one would lead in prayer. Then a chapter in the Bible would be read by one person sometimes, and in rotation at other times. Then any one who wished to do so might speak a few words by way of commenting on the lesson read, or in relation of religious experience, or by way of exhortation. There was no restraint and no compulsion in those humble Sabbath services in that humble Christian community. And yet, who would say that the want of stateliness or form would be any bar to the spirituality of worship, or to its acceptability to God, or the beneficial effects upon the worshippers.

When the services were over, and after a few words of friendly greetings, the little congregation dispersed, all of them realizing the truth of the prophetic statement, "That they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

During the night the wind changed, and the weather became warmer. On Monday morning the sap started to run again. But the flow was not so rapid as the week before. John was able to keep up with the work that week without much trouble.

At breakfast he told Mary that he would go to the back line and invite the two families to come that afternoon and help to sugar off the rest of the syrup. They all accepted the invitation gladly, as they were not making anything more than some molasses that first spring in the bush.

John and Mary got everything in readiness for the afternoon's treat. Mary got a lot of clean snow to make taffy, and John made a number of wooden paddles to be used as spoons in eating sugar. Having no sap to boil that day, he did not kindle a fire till after dinner.

By the time the neighbors came he had the two large kettles over the fire, with a lot of syrup in each, as he had more than he cared to risk in one alone. He had the kettles boiling when the company, led by Mary, came to the camp.

"Coot tay, Meester Bushman. Dis ish werry kind of you to go vor us to gome and eat up your shoogar. Dat ish a vact."

"Never mind, Mr. Crautmaker," said Mary. "If

we had not wanted you all to come we would not have asked you to do so. We will have one backwoods neighborly gathering around the sugar-pot this afternoon. So let us all feel at liberty to help ourselves, and help each other as much as we can. Sugar is plenty, and more coming, you see;" and pointing to a large tree near by, she said, "If any of you would like a drink of sweet water, there is plenty of it in those troughs around there."

The company made the time pass as pleasantly and rapidly as any company could be expected to do, until the syrup began to act like to sugar, by foaming up to the top of the kettles. John stood with his stirring-stick in hand in order to keep the sugar from running over. Mary, with a long-handled spoon, was dipping sugar out of the pot and pouring it on snow or in cold water to make taffy for those who wanted to try how much pulling apart their jaws could do when their teeth were fastened together with the sticky stuff.

"Look here, boys," said John, "just see how this boils up and acts as though it was trying to jump out of the kettles. Can any of you tell me why this is like an angry, scolding woman?"

"I don't know," said one and another, until it was evident that the answer was not likely to be given.

"Well," said John, "I will tell you why they are alike. Because in both cases it is *foaming sweetness.*"

"Vell," said Mr. Crautmaker, "vedder it ish voaming sweetness or voaming sourness, de boilin' shoogar and de scholdin' vife makes von pig fuss zometime."

"There now, old man, don't you be tellin' tales out

of the house," said Mrs. Crautmaker, as she threw a light snowball across the fire and hit the old man on the nose.

"There now, shust see that. Shiminy, but ish this not the best proofs in dis world dat vot I said apout de scholdin' vife makes a pig fuss is shust as true as anytings?" retorted the old man.

"Well, after all," said Richard Greenleaf, "it takes the old folks to get up the fun."

"Yes," said John Bushman, "my wife would have to try a half a dozen times before she could hit me on the nose like that."

"Well, well," said the old lady, "his nose is so big that you can't miss it if you throw in the direction he is in."

"I gives it up. My vife always has de best of de bargain ven we gits playin' off jokes on one annoder," said the old man.

By sundown the sugar was all done and in the moulds. The visitors were all gone, and John and Mary were quietly taking their suppers, after the most sociable day that had ever been spent among their neighbors.

The night after the sugaring-off party John found a pair of lambs in the pen among the sheep. Here was an additional care for him. But, as he said to Mary, it was a profitable care. Nothing about a farm will give larger or quicker returns than sheep when they are properly looked after.

John's flock doubled itself the first year. To be sure, it took considerable care and attention to keep them in safety from the foxes and wolves.

Sugar-making was progressing nicely with the Bushmans. At the end of the third week they had over three hundred pounds of good sugar.

"Now," said John, "we will make a good lot of molasses, and then some vinegar."

John had bought a barrel for vinegar and a large keg for molasses the last time he was at Mapleton to mill, so that he could put away the year's supply of both.

The next run of sap supplied the material for the molasses and vinegar. After this was all disposed of the sap ran still.

John said to Mary, "I can't spend any more time with it. My spring's work is at hand, and between doing that and making preparation to build a barn I have a big lot of work before me for the summer. I think I will go and tell those people on the back line that they may have the bush now if they like to take it. They might make some good sugar yet. The buds are not started enough to spoil the sap for it."

"That would be a great deal better than letting the sap waste," Mary answered.

"I will go right away and let them know," said he; and he did.

They were glad to have the chance. They agreed that each family should do half the work and share equally in whatever was made. They made some very good sugar, besides filling a vinegar barrel that the Crautmakers had brought with them to the bush. This is only another instance of the kindly feelings that new country neighbors have for each other.

One evening, as John and Mary were sitting at the supper table, a rap came on the door, and before they had time to go and invite the person in, Moses Moosewood opened the door and walked in.

"Home once more," said Mose, as he gave one hand to John and one to Mary, "and I am glad of it, I assure you."

"We did not expect you just yet, Mose, but we are glad to see you; for, to tell the truth, we were beginning to think the time long for your return," John answered.

"You did not think it longer than I did myself, for I got as homesick as I could be," said Mose.

"I know what was the matter with you, Mose," put in Mary. "There was no girl out there whose name begins with Katrina."

"Now, Mary, that is not fair. What do I know about your Katrina? I never spoke a dozen words to her in my life," said Mose.

"That is no reason why you may not speak a good many words to her in the future. But we will let all that pass now," she said; "and come now and get some supper."

"Without much coaxing I will do that, for I am hungry as I can well be," said Mose.

"How are all the folks out on the front?" John inquired.

"All well and hearty. Your folks are busy preparing for the wedding, which is to come off one week from to-day."

"Why did you not wait for it?" asked Mary.

"I would like to be there, and Will tried hard to keep me. But it will be three weeks yet before they will be ready to move, and I wanted to be here as soon as I could, to get in some grain and prepare for house-building."





CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE SETTLERS COMING.

THE rapidity with which some localities fill up, after settlement has once begun, is truly astonishing to those who are not acquainted with the causes that lead to such results. Among these many causes there are four that predominate.

These are, family connections, national distinctions, religious predilections, and local advantages.

It is often the case that families settle in the same locality, and give it the family name. For instance, we have known a large settlement named after the Merrit family, and a Kennedy's settlement, and a Mingle's settlement, a Pennel's settlement, and almost any number of settlements named after certain families among the early residents of the place.

Then it is often the case that national distinctions have a good deal to do with giving an impetus to settlement in certain localities. Perhaps no other class are so much inclined to be influenced by this consideration as the Germans are, hence you will find Dutch settlements here and there all over the country.

The Highland Scotch are a good deal influenced by this, too, so that Scotch settlements are not at all an uncommon thing in the country. Other nationalities sometimes have more or less to do in the direction of settlers in the selection of a location.*

Religious preferences sometimes have a good deal to do with settlement. Roman Catholics would not settle among Protestants, if they could just as easily settle among their co-religionists. Nor would Protestants settle among Catholics as readily as among those of the Protestant faith. And there have been instances where coercion was used to prevent the one sect from settling among the other.

It has been said that, when the township of Wallace was settling, certain Protestants took it upon themselves to prevent any Catholic from settling on land in that township. Some of those guardians of the Protestant religion were afterwards known in political circles as "*Tom Ferguson's Lambs*"—a lot of men who feared nobody, and did not care to be interfered with by anybody.

And even among Protestants there is a denominational feeling that has its influence, to a greater or less extent. A good staunch Presbyterian would go a few lots farther back, if by so doing he could get beside another good staunch Presbyterian. And so with a

* The township of Esquesing, where the writer was brought up, was once divided up into the "Scotch Block," the "Irish Block," and the "Canadian Block." And rough times there used to be among some of the representatives of these Blocks. But these differences are dying out there.

Methodist or an Episcopalian, and more especially so with a Baptist or a Disciple.

But far stronger than any of these is the attraction of a choice locality. Good land, good water, and a situation that, from its surroundings, must, in the nature of things, become in time an important agricultural and commercial centre, constitute an attraction that will draw a good class of settlers, and secure a rapid development. Such was the condition of things around where John Bushman had chosen his home.

There were no strong family attractions and no great national feeling, for the few settlers already there were of different nationalities, and the three families there represented three different sections of the Protestant Church, so that local advantages was the only thing to draw people to the vicinity of Sylvan Lake. But these advantages were of no trifling character. Right at the corners of four of the best townships in the Province, and where two lines of road that must become leading thoroughfares crossed And only a short distance from the crossing of the roads a rapid stream, with high banks, ran across the one road, and on a few rods farther, it made a bend and ran across the other road. This would furnish three or four first-class mill privileges, within a quarter of a mile. Not many localities could present stronger inducements to the intending settler than this could.

But while we are talking of the excellences of the place, three waggons have come into John Bushman's clearing, and are moving toward the house. And, let

us see, one, two, three, and three are six, and four are ten, and two are twelve, and three are fifteen. There are fifteen persons, big and little, in and around those waggons.

The men are William Briars and his father, and Harry Hawthorn, and two strangers who are driving two of the teams, that are hauling the waggons. The women are, Mrs. Betsy Briars, Mrs. Sarah Beech, and Mrs. Bridget Hawthorn. Three of the children are claimed by Mrs. Hawthorn, and four of them call Mrs. Beech their mother.

John and Mary were just getting ready for supper, when they heard the noise of the waggons, and went out to see who and what it was. When they came and found all these people, and teams, and waggons in the yard, they were completely taken by surprise. They expected Will and Betsy some time soon, but they had not heard a word from the other two families since the men went away in the fall.

"Don't be afther being frightened, Misther Bushman, though our number is purty large, our intentions are quoite paisable, and our falins towards you and the missis are of the most kindly natur', and so they are."

These were the words of Harry, as he came forward to shake hands with John and Mary.

"No, no, Harry, we are not at all frightened; but are somewhat surprised and very much pleased to see you all," said John.

By this time the women and children had scrambled out of the waggons, and were coming forward to where John and Mary were.

"Now, ladies, jest be aisy a little till I tell Misther and Mistress Bushman who yez are," said Harry

Then pointing to Bridget, he said: "This is my own wife, and these are our childer," and then turning to Mrs. Beech, he said: "This lady, wid the yellow hair, is our neighbour that is to be, Mrs. Beech, and these are her childer." Then turning to Betsy he said: "This is a lady that I only met a few hours since, and she has not told me her name yet. You'll nade to be afther foindin it out for yourself."

"Mary," said John, "you take the women and children into the house, while we see to the horses."

Mr. Briars said to John, "We will tie my horses to the fence, and give them plenty of straw to lie on, and plenty of feed, and they will do for one night. Those other horses are to start home to-morrow, and they will need a good night's rest. If you can find a good place for them, do so."

"We will do the best we can for the teams," John said.

The two men were surprised to find such hospitality in the wild woods, and they told John so.

"Where is Mr. Beech?" John asked one of the men.

"He is coming on behind with a yoke of oxen and a cart, with a cow tied to the back end of the cart. He don't expect to get farther than Mr. Ashcraft's to-night," was the answer.

They went into the house, where they found Mary and Mrs. Briars busily engaged in preparing supper for the crowd. John's house had never had so many people in it at one time before, but in the bush people

are not over-fastidious about little inconveniences. They were crowded, to be sure, but then they will be neighbors, and they should learn to be accommodating; and no better place to learn this could be found than staying in one house for awhile together.

The night had to be got through in some way. The new comers could not be allowed to go into their shanties that night. There had not been any fire in them during the winter, and they would be as cold as the North Pole, is what Mary said about them. No, they must not think of going out of John Bushman's house that night. "But what about the sleeping."

"I well attend to that," said Mary, "if you will get some quilts out of some of the waggons. We will make a 'shake-down' for the men, and send the women and children upstairs. In cases of necessity we must do the best that we can."

Will and Betsy went and brought in a lot of quilts and blankets out of their waggons, and in a little while the arrangements were made for the night.

"Now," said John, "since the little folks are all comfortably put away for the night, we may indulge in a little friendly chat. Will, where did you fall in with these other people?"

"Do you remember where two roads come together, about two miles the other side of Mapleton?" asked Will.

"Yes, I recollect the place," John answered.

"Well, just as we came to that place, we met the team that has Harry's things coming from the other way. We all drove on to Mapleton, and there we

found Mr. Beech and his company put up for the night. We were all taken by surprise, but we concluded to come the rest of the way together."

"Mr. Beech, you say, is coming on behind."

"Yes. He has a heavy load on a two-wheeled cart, and the cow that he is bringing is heavy and goes slowly. I think he said that he had been four days on the road, and last night was the first that he and his family staid at the same place since he started."

"Going to the bush is no child's play," said one of the teamsters, whose name was Elmsley.

"You're right there, neighbor," said the other teamster, whose name was Ashtop.

"Have you two gentlemen had experience in bush life?" asked Mr. Briars.

"I have had some experience in that line. In the township where I live I was the first settler in it," replied Mr. Elmsley.

"I, too," said Mr. Ashtop, "have had something to do with life in the woods. I was not the first man in my township, but I was the second, and my wife was the first white woman that ever stood in the township. Our first baby was said to be the first white child born in the township, and we rocked it in a piece of a hollow basswood tree, for a cradle. Yes, my friends, I know something about the life of pioneers."

"And how did you like that sort of life?" inquired John Bushman.

"Had to like it," was the laconic answer of Mr. Elmsley.

"That is about the way to put it," said Mr. Ashtop.

"How long since you went into the bush?" inquired Mr. Briars.

"About twenty-one years," answered Elmsley.

"Three and twenty years," said Mr. Ashtop.

"I suppose you have both made out well?" said John Bushman.

"I have done fairly well," one said.

"I do not complain," said the other.

"How far apart do you live?" asked Will.

"We have not talked the matter over. We never met before last night, hence we are not much acquainted," said Mr. Elmsley. Then, turning to the other, he said: "What township do you come from?"

"The township of Pineridge," said he.

"I live in the township of Oakvalley. There is one township between us, that is Spruceland," said Mr. Elmsley.

"We will be from twenty-five to thirty miles apart," replied Mr. Ashtop.

"No doubt," said Mr. Briars, "but you have seen some strange things, and some very trying things."

"That is true," said Mr. Ashtop.

"I move that the company ask one of these gentlemen to relate to us some incident or anecdote in connection with the early settlement in their localities."

"I have no objection to do so," Mr. Ashtop replied. He then spoke to the following effect:

"The saddest thing that has taken place in my settlement was the loss of a lot of children. They went out to look for wildwood flowers in the early summer. There were three children, two girls and one boy. The

one girl was about thirteen years old, and the other seven. The boy was nine. They belonged to two different families. The older one belonged to one family, and the two younger ones to another. They went out to the bush a little after dinner. The bush was only a short distance from the houses. The children often did the same thing. They had not many ways to amuse themselves, and their mothers allowed them to roam around the fields, and in the edge of the bush, always cautioning them never to go out of sight of the fences or the buildings.

"They did not come in by tea-time, and when inquiries were made, no one had seen them since early in the afternoon. Uneasiness now began to be felt on account of them. Then it was said that possibly they might have gone to fetch the cows, whose large bell could just be heard in the distance. The cows were sent for, but no traces of the children could be seen.

"Now the little settlement was all alarmed. In all directions search was made, but to no purpose. As night was coming on, all the little ones, too small to join in the hunt, were taken to one house, and a couple of old ladies undertook to keep them, while the fathers and mothers went to hunt for the lost ones. All night long, with torches and with tallow candles, in old-fashioned tin lanterns, the hunt went on. Over the hills and valleys; along the creeks, and among swamps; around the little lakes, and in the marshy places, the hunt was continued. With the blowing of horns, and the firing of guns, and calling one to another, by a score or more of voices, the hunt went on.

"Perhaps no sadder company of people ever looked into each other's faces than those were who met at the house where the children had gone from, at sunrise in the morning, after the all-night's fruitless hunt. But few words were spoken. They quietly dispersed to their homes, after agreeing to meet again at one o'clock to renew the hunt.

"As the word of the lost children spread from house to house in adjoining neighborhoods, the settlers became deeply interested, and every one seemed to make the case his own. By one o'clock that day men were there from ten or a dozen miles away. And before the week was out men came forty or fifty miles to hunt for those children. Days and weeks were spent in the fruitless search. But no trace of the lost children was ever seen.*

"The country to the north and west, for a hundred miles or more, was an unbroken wilderness. Not a white settler in all that large country at the time."

The listeners were greatly interested by the relation of this sad incident. When Mr. Ashtop ceased speaking, Mr. Briars said, "It is possible that the children were carried off by Indians, and taken into the Hudson Bay country."

* At Horning's Mills, in the township of Melancthon, about the year 1827 or '28, three children, as above stated, went out into the woods, and were never found. Men went fifty miles to help to hunt them. The writer's father, along with others, walked forty miles, and was gone a week, trying to find them. It is probable that they got into the great swamps of Melancthon and Proton, and perished with hunger and fright.

"At first," replied Mr. Ashtop, "this was the conclusion that was generally arrived at. But no Indians had been around the locality, and they could have no motive for stealing the children, if they were in the vicinity. They were on very friendly terms with the whites all through the country. It is so long now, since the occurrence, and nothing has ever been heard of any of the children, that the idea of Indians having stolen them is about given up."

"Could it be that they were devoured by wild beasts?" asked John Bushman.

"Hardly. That question was pretty thoroughly canvassed at the time. But as not the slightest trace of anything could be found, it was generally believed that whatever had befallen the children, they were not eaten up by animals," was Mr. Ashtop's answer.

"Well, Mister," said Will Briars, "what is your opinion now about the children's fate?"

"My opinion is not very decided," said he; "but I incline to the belief that the children got into some of the numerous thick cedar swamps that are in the vicinity, or else they wandered off into the almost interminable swamp that commences not far from the place they started from. Here they might get into some quagmire, and go down into the yielding quicksands and disappear from sight forever."

"What a fate that would be," said Mary, with a shudder.

"Sad, indeed," said the narrator. "The families left the vicinity shortly after the loss of their children. And who can wonder that they did."

"But could they not get out of the quicksand before they went down?" inquired Moses.

"If they got into one of those miry places that are found in some of the swamps, and if they stood still for a few moments until they began to sink they could never get out without help. And if they tried to do so every effort that they made to lift one foot out would send the other foot deeper into the yielding sand. So that if they struggled to free themselves the faster they would sink. Strong men have perished in this way."

Next morning the loads were taken to the shanties and unloaded, and the teamsters started home. Moses Moosewood went to help Harry and Bridget to put things to rights at their place. John and Mary went to assist Mrs. Beech, as Mr. Beech had not got along yet. By noon each family was able to cook their own dinner at home.

Mr. Beech came about eleven o'clock, and was pleased to find his wife and children already at home in their backwoods residence. He said that the hotel man at Mapleton told him that not less than twenty families had staid overnight at his place in the last two weeks, who were moving into the country to the places prepared the fall before. So, said he, we can't be long in an isolated state for want of neighbors.

Bridget Hawthorn was the most surprised at her surroundings, of any of them. She had no experience at all with life in the bush. Everything was so different from anything she had ever seen. And the children were so restless and full of frolic, that between

trying to look cheerful, just to please Harry; getting everything in order in and around the shanty, and keeping an eye on the little gipsies, as she called them, poor Bridget had all that she could attend to for a while. But like other people, who try to do so, she soon became reconciled to her new surroundings.

Mr. Briars was well satisfied with Will's selection of a place to settle. He stayed about a week, helping him at his house, and using his team to harrow in some spring wheat. Then he started for home. It had been arranged that Mr. Bushman would come and bring a load of stuff for Will and Betsy, as soon as their house was ready to move into, or as soon as he got through with the spring seeding.

After he was gone, things went on in the usual quiet and orderly way at Sylvan Lake.

John got along with his work, and when the hurry was a little over, he went and helped the others with his team. So that, among them, they all got their seeding and planting done in good time. John had finished his six acres chopping, and was now ready to start at getting out the logs and making the shingles for a barn. When the time for shearing the sheep came, John and Will had quite a time in doing that little job. The water in the lake was too cold to wash them in, and the water in Beech's Creek, as they called it, was not deep enough. They sheared them without being washed, and then washed the wool afterwards, and spread it in the sun to dry.



CHAPTER XIX.

AND STILL THEY COME.

"DO not holloa until you are out of the woods," means, I suppose, keep your mouths shut until the woods are taken out of your way, or until you get through it, and come out on the other side.

Well, the people about Sylvan Lake would have to go a long way to go through the woods that shut them in on the north and west and east. And they were not likely to undertake the task.

They could find places to bathe in and to drown their surplus kittens without going to the far-off waters of Lake Huron or the Georgian Bay. They could find cool, shady places to rest themselves when wearied, without seeking repose where the Indian dogs chase the chipmunk and squirrel among the shadowy recesses and caverns of the limestone mountain that frowns upon the marshy quagmires, that breed musquitoes and French luxuries in the shape of green-frogs, around Owen Sound. And if they wanted to get a supply of the hunter's or the fisher's productions, they did not need to go on a

whole week's journey to where they could catch the speckled trout in the lazy waters of the sluggish Teeswater creek, or steal the red-deer and the rabbit from the Indians along the sloping banks of the Saugeen river.

These people must accept the other alternative. They must wait until the woods disappear before they holloa—that is, if they do as the proverb advises them.

But the prospect of an early realization of a thing so desirable was made very much brighter between the first of April and the first of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and something. Settlers came pouring in from all directions. During June, July and August, John Bushman and his wife entertained more or less people in their house, not less than four nights in a week on an average.

One morning, after an unusal number had staid overnight, and Mary had almost covered the floor with shake-downs, John said to her, "Are you not getting tired of this thing, Mary?"

"Well, John," said she, "you know there are different ways of looking at a thing. Now, if this was a matter of speculation, and a mere question of money, I should soon be tired of it. But it is not a matter of money—it is a question of duty, arising no less from the claims of humanity than from the teaching and dictates of Christianity."

"I am glad that you take that view of it, Mary," said John. "No money could tempt me to see you put about as you are sometimes. But people come here tired and worn out, by long and tedious journeys,

and many of them women and children. They ask for shelter. They will be content with anything, only give them shelter. I could not refuse them; I would rather take a blanket and go out and sleep by the side of the haystack, than to refuse them shelter."

"How glad we would have been to find a shelter that night that we staid in the woods when we were moving in here. I shall never forget that night," she said. "I knew that mother was very tired, and I would have given anything, or done anything if I could only have secured for her a good supper and a comfortable bed. But it could not be got. I then and there made up my mind that hospitality should characterize our home." And, coloring a little, she continued, "If we ever have any children I want them to be able to say, when we are gone, that the door of their home was never shut in the face of weariness or hunger."

John stooped and kissed her, saying, "God bless you, Mary. You have the heart of a true woman; such a woman is a jewel in the home of any man."

Among the new comers was Mr. Angus Woodbine, the Scotchman spoken of in a former chapter. He brought with him a wife and a lot of children. They went into the shanty that he built the previous season, but the team that brought them was taken to John Bushman's for the night, along with the man that owned it. He was an elderly man, and a native of the Province. He had himself settled in the bush some thirty years back, and had experienced some strange vicissitudes.

As they were sitting around a table, on which sat a

couple of lighted candles, Moses asked the stranger for some incidents of backwoods life in the locality from which he came.

"Well, I have no objection to comply with your request, so far as I am able," said the man. "Settlements did not form as rapidly forty or fifty years ago as they do at the present time. Sometimes it would be years before all the land in a locality would be taken up; and sometimes settlers would commence on a lot, and make a little clearing, and then go away; some for one reason, and some for another. These vacated clearings would become berry patches in a few years, and the briars would grow so tall and thick that they would furnish lurking places for various wild animals, and the black bear was no uncommon occupant of the prickly recesses.

"One of these berry patches was not far from where I live. There were two neighbor women who used to go there to pick berries. One afternoon they went; one of them had with her two children, one about three years old, and the other a few months. They picked berries till about sundown, then they started to their homes, only half a mile distant.

"In going through a small strip of bush that was between the berry patch and the clearing they were attacked by a large black bear. One of the women dropped her berries and ran as fast as she could, leaving the other, with her two little ones, to the cruel ferocity of the bear.

"The mother took both children in her arms and tried to run, but the bear would head her off every

time. At last, as if he was tired of this, he made a dash and took the little boy out of his mother's arms, and ran off in the great swamp, that covered nearly half of a township.

"The screams of the woman was heard by two men who were working on the back end of the farms. They ran as fast as possible to the place, being sure that something terrible was taking place. On coming up to the woman they found her frantic with fright and grief. The only thing she could say was, 'O, the bear has got my child; the bear has got my child.'

"They could get no information from her as to which direction the bear had gone. She seemed to pay no attention to their questions—she seemed to have no other words of utterance but the cry, 'The bear has got my child.'*

"The one woman ran screaming across the fields toward her home. Her husband and the husband of the other woman came to her. She told them as well as she could the story of meeting the bear. They ran with all their might to the place. When they came up the other two men were still trying to learn from the poor heart-broken mother which direction the bear had gone.

"When she saw her husband she ran up to him, and pointed towards the swamp, saying, 'The cruel bear

*An occurrence of this description took place in the township of Greenock, in the county of Bruce, only a few years ago. Two women went out picking berries. A bear attacked them, and took a child and ran off in the swamp, so that this story is not fiction, but fact.

has got our boy,' and fell fainting to the ground with her infant in her arms. She soon rallied, and was tenderly taken to her home. For some weeks she trembled on the borders of insanity, and it was feared her reason would take its flight forever.

"One of the men who first went to her said, some months after the sad event, that the woman's cry, 'The bear has got my boy,' had been ringing in his ears ever since. There was such a burden of real hopeless despair and unutterable anguish, and such a wail of crushing, heart-rending woe in that one short sentence, that he hoped he might never hear the like of it again.

"By ten o'clock next morning not less than fifty men, with guns, were scouring that swamp in all directions. But no trace of the bear or its victim could be found. A gloom rested on that community for months after this tragic event."

Moses thanked the stranger for telling the story; although, as he said, it was one that nervous people would be better not to hear.

"I can give you another story about the bear in a berry patch that is a complete contrast to that," said the man.

"Let us hear it, please," said Mary, who was wishing for something to change the current of her feelings.

"On a new farm, in one of the back townships, there lived an English family. They had only been a short time in this country. There was a large patch of thimble-berries on the rear of the farm. One day

the woman* and some children went to pick berries. The bushes were loaded with fine ripe and beautiful fruit.

"After a while the woman heard the bushes rustle as if something was violently shaking them. She thought that possibly the cattle had got into the field, and that some of them were among the bushes. She went to where she could see what it was that disturbed the bushes.

"When she got there she saw a large black bear eating berries. He was resting on his haunches, and with his fore-paws he brought the bushes together, and ate the berries off them, as a cow eats the twigs off trees or shrubs. The woman stood and watched him for a few minutes. The bear once turned his head and looked at her for a moment, and then went on with eating as though he was perfectly satisfied with his surroundings. She said to him, 'Ah, Bruin, you like berries too, it seems, as well as I do; well, I will make a bargain with you, Bruin. If you leave me alone, I will leave you alone.' And she went and called the children, and left the bear in full possession of the field."

"Well, Mr. Spicewood," said John, "that woman either had an unusual amount of nerve or she was ignorant of the character of the bear. Which do you think it was?"

"Some of both," answered he. "She had a good deal of nerve—or perhaps courage would be the better

*This was a Mrs. Sewel, who lived in the township of Euphrasia, county of Grey.

term in this connection. She knew enough about the bear to be cautious about going too near to him, but she had never heard much of his strength or ferocity."

The next morning Mr. Spicewood took his leave. He was well pleased with the unpretending hospitable way in which he had been entertained by John and Mary. They were equally pleased with their guest.

About the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Greenleaf and Katrina Crautmaker were coming to John's for a short call. They saw a man who asked the distance to the next settlement north. They could not tell him anything about it. He said he had got a grant of land to put up a mill, and he was trying to find his way to it. He came in on the road from the east, and from what he had been told he thought he ought to be somewhere near the place.

They asked him if he knew the name of any one in the vicinity of his land. He said he had the name of one man. He was the first settler, and his name was John Bushman.

"O," said they, "we are acquainted with him. We are now going to his place. This is his land on our left-hand side. You made a mistake about the settlement being to the north. It is west. We are only half a mile from Mr. Bushman's now."

"Well," said the man, "my mistake came about in this way. My land is north of this road, and I naturally supposed that the settlement in which it lay would be to the north also."

When they had gone a little further they came in

sight of John's house and Sylvan Lake; the stranger stopped and looked around, and asked the women to whom this pretty place belonged.

They told him that this was Mr. Bushman's.

"This," said he, "is one of the most beautiful spots for a new place that I have yet seen. What a lovely landscape picture might be drawn right from where we stand. That charming little lake, with its border of evergreen trees, the sloping field with the house standing in the middle of it. Then the tall forest trees in the distance, standing like faithful sentinels to guard the sacredness of this happy rural home."

The women were amused by his enthusiasm, and pleased with his earnest manner. He made friends of them at once.

They all went on together. Mary was busy with her work, John was at work preparing for the haying, Mose Moosewood was just hitching up John's oxen to go to the woods for a load of shingle bolts, as he had agreed to make the shingles to cover the barn that John intended to build.

The stranger went to John and told him what he wanted. He said:

"My name is Matthew Millwood. I came from the township of Creekland. I have secured from Government a mill privilege, and from what I have been told it can't be very far from here."

"What number of lot, and in what township is your privilege," John inquired.

"Lot one and concession one in the township of Riverbend," said the man.

"My lot is the corner lot of the township of Rockland," said John, "your property corners on to mine. There are four townships that corner each other there." Then pointing north, he said: "The lot over the line there belongs to Mr. Beech. About the middle of his lands two good-sized creeks form a junction. A little distance from that there is a good water privilege. Then going on a little farther the stream passes over on your lot, about fifty rods from the corner. The river comes around with a bend and describes a quadrant of about twenty acres, or so, and then it goes across into the land belonging to Mr. Hawthorn. Here it comes around with another bend, and cuts off about forty acres from Hawthorn's lot. Then it crosses the boundary again, and comes into my lot forty rods from the south side of it; making one more turn, it describes another quadrant off my lot of some eight or ten acres, then it runs through the two lots south on an almost straight line. Beyond I have not traced it, so that I can't say about it."

"I am very much obliged for all this information," said the stranger; "I think that I understand the lay of the locality now as well as if I had hired a surveyor to draw out a map of it for me."

"There is no map that can equal actual observation," was John's reply. "You observe that in its windings the creek touches four townships in the distance of a lot and a half, and in that distance there are at the least six or seven good water privileges."

"What is the names of the other two townships that corner here?" asked the stranger.

"The one north of this is Limeridge, and the other is Ashdown."

"Would you have time to go and show me the place, and give me your opinion as to where would be the best place to build a grist and saw mill?"

"Most willingly; but it is nearing dinner-time, and we will wait until after dinner, and then go," John answered.

They went into the house, where John introduced Mr. Millwood to Mary and the other women, as a prospective neighbor of more than ordinary importance."

Mrs. Greenleaf asked John if he knew how far off the gentleman's property was.

"Yes," said he, "it is right here at the cross roads."

"Richard has often said that lot would not be long vacant, for there is such good water privileges on it," she answered.

After the dinner was over the two men went to look at the property. Mr. Millwood was delighted with the situation of the place, and the excellent water privilege he found right near the road. "But," said he, "it is about as near as possible what my partner described it to be."

"You have a partner, then, it seems?" said John Bushman.

"Yes, there are two of us. We have four hundred acres here in a block. It is a grant from the Government. We have bound ourselves to erect, within two years, a grist and saw mill, and keep them running for ten years."

"That is a good thing for this section of the coun-

try, and, in the long run, it will be a good investment for you," John said.

"That is what Mr. Root said," he replied.

"What! is John Root the partner you speak of?" asked John, with considerable earnestness.

"Yes, he is the man. Do you know him?"

"Why, yes; he and his men helped me to build my home."

"He is my partner, and more than that, he is my brother-in-law. His wife and mine are sisters."

"Why, I certainly took you for a Canadian."

"So I am, but I got my wife in the States, for all that."

"All this is a pleasant surprise to me, and I hope you may have grand success in the enterprise," was John's answer.

When they came to the crossing of the roads, Mr. Millwood said that he wanted to go by the way of Mapleton, and he intended to get as far as Ashcroft's that night. He bade John good-bye, saying that he would hear more from them by the middle of August, as they intended to have the sawmill ready for operation by the next spring.

When John went to the house, and told the rest of them what he had learned from the stranger, they were as much surprised and pleased as he was.

And the settlers were all delighted at the prospect of having a grist and saw mill so soon.

John and Mary were especially pleased that Mr. Root was one of the men who were to own and run the mills. They decided to defer the building of a

barn till the next summer, and then to build a frame one. Will Briars threw up his hat and shouted, "Hurrah for Riverbend Mills and the men who build them."

Moses Moosewood was now a regular visitor to Mr. Crautmaker's. He and Katrina had got to be very friendly, to say the least of it. The old gentleman would say, sometimes: "Dot young Moosewood ish werry sweet on mine Katrina, und I does not be sure certain dot she ish not a leetle sweet on him. But I vas young vonce mineself, and so vas de old vooman, so I cand say too much apout 'em, don't you see."

I suppose the young folks would call that straight, good sense, expressed in crooked language.

That seemed to be the old man's views, at all events, and we are not going to say that he was very far astray.

The old lady would give him a punch in the ribs, and say, "Well, well, my old man, you can think straight, if you can't talk straight."

Will Briars and Betsy were ready to go into their new home, as soon as Mr. Bushman should come with Betsy's things. He was expected in a few days, and until he came the young people were, as a Frenchman would say, on the *qui vive.*

John and Mary were kept busy in looking after their stock and other things about the place.



CHAPTER XX.

A NEIGHBORHOOD OF STRANGERS.

NOW that the lot at the bend of the river was taken up, every lot that in any way touched John Bushman's lot was taken up, and had some one on it, or was to be occupied in a short time. So that John's isolated condition was already a thing of the past. At the east end of his lot, and butting against it, was the Crautmaker family. These were an industrious and well-doing class of people; a trifle awkward in some things, perhaps, but, on the whole, a very safe and respectable acquisition in any settlement. On the north of these, and cornering John's lot at its north-east angle, was the Greenleaf's home. Richard Greenleaf and his wife were an intelligent and well-brought-up couple, who had been trained to industry and economy from childhood. They had got married and come right off to the bush on what now would be called their wedding trip. Read if you like between the lines, that few wedding trips last as long or prove as successful as theirs did. Martha Greenleaf was the first white woman in her township.

Then at the south-east corner of John's lot was a

family of Gaelic people, by the name of McWithy. They had only been a few days on their lot. They came in from the east, and lived in a tent made of blankets until they got up a shanty. They are a hardy-looking family, made up of father and mother and a number of children. Some of the children are nearly men and women. They are more accustomed to backwoods life than those who come here directly from the Old Country. They lived a few years in the country before they came to settle here.

On the lot that is the east hundred acres of the one that Mr. Beech is on, there is a single man, a Nova Scotian, his name Timberline. He is a nice, steady young man. But he seems to be very bashful, especially when there are any young women around.* On the whole, however, he is a promising settler.

Mr. Beech and his family we have already heard about. They are English people, of the industrious and well-doing class.

Then on the west John has for a neighbor the Irish family, Mr. Hawthorn and Bridget. They are a hard-working couple, and for a real, genuine, free-hearted, unbounded hospitality you can't beat them anywhere; in fact, Harry would take the shoes off his feet and give them to one who needed them.† And Bridget would take the handkerchief off her head and give it to a bareheaded woman.

*He must differ very much from his countryman, Charles Tupper, who is said to have been a rather fast young man among the women.

†We have known this to be done in actual life. There is no doubt but that Irish hospitality is hard to surpass anywhere.

Then, as we have already learned, the lot that touched the north-west angle of John's lot was to be occupied by Messrs. Millwood and Root; and at the south-west angle is the lot occupied by Mr. Woodbine and family. They are Lowland Scotch, and they are not much accustomed to life on a farm, having been living in one of the manufacturing towns in Scotland.

But Mr. Woodbine is, perhaps, the best read and most intelligent man, on general subjects, among the settlers around the four corners.

On the south side of Bushman's is Will Briars' lot of two hundred acres, running across the concession.

Now, if we should divide this little community into distinct nationalities, we would find one family of Irish; two of Scotch; one of English; two Canadian, of English descent; two Canadian, of German descent; one Nova Scotian; one American, of German descent; and one Canadian, of Irish descent. And taking Moses Moosewood into the number, we have one man who is a Canadian, of Scotch descent. Then, if we go one lot north of Mr. Beech, we find a Mr. Baptiste Shelebean, who is a Frenchman, from Lower Canada.

This is a fair sample of the mixed origin of the race of people who are making this Canada of ours what it is, and in whose hands is the destiny of this Dominion.

This reminds us of a statement that has been attributed to the late John Hilliard Cameron, which is as follows:

"If you take the cool, shrewd, calculating head of a canny Scotchman, the stern, unbending will of the

German, the warm heart and ready wit of an Irishman, the vivacity and activity of the Frenchman, and put all of these into the robust, healthy frame of an Englishman, you then have a Canadian."

Being a Canadian myself, I shall not say anything about the correctness of this portraiture, but every one must draw his own conclusions in regard to it.

And if we classify them religiously, we will find a diversity equally as great.

Mr. Beech and Mr. Timberline hold to the Church of England; Bushman, Briars, and Greenleaf hold to the Methodist; Harry Hawthorn and Shelebean are Roman Catholics; Crautmaker is a Lutheran; McWithy and Mr. Millwood are of the Baptist faith; while Mr. Woodbine, Moses Moosewood and Mr. Root are Presbyterians.

This is a great variety for such a small community. And here we have an exhibition of the mixture that enters into the religious life of this country. Whether this is an advantage or not must be determined by wiser heads than mine.

Moses Moosewood and Katrina Crautmaker decided to get married at once, as he had got his house ready to occupy, and he had no notion of trying the Bachelor's hall arrangement. The old people gave their consent, and the only difficulty was to find some one to marry them. There were few clergymen in the country who could marry, as the law then stood. And so far as they could learn there was not a qualified minister within fifty miles of them.

Their only chance seemed to be to go and find a

magistrate, who could marry under certain conditions. They resolved to do so. But there were no horses to ride, and to go with oxen and cart would not be pleasant over the rough roads. So they decided to go on foot. They were to go to Mapleton. They persuaded young Mr. Timberline, and Katrina's sister Fretzina, to go with them, as they were the only unmarried people in the settlement who could be got to go.

They started off early one morning in the month of July, and they found about the hottest day's walk that any of them ever had. But love and perseverance will take people through almost anything. They arrived in good time at the little hamlet, and went to the only public-house, and put up. On making inquiry, they learned that the only magistrate in the place was away from home, and would not return until evening.

There was nothing for it but to wait. When the Squire, as he was called, came home he was sent for. When he came and found what was wanted, and that the contracting parties lived in another district, a serious difficulty presented itself. The power of the magistrate did not extend beyond the limits of their own district.

Here was a dilemma. What could be done to meet the emergency? Some one suggests that they wait till morning, and then all go back as far as the first house in the district where the young people lived, and be married there.

But Squire Redwood said that he would be quite

willing to do that; but he had an engagement for the forenoon that could not be put off. He was very sorry, but really he could not help himself. What could be done?

After a while a happy thought struck the Squire. He said, "Now, look here, it is only one concession to the district line. It is early yet; we can take a lantern and go over the line, and have the matter all settled in a couple of hours. What say you all?"

They all consented and went, and the Squire performed the ceremony under a large beech tree.* The romance of the thing seemed to set the whole party in a spirit of merriment. Even the Squire forgot his official dignity so far that he not only kissed the bride, but he also became poetic. He took Mose by the hand, and congratulated him in verse in the following manner:

> "Young man, I think you are repaid
> For all the time you were delayed,
> Since, 'mid the shadows of the night,
> You got your wife by candle light;
> In years to come, whene'er you see
> The green leaves on the smooth beech tree,
> Think of the joyful night, when I
> Made one of two. Now, say 'Good-bye!'"

And the Squire went laughing to his home.

The next morning the four young people in good

* A young couple in the township of Caledon, sent thirty miles to a magistrate to come and marry them. When he got there he found that they were in another district. He took them over into Erin, and married them under a large elm tree. Another couple walked from Kincardine to Goderich, thirty miles, to get married.

time started for their home. But not before the people of the hamlet had called to congratulate the energetic couple, and to pay their hotel bill as a mark of respect to the pluck and energy that converted the root of a tree into a hymeneal altar. The landlady settled for the entertainment of the bride.

The party got home before dark, and met a lot of the neighbors at Mr. Crautmaker's, who were invited to come to a sort of combination supper. After a good supper, gotten up in the old-fashioned style of that day, the party broke up, and each one went to his home.

The sly invitation to bring a present implied in the wedding-cards of our day had not yet come in vogue. Whether society has gained or lost, by the introduction of such a custom, it is not for me to say.

A few days after the wedding, Mr. Bushman came with Betsy Briar's outfit for housekeeping. Will had everything ready. But they had been waiting until their things came.

They were glad when their suspense was put to an end by the appearance of Mr. Bushman with a load of such a variety and such dimensions as would have supplied the material for the gossips to work upon for a week or more, had there been any gossips in the locality. But they had not got there yet. New settlements always have plenty of hard work. Gossips don't like hard work; therefore gossips don't like new settlements. And for that reason the Sylvan Lake settlement was destitute of gossips.

But to come back to Mr. Bushman's load. He had

Betsy's furniture, and a lot of dried fruit and groceries, such as tea, allspice and pepper (both being unground), some saleratus and root ginger, a pepper-mill, a big and a little spinning-wheel, a reel and a long-handled frying-pan. Along with other things too numerous to mention, these made up the list of Betsy's articles.

There were some things for John. There were a few yards of home-made full-cloth that mother sent, and some indigo for Mary to color her stocking yarn, and some flannel for a winter "frock" or "gown," for Mary, sent by Mrs. Myrtle. And, above all, he brought two long-nosed, lop-eared pigs for John, to start a drove of porkers, and a supply of bear-feed from.

When John lifted the two-bushel basket out of the waggon, and found the pigs in it, he started to laugh. His father asked him what he was laughing at. He answered, "I shall become a man of note in this township: I cut down the first tree, I put up the first shanty, I chopped and cleared the first field, I built the first house, I brought in the first cattle, the first sheep, the first fowls, and now I have the first pigs. And, besides all this, my wife was the first woman in the township."

"You will be the oldest inhabitant, in years to come, no doubt. But be sure that in all things you prove yourself to be deserving of whatever distinction circumstances may give you. Try to be the best man in the township, as well as the first."

"My desire is to be a good man, and to do my best to make this a model township, socially and morally, as it is a good one in other respects."

William Briars and Betsy moved into their house in a day or two. They found that life in a new country was anything but children's play. But like thousands of other couples in this country they resolved to endure present difficulties and deprivations, in view of prospective comforts and independence in the coming years.

On the last day of the eighth month of the year eighteen hundred and a decimal fraction, the first white baby, in the township of Rockland, made its appearance at John Bushman's house. From the emphatic manner in which it declared its right to be heard in that house, it became evident, from the first, that it had come to stay.

A serious question now forced itself on the attention of John and Mary. What were they to do with the self-asserting little stranger?

They remembered the old nursery song about Jacky and Jenny going through the rye, and finding a "little boy with one black eye." And after talking the matter over, Jenny proposed that the best thing that they could do was to raise the little foundling "together as other folks do." The conclusion that John and Mary came to was this: If Jacky and Jenny could bother with a little one-eyed boy, they might try to raise a little blue-eyed, two-eyed girl. So they said we will do the best we can and keep the little angel visitor. Mary said the only thing that troubled her was, that the little thing would not be satisfied to stay alone very long. But it would, perhaps, be calling for company in the course of a year or two.

Then John answered, "Never cross a bridge until you come to it," is good advice, and "Never meet trouble half-way," is equally good.

"We must leave some questions to the future, you know, and this is one of them."

A new baby makes more or less of a sensation anywhere. But in a back settlement the first baby is a wonderful thing. Everybody came to see Mrs. Bushman's baby.

And so anxious was everyone to try and be of some use to the baby, that Mary sometimes was nearly at a loss what to do. One would bring a few sprigs of sage for colic, another would bring a handful of saffron for yellow jaundice. While still another came with half an armful of blackberry briar root to make an infusion for the diarrhœa, now called cholera infantum. Old Mr. Crautmaker came at last with a lot of a plant called gold-thread, to cure baby of sprew, or yellow-mouth, in case it should take a notion to try its strength against that baby-torturing disease.

Fretzina Crautmaker was so afraid that the new baby would make its escape, and go back among the Indians, or somewhere else, that she came to help Mary take care of it for two or three weeks, until it would become sufficiently tamed down, so that one could manage it. But it was not long before all came right. Things went on as usual, and the "baby" became an influential member of the family.

Moses Moosewood and his young wife moved into their home in the month of October, when the leaves on the forest trees were turning their color, and

mixing the different shades of green and yellow and brown and red in such charming combinations that the tops of the trees had the appearance of great overgrown, beautiful chromos seen at a distance.

As has already been stated, the Catfish River ran through their lot. Their house was on the highest part of their farm, and stood so that from the door was presented a good view down the valley of the river for a mile or more, to where it made a turn toward the east. This valley was not very wide, nor the sides very abrupt. A gentle slope, of a slightly concave character, gave to the valley the appearance of having been scooped out at some time for a big watering trough for antediluvian monsters to slake their thirst, and, perhaps, wash the alluvial mud from their gigantic proportions.

Looking down this valley from the door of the house a view of surpassing beauty was to be seen, and the owners of the house fully enjoyed the scene. They were both well pleased with their new home. Mose had got a nice stack of spring wheat, and a good-sized field of fall wheat sown. Besides, he had plenty of potatoes, and some other things that he raised that year. On the whole the prospects of Moses and Katrina were by no means discouraging.

This fall a number of new settlers came into the neighborhood. Some of them moved their families right in at the first, and found shelter among those already settled until they could put up shanties for themselves.

Others came and built a house or a shanty, and

then waited till the next spring before bringing in their family. And others, like John Bushman and his two friends Will and Mose, came in single, and commenced to build up a home before they had a help-meet.

Between all these settlers, in such varied circumstances, the land was very rapidly taken up. Sometimes a man would take up a lot for speculation. He would do a little work on it and then sell out his claim to some greater speculator than himself, or to some one that wanted a house, and would rather pay for improvements than make them.

But the meanest kind of speculation that has ever been seen in this country, or in any other country, was carried on by men of means, who managed, by one dodge or another, to get hold of large tracts of land, and then leave it unoccupied for the toils and struggles of other people to make it valuable.*

The man who would get fat and rich out of the toil and sweat and suffering of the backwoods settler would be just as honest—a great deal more manly—if he would take his life in one hand and a pistol in the other and go on the road as a highwayman. In that case he would give his victim a little chance to defend his rights, but in the other case he throttles him at a distance, holds him at arm's length while he picks his pockets, and robs his children of their rights.

*One country mission where the writer travelled, in going to appointments, we had to pass every week a block of twelve hundred acres, that had been bought for one dollar and fifty cents per acre. The owner never paid a dollar for benefiting the place, and yet at the time spoken of he held his land at $12 per acre.

We are aware that this is strong language, but we have seen so much of the effects of this kind of greed that it is hard to speak of it with any degree of patience.

It was a wise thing for the Provincial Parliament to authorize the municipalities to place a high tax on these lands, so as to reach the consciences of their owners through their pockets. This is the only direct road to the conscience and judgment of some men.

But it would have been a wiser thing if the Government had passed a law that no one should be allowed to hold any more land than he could occupy, or than he needed for his own use, and for his family. Then the making of roads and the building of schoolhouses, and the supporting of schools would not have been retarded, as has been the case in many localities.

But it takes the growing experience and accumulated wisdom of three or four generations to learn how to manage affairs in a new country, and Ontario is no exception.



CHAPTER XXI.

RIVERBEND MILLS.

ON the first of October, as the sun was going down, a man in middle life knocked at the door of John Bushman's house. John was out doing up the chores for the night. On going to the door Mary met a stranger that she had never seen before. He announced himself as a civil engineer who had been sent to superintend the building of a mill-dam across the Catfish River for Messrs. Root and Millwood, who were to erect mills at the four corners. Mary invited him to be seated, and she went out and told John that a stranger had come.

When John came into the house he was a little surprised to see a man who had a familiar look, but he could not call to mind where or when he had seen or met him before. The man soon solved the problem by saying, as he reached out his hand, "You have made great changes here since I saw you a little over two years ago."

John remembered the man, and he turned to Mary, saying, "This is the surveyor you have heard me speak about, who, with his men, found me here in the woods seven miles from a house."

Then turning to the man, he said: "You will stop with us to-night, so sit down and make yourself at home."

"Well," said he, "the fact is, I came here by the directions of Mr. Root, and I will gladly accept your invitation for the night."

"That, then, is settled," said John. "Now, what have you been doing since I saw you?"

"Since I left you here, that day, I and my helpers have outlined a number of townships—enough to make two large counties. Besides this, we were prospecting for a while on Manitoulin, or Spirit Island; we found plenty of Indians there, but we found very few white people."

Supper was now ready, and they took that customary meal in a social and friendly way. After all was over and as they sat around the fire, John said to the guest: "Now tell us some of your experiences in the bush, especially on Spirit Island, for no doubt you have met with some strange adventures since you went back there," John said.

"My experiences have been somewhat varied, but on the whole they have been rather of an exciting kind; others, however, within the range of my acquaintance have had some very thrilling experiences, some of an amusing character, and some were very sad and heartrending in the extreme," was Mr. Rushvalley's reply.

"Did you say there are women on the island?" inquired Mary.

"Yes," said he; "and I will tell you a little story

about a woman and her baby on one of the islands in the Georgian Bay. Her husband was a trader with the Indians. On one occasion he took his wife and baby with him to an island called Mindimoina, or Old Woman's Island.

"The woman had a baby about four months old—a little boy. When she landed on the island the Indians came around her to look at the 'white papoose.' While she was engaged she laid the baby out of her arms on some bedding. In a few moments she came to take it up again, but imagine her feelings, if you can, when she discovered that there was no baby in sight. There were in the company a lot of white men and another woman, but no one had seen the baby carried off; but it was quite clear that the squaws had stolen it. The men proposed to go in pursuit of the Indians, and take the little one from them, but the trader, who was best acquainted with Indian character, told them not to attempt it, for, said he, the Indians will fight for their own squaws, and we would all get into trouble. And he said to the mother: 'Don't you be at all alarmed about your baby, they will be back in a couple of hours with it all right. When they come don't let them know that you had any fears about it. Allow them to think that you trusted them, and you will make friends of them for yourself and baby for all time to come.'

"Well, the time seemed long for that mother. How could she wait till they would bring back the baby? What if the trader should be mistaken? What if the Indians should go away to the great North-West

country? She had heard of such things, and to think that her beautiful white boy should take the place of a little Indian boy in some far-off wigwam was more than the young mother could do without feelings of great sadness.

"But after about three hours of anxious waiting she saw a procession of squaws and Indian children coming to the camp. As they came near she saw her baby carefully held in the motherly arms of an old squaw. The other Indian women and papooses were in great glee, and were laughing and jabbering like a lot of delighted children.

"When they came up to the mother, she could not do anything but laugh at the comical appearance of her baby; the squaws had fixed it up in complete Indian fashion from head to foot. All kinds of ornamentation, with the exception of tattooing, had been practised on Mrs. Cherriwood's baby. In fact, it was rigged out like a miniature Indian chief, and the 'belt of peace,' or strip of wampum, adorned its waist.

"The Indians named the baby after the celebrated Indian chief, Tecumseh—a name that the boy went by until he died in early manhood.* The Indians became very much attached to the boy and his mother to whom they gave the name of *Peta oshaboa coqua*, which means, 'The good cook under the mountain.'

"I should have stated that when the squaws brought the baby back to its mother, they brought a shawl full of presents for the two. Some were made

*The boy's family name was Dempsey. He and his father died years ago. His mother and brother and sister still live.

of beads and some of grass and wood, in various forms, and all of them intended for use or ornament.

"At another time this same woman was going on a trading round with her husband. A storm drove them on an island and broke their boat. After the storm was over the men took the remains of the boat and went for assistance, leaving the woman and child alone, with one week's provisions. They expected to be gone two or three days, but another storm came on and drove them far out of their course, and it was fifteen days before they could get back to the island where they left the woman and child.

"On the eighth day an Indian came to the shanty and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Cherriwood told him that she had nothing to give him—that she had nothing for herself and baby, and she did not know what she would do if her husband did not come home that day.

"The Indian scanned her features closely for a moment, and then turned and went away saying, 'Umph, umph, white squaw and papoose no starve.' She understood him to mean that she was not so badly off as she pretended to be, and she thought that he had gone away offended, and she felt sorry that she had been misunderstood by him, but in this she was herself mistaken. The Indian had understood her, and had fully realized her situation.

"After the lapse of about three hours the Indian came back, and brought his wife with him. They had a lot of provisions with them, consisting of corn, and venison, and fish, and potatoes, and some rough-look-

ing maple sugar, to sweeten the *spicewood* or *hemlock* tea with.

"When they came in the man said, as he pointed to the baskets, 'Me told um white squaw and white papoose no starve. Me fetch my squaw, me fetch dinner, supper, breakfast; me fetch everything but *windigoose*.* We stay with white man's squaw and papoose till he come home.'

"They stayed seven days, and supplied her with food and fuel in abundance until the men returned. When Mr. Cherriwood offered to pay Jumping-fox for his services, he would take no pay, but he accepted a present. He said, 'White squaw good to Indians; we will be good to her.'"

When Mr. Rushvalley ended his story, Mary wanted to know how long Mrs. Cherriwood had lived among the Indians.

"About eleven or twelve years," he said.

"And were the Indians always civil to her?" Mary inquired.

"Yes, invariably so," he answered. "In conversation with Mrs. Cherriwood, I asked her if she had ever been molested in any way by an Indian. She said that she had never known of a case where a white woman had been insulted by an Indian. They were always civil and courteous, according to their ideas of courtesy. 'In fact,' she said, 'I would rather meet half-a-dozen drunken Indians than one drunken white man.'"

*This is said to be an Indian word that means fire-water, or whiskey.

John Bushman remarked that, while the Indians showed so much respect for white women, it was a shame and disgrace that so many white men showed so little respect to the Indian women.

"That is true," said Mr. Rushvalley; "whatever may be said of the ferocity of the Indian when he is on the war path, in ordinary life there seems to be a manly instinct and nobility of nature about him that raises him above the petty meanness of the man who can offer insult or injury to lonely women or helpless children."

"Well," said Mary, "if that is true, it seems a pity that some white men could not have a red skin put on them, and an Indian's heart put into them."

"That is a fact," said John Bushman. "With all our blowing about the superiority of our white race over the Indian, some of the self-lauding and much praised-up race get down to actions so low and mean that even the red skin of an Indian would blush with shame were he by any chance to be caught in the same acts. And some white men will do things so wicked, that if an Indian should do the same his conscience would torture him by night and by day, until he would confess his wrong, and make all possible restitution."

"It seems to me that you are severe on the delinquent whites, Mr. Bushman," said Mr. Rushvalley.

"So I am," answered John; "and the reason is, I hate contemptible meanness wherever I see it. If men will not be Christians, they ought to be manly, at least."

"That is so," replied Mr. Rushvalley; "but the

highest type of manhood can only be developed in connection with Christian teaching and under Christian influence."

"Worldly men can hardly be expected to endorse that sentiment," said John.

"They do endorse it, though, notwithstanding pretended scepticism on the subject," said Mr. Rushvalley.

"How do you make that out?" asked John.

"In two ways," said Mr. Rushvalley. "For, first, if anyone professing to be a Christian is in anything found to be untrue or dishonest, there is a great outcry raised about it. This goes to show that more is expected from the Christian than from worldlings. And no higher tribute can be paid to Christianity than the admission, by worldly men, that Christians are supposed to stand on higher ground, and to be influenced by loftier motives than others. And although there may be now and then a false professor, the common sense of men teaches them that the counterfeit always implies a genuine article, for no one would be such a fool as to counterfeit a sham.

"And another reason for what I say is found in the fact that whenever a worldly man must find some friend in whom to place implicit confidence, and in whose hands he must commit important trusts, he will, in nine cases out of ten, select a tried and faithful Christian. All this, it seems to me, indicates that true Christianity is at a premium, even among those who profess least respect for Christians."

The next day after Mr. Rushvalley came to Riverbend, he and John went over the Root and Millwood

lots, to see where would be the best place to locate the mills.

After going over a great part of the land, the surveyor said it was one of the best places for a grist and saw mill that he had seen. He located the place for the mill-dam so that the buildings could stand near the line between the townships of Riverbend and Ashdown.

As they were passing the four corners on their way back to Bushman's, Mr. Rushvalley said to John, "There will be a town here some day. I have never seen a better site for a town than there is right here, where these four townships join corners. I would not be at all surprised if, before twenty years are past, this would be the centre of a county."

"More unlikely things have come to pass," John answered.

"How soon will the work be commenced?" inquired John.

"Just as soon as Mr. Root can finish a bridge that he is building over a large creek in one of the townships that borders on Lake Huron. It may be one week, or it may be two, before he will get here with his men. But when he does come he will make things move with a rush, as he is a thorough American. He will either make or break, every time," replied he.

"That is the kind of men to build up a new country," replied John. "Sometimes, though, they help the country more than they benefit themselves. But, after all, they are driving the world's machinery and leading the nation's enterprises. They are the men that

are driving back the wild beasts and wild savages, and turning the wilderness into cultivated fields and stately homesteads."

"O, Misther Bushman, an' will yez plase to be afther comin' till our place?" called out Harry Hawthorn's hired man, as he came running after the two men.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Billy?" said John, as the man came up to them. "You seem terribly frightened. What has happened at your place?"

"Shure, sur, Harry and meself wer' choppin' out in the foller, and the two swate childer was playin' among the brush piles, an' we did not see them. An' would yez belave it, sur, they both got buried beneath a stump, an' so they did. Will yez an' the gintleman come wid me?"

"How could the children get under a stump? Are you not mistaken, Billy?" said John.

"No, no; Mr. Bushman, I am not. Shure an' with me own ears I heard the screams of the little darlins whin the stump went on them. No; I only wish that I could be mistaken."

Bushman and his companion made all possible haste to the place of the accident.

When they came there a most harrowing sight presented itself to them. There sat Harry, with his chin resting on his knees, completely broken down with his sorrow. Beside him, on the ground, lay his wife, in a paroxysm of grief. Her pitiful moaning was

enough to touch the most insensible, and to melt the coldest heart.

Her only cry was, "Me babes, me babes. Och, me poor innocent babes."

When John, who could scarcely command himself to speak, asked Harry what had happened, he could only point to the stump and, between his sobs, say, "The little dears are under there."

William, or Billy as he was usually called, was the only one that could give any information on the matter. With the help of what he said, John soon understood the facts of the case, which were as follows:

An elm tree, some two feet across, had been turned up by the roots in a recent gale. As is frequently the case with that kind of timber, a large amount of earth clung to the roots, thus making a big hollow under the overhanging roots, some of which still held on to the ground, and formed a sort of canopy or covering. Under this the children were playing, it seems, while their father and his man were chopping up the fallen tree.

Harry was cutting the tree off some three feet from the ground. For want of experience in the matter, he did not understand the danger that his children were in. When he severed the connection between the stump and the tree, the weight of earth, and the spring of the unbroken and elastic roots, caused the stump to rise to an upright position, and fill up the hole, burying the poor children under a couple of tons of earth and wood. One pitiful

scream was all that was heard of them, then everything was still.*

The alarm was given to all the neighbors, and men turned out to help in getting the bodies of the children out of the place. But it was only after the roots had been cut away and two yoke of oxen hitched to it that the stump could be removed. Then the earth was carefully lifted until the crushed and broken remains of the poor children were found lying close together, with their playthings still clenched in their hands. Strong arms and ready hands tenderly removed the mangled little forms, and laid them on a pile of leaves, hastily scraped together for a couch.

Around those lifeless children strong men were standing. But every face was wet with tears. Brave hearts were there, but not one heart so hard as to be unmoved by the sad and touching scene that was there witnessed.

Poor Bridget had been led to the house by the sympathizing women. But at times her cries could be heard. Harry still sat upon the ground crushed by the weight of sorrow that had fallen upon his household. When the children were laid on the impromptu bed provided for them, he got up and stood over them, with the great tear drops falling from his manly face upon the pale upturned faces of his two dead babies. At last he broke the silence, saying:

*Instances of this kind have occurred in different parts of Canada. And even men have sometimes been buried in the same way. So that this is no mere fancy picture, but it represents facts.

"Oh me babes, me babes, me poor dear babes! Was it for this that I brought yez away from the green fields of dear Ould Ireland? Was it for this that meself and your poor mother have wrought so hard, and lived so cheap to try and get a house for yez?"

With slow and solemn steps the little morsels of mangled mortality were carried to the house from which they had so lately come full of life and childish glee.

Two days after the accident the first funeral procession that was ever seen in the Riverbend settlement moved silently from the house of Harry and Bridget Hawthorn to a grave on the banks of Catfish River, near where it crossed over the boundary of Harry's land and went on to John Bushman's.

A sudden and unexpected death, in any community, brings into view some of the grandest elements of our human brotherhood, as nothing else can do it. Though neither priest nor parson could be had, yet these children were not buried without religious service. Protestant and Catholic forgot their differences as they stood around this open grave and joined in the service, while Mr. Woodbine read from John Bushman's "Book of Discipline" the ritual of the funeral service as it was used by the Methodist Church of that day. The death of the Hawthorn children was an event long remembered in the settlement.



CHAPTER XXII.

A BOARDING-HOUSE WANTED.

TWO weeks from the day that Harry Hawthorn's children were buried Mr. Root and his men came to Sylvan Lake, or, as the place was now more frequently called, Riverbend. There were ten of them, including the two proprietors. They brought a strong force, for a new country, because the conditions on which they obtained the property enjoined upon them to build on a somewhat extensive scale. So, between carpenters, millwrights and laborers, the number of men brought was not any too large.

When this addition was made to the population of the place a question of importance presented itself, Where could all these men find board and lodging? There were not spare beds enough in the whole settlement to lodge them. They might be fed; but where could they sleep? that was the question.

Mr. Root and his partner could be accommodated at John Bushman's, two of the others might be crowded in at William Briars'. Beyond this there was not a house in the whole community where boarders could be taken with any prospect of being made moderately com-

fortable. Here was a difficulty, and how was it to be met? The nights were too cool to sleep out of doors on the ground.

"Why not build a house at once to live in?" said Bushman to the two proprietors.

"Could it be done without throwing us too much behind with the work on the mills?" inquired Mr. Root.

"Set all hands to work, and get what help you can from the neighbors, and you can have a good-sized log cabin ready to live in within a week, and among us all we can arrange some way for the men for that length of time."

"That would be quick work, and I only wish it could be done," said Millwood.

"It can be done," said John. "There is no reason why you may not have a house of your own, on your own lot in one week, if things are properly managed."

"Well, let us hear your plan," said Root.

"Set two men to work with the whipsaw, send two more to cut shingle bolts, and put two more to make shingles. Let two more cut and haul half a dozen saw-logs for the lumber. Set the rest at clearing a place for the house and cutting the logs and getting everything ready. When everything is done the neighbors will come and help to raise it. In the meantime one of yourselves can take a team and go out for nails and glass."

"I think," said Mr. Root to his companion, "that Bushman's plan is feasible. At all events, I believe we would do well to try it."

"All right. It looks to me like a sensible proposition; and if we succeed, which I feel confident we shall do, it will help us out of our difficulty," said the other.

"But if none of our men can handle the whipsaw or make the shingles, what will we do?" said Millwood.

"In that case," said John, "I and William Briars will saw your lumber, and you can get Moses Moosewood and one of the Crautmaker boys to make your shingles."

"That is very kind of you, I am sure," replied Mr. Root, and we will not forget your generous offer, whether we have to accept of it or not. If any of our men can do the work we will set them to do it; but if they cannot do it, we shall be very much pleased to get the help you kindly suggest."

Next day work was commenced, and in seven days the house was ready for occupancy.

After the house was finished, Mr. Root said to John and Mary, as they sat at the supper table, "I do not know where we are going to find a cook. Neither ourselves nor any of our men know anything about cooking."

"I think," said John, "that I can tell you of one who, if you can get him, would just suit you."

"Who is it, and where does he live?" asked Mr. Root.

"It is young Mr. Timberline, who lives only one lot from here. I have heard him tell of cooking in a lumber shanty down in Nova Scotia. He has no one

but himself to look after, and no cattle or horses to care for. So I think it quite likely that he might be willing to hire out for a while. And if he will do so, I am very sure that he will suit you as a cook," was John's answer.

"Would you mind going with me to see him?" said Mr. Root.

"Not at all. We can go this evening, as it is good moonlight, and we will find him in the house," was John's answer.

They found Mr. Timberline at home, and after a short conversation the subject of their visit was introduced. At the first the young man hesitated, but after a little urging by John Bushman, he agreed to go and try it for one month, and if everything was satisfactory, then he would stay longer. He was to commence the next day.

As they were going along, on the way home, Mr. Root said to John, "It seems that you are always equal to the emergency, Bushman, no matter what that may be. Here you have helped us out of another difficulty that we could not see our way through. Do you never find yourself in a fix that you can't get out of?"

"Sometimes; but not often, and for two reasons. I never commence a thing until I think that I see my way through it. And I never give up to defeat until I am compelled to do so. The result is that I generally succeed in what I undertake to do," was John's reply.

The work on the mills now was started in earnest.

Some were working at the dam, while others were getting out timber and framing it for the saw-mill, which was to be built first, so they would be able to cut their own lumber for the grist-mill.

The saw-mills of that time were very simple in their mechanism. Two or three wheels, an upright saw, fixed in a square frame, that moved up and down with every stroke of the saw, driven by a crank and pitman, along with a carriage for the logs, made up about the sum total of the machinery of an old-time saw-mill. The fast-running circular saws were not known in this country at the time of which we are writing.

Everything went on smoothly with the work, and the saw-mill was ready for operation by the time the snow came in sufficient quantity to make sleighing. And the work on the grist-mill was in a forward state before the winter set in.

Everything was going well with the settlement at Riverbend, and the people were prospering, and as comfortable as people in a new country could be. Everybody was everybody's friend, and nobody was anybody's enemy. The people were all hard at work, to do the best in their power to get an honest living, and to provide themselves with homes of their own. Those of them that were not devoutly pious, were strictly honest, truthful and sober. In fact, so far as character goes, the Riverbend settlement might very properly be called a model community. Up till the time of which we speak nothing had occurred to divide public opinion, or to interfere with the fraternal feel-

ings of the various families which composed the neighborhood.

But in this respect nearly all new settlements are more or less alike. If you want to find real, genuine, honest friendship, go among the people in the backwoods. There you may see society in its every-day attire, where there is no starchy stiffness, nor wilted limberness. There are no strained relations between leading families. There are no instances of empty nothingness trying to assume the aspect and act the part of solid something. There the cheek of beauty depends not on the painter's brush for the harmonies of color, and the hard-handed toilers in the forest and fields do not long for official dignity to push them up into the elevated region of real manhood. There things are, as a rule, what they appear to be. There genuine manhood and womanhood are appreciated for all they are worth, and rascality and fraud are at a wonderful discount.

But, dear me, where am I wandering to? I am not writing a satire on frauds and shams, nor an eulogy on truth and honesty; but simply speaking of the process of developing life and its appliances among the forest trees and in the new settlements.

Mr. Timberline proved himself to be a good cook and a very passable housekeeper, so that Messrs. Root & Co. were well pleased with their boarding-house venture. In fact, the boarding-house soon became the most noted place in the settlement in some respects. There were more people in it, and its inmates represented such a great diversity of talent, and such a

variety of trades, that the associations of the place became very interesting indeed to a student of character.

The names of some of the more prominent of the boarders, were, in themselves, a subject of amusement to anyone who heard them for the first time. And some of them were very expressive, and others were suggestive. For instance—

Joseph Chipmaker, was the name of the "boss" carpenter. There is nothing in the name that is either euphonious or musical. But once the name was heard in connection with the man, and in his presence, it could not be easily forgotten. Whenever one who had become familiar with the name and the man it belonged to, saw a chip in the workshop or on the woodpile, he at once would think of about one hundred and seventy pounds of masculine humanity; with a large head covered with brown curly hair; a broad, good-natured face, a little inclined to ruddiness; an expansive forehead, that a judge might covet; a clear, blue eye, with now and then a shade of sternness in it, and a mouth that became the index to either sweetness of temper or fixedness of purpose just as it received its expression from the present state of its owner's mind.

Another one of the men worthy of notice was Mr. Sledgeswinger, the stonemason. His name is a little more musical than that of his neighbor, Chipmaker, but no more suggestive. He was a large raw-boned man in middle life. His manner was more pleasing than his appearance. His features were coarse and

stiff, his hands were hard and bony. But his heart was softer than either his features or his hands would seem to indicate. On the whole, we are safe in setting it down that Mr. Sledgeswinger was an amiable and kind-hearted man without a tinge of malice or meanness in his composition.

Then there was Jack Pivot, the machinist, who must not be left unnoticed. He was a little red-headed man. He had an eye like an eagle, and he was as smart as a steel trap. He would not weigh over a hundred and thirty pounds. But there was not a man in the company that could jump as far, or run as fast, as Little Jack, as they called him. This little man had one peculiarity. Though he was generally pleasant and good-natured, yet when he was laying out his work he was as explosive as dynamite. Whoever was so thoughtless as to ask Jack any question when he was busy with his drawings, would find the little fellow as prickly as a chestnut burr in the month of October, and as ready to fight as a Scotch terrier that has been robbed of his dinner. But on the whole, Little Jack was not a bad sort of a man to get along with. He was like a great many other men, he wanted to be left alone at certain times and under some circumstances.

There was also Mr. Dusticoat, the miller, who, in his way, was an honorable and useful individual. He was of a peculiar build. He might be called a big little man, without involving any contradiction. He was not more than five feet eight inches in perpendicular altitude. But his greatest diameter was about forty-

four inches, and his ponderosity a little over two hundred pounds avordupois.

Handling many bags, and lifting many heavy loads had given him great strength of back and arms, so that as an elevator of weighty parcels, he was about as good as a two horse-power engine. Talking long and loud with many people, amid the clatter of machinery, had developed a very coarse, heavy, deep voice that, with proper training, might have furnished bass enough for a whole cathedral choir without any help.

Mr. Dusticoat was a little inclined to braggadocio; but whenever he became somewhat animated in self-laudation, some of the others would put up the little machinist to take the wind out of his conceit, which would generally take Jack about two minutes and a half, when the miller would quietly subside into his normal condition, which was by no means a dangerous or disagreeable one.

One more character is worthy of note among Root & Co.'s employees, that was Mr. Springboard, the sawyer. He was a tall, slim man, of about thirty years of age. He stood six feet high and weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds. The men nicknamed him Sawgate, because of the manner in which he would heave himself up and down when he was walking, which motion was not altogether unlike that of the slow-up-and-down motion of an old-time upright saw.

This man was the literary character of the company. He made short speeches and quoted poetry. He was fond of discussion and argument. He strengthened

his position by logical syllogisms, and adorned his discourse with flowers of rhetoric; and when he failed to convince an opponent by his logic, or to charm him by his rhetoric, he would bury him under a mountain of facts and historical quotations. Mr. Springboard was an interesting element in the little backwoods community of which he formed a part. More of this further on.

One day when Mr. Root came into his dinner he startled the company a little by asking them if they had heard the news. They all looked at him, and "No" came from half a dozen places at once.

"The wolves have been at work last night, and this morning Mr. Beech finds one of his cows dead and half eaten up, and John Bushman finds nine of his sheep killed and partly devoured. For the first time since he got them, they were left out of the pen last night, and this morning he found them dead in the field."

"There must have been a great number of them to make such destruction, and eat up so much of what they killed," said one of the men.

"A hungry wolf is something like a hungry snake, he can swallow nearly his own weight in food when he gets a chance," said Root.

"A wolf," said Mr. Springboard, "is one of the carnivora, or flesh-eating animals, and it belongs to the genus *canis*, and is therefore a half-brother to the dog."

"I wonder if that is the reason that the old dog at Bushman's had nothing to say while his half-brothers

were destroying his master's sheep," said Mr. Dusticoat.

"Mrs. Briars expected to be alone last night, as William went to Mapleton with a grist, and did not know as he would get home. She came towards evening and took old Rover home with her for the night. The old dog is in no way to be charged with neglecting his duty in the matter," said Mr. Root.

"It seems more like conspiracy on the part of his master," said Mr. Pivot. "First he sent away the sheep's protector, and then exposed them to unnecessary danger by not shutting them in the pen as has been his custom. But there is no mistake, it is a heavy loss for both Mr. Bushman and Mr. Beech. I thought the wolves had left this part of the country since so many settlers have come in."

"The wolves are not so easily got out of the way," said Mr. Root; "they have only been away on the track of the deer. When a place begins to settle up, the deer go further back into the forest, and the wolves follow them up.

"As long as a wolf can get a supply of venison and rabbit meat, and other wild game, he will not be so troublesome among the sheep and cattle of the settlers. He is a natural coward. And it is only after hunger has got the better of his fears that he will take the risk of seeking his dinner within hearing of the woodman's axe or where he can get the smell of gunpowder."

"The wolf is not only a coward, but he is a sneak," put in Mr. Springboard. "He has not enough honesty

in his composition to look a game rooster in the eye. He always hunts in darkness, and never faces anything if he can come behind it. If a man was got up on the plan of the wolf he might do for a spy or a detective, but he would never do for a policeman or a soldier.

"Gerard, the French hunter, says the lion is a coward until either hunger or anger prompts him to be brave. And the Rev. Walter Ingles, a returned missionary, says of the lion in Africa, that if you meet him in the day time just act as if you are hunting for him, and are glad to find him, and he will sneak off like a whipped cur. But both of these men agree that if the lion becomes roused in any way he will face anything," said Mr. Springboard.

"Well," said one of the men, "if the lion is a coward, what right has he to be called the king of beasts?"

"As to that," answered Mr. Springboard, "he is only like other animals. He is less cowardly than others, and can claim the crown of royalty on that ground, for no animal is entirely free from fear. Perhaps the bull-dog comes the nearest to being destitute of that thing called fear, of any animal that we know of."

"He don't know enough to be afraid," put in Little Jack, "for of all the great variety of dogs, the bull-dog, it seems to me, is the most stupid and senseless of the whole family."

"The bull-dog is good to hang on when he takes hold of anything," said Mr. Dusticoat.

"He is like some men in that," said Mr. Root. "There are men who will get hold of an idea, and

whether it be right or wrong they will hold to it. And even though they should suffer for it they, bull-dog like, will stick to it till the end of life."

"Is it for the hang-on that is in him that the typical Englishman is called John Bull?" inquired Little Jack.

"The question," said Mr. Dusticoat, who felt called upon to defend everything English, even to the froth on a mug of beer—

"I say the question is a personal insult to every Englishman, and I want Mr. Pivot to take it back at once."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Dusty," replied Little Jack. "You know as well as any of us that the term 'John Bull' has been used for generations past to represent the dogged stubbornness of Englishmen. I think it is something to be proud of instead of a thing to get mad about. I never hear the term used but I wish myself an Englishman. On a hundred battlefields John Bull has shown his right to the title."

"All right, Jack. That will do, I am satisfied," said Dusticoat.



CHAPTER XXIII.

A BACKWOODS LYCEUM.

AS soon as things were got into good shape in the boarding-house, the men formed themselves into a literary association for mutual entertainment, and to pass away the long winter evenings.

They adopted rules and regulations, the same as institutions of greater pretensions.

Among the rules was one which required each man to furnish something for the amusement or edification of the rest.

Every one was left to his own option as to what his part should be. He might relate something of his personal experiences. He might relate some incidents in the experience of others. He might recite, give a reading, or make a speech. And if he could do none of these, he would be let off by singing a song. If he failed to do any of these he was subjected to a fine of one shilling, which was equal to twelve and a half cents. This was placed in the hands of Mr. Root to be held in trust until the breaking up of the association, when it was to be disposed of by a majority of the members of the fraternity.

The time limit was somewhat elastic. It ranged from two minutes to half-an-hour. An exercise of one hundred and twenty seconds would not be called too short; and one fifteen times as long would not be condemned for its length.

Another of the rules was that everything presented should be connected with backwoods life, and should illustrate the condition of things among the pioneer settlers.

Mr. Millwood, being the most quiet and thoughtful man in the company, was made President of the association. His duty was to preside over the exercises, and pass his opinion on the efforts of those who took part in the entertainments.

The names of all the men were put on a paper, and their turn came in the same order in which their names were on the list.

Whenever one of them was called by the President he was expected to provide something for the next meeting. And if he did not wish to do so he forthwith handed over the fine, and then the next name on the list was called.

The first name on the roll was "Little Jack," as the men called Mr. Pivot, the machinist. He promptly responded, and stepped to the middle of the floor to commence his remarks. He made a formal bow to the company, then said:

"Since we are all here working on a mill, I know of no subject that would be more appropriate than a little talk about a primitive backwoods grist-mill. And it is no mere fancy picture that I shall give you.

But I will try to describe a real working mill, where thousands of bushels of wheat have been converted into bran and flour. The locality selected for the erection of the mill was on a beautiful stream of clear, cool, spring water. Here the speckled trout had disported themselves without interruption for unnumbered generations, until the sound of the woodman's axe might have warned them of coming changes, had they intelligence enough to take the warning. This stream ran through a deep glen at the foot of a mountain of considerable height. It was a very rapid running stream. In order to get sufficient 'head' a dam was built across the stream some forty rods up the creek from where the mill was to stand. From the dam the water was carried in an elevated mill-race made of hewed timber, to where it poured on an overshot wheel about twenty feet in diameter.

"This mill was remarkable for three things, viz., the smallness of the log building, the enormous size of the water-wheel, and the rude simplicity of its machinery.

"The building was about twenty-four feet square The wheel was placed on the outside of the structure and on the end of a large shaft which passed through the wall into the building. On this same shaft was constructed a wheel nearly as large as the water-wheel. A row of cogs was fixed on the side of this wheel, so as to fit into an upright pinion. In the upper end of the shaft of the pinion was an iron gudgeon. On the end of this was a simple piece of bent iron, on which the weight of the upper mill-stone rested and in the turning of this pinion the motion of

the stone was produced. This was all the machinery there was, so far as the grinding process was concerned.

"The bolting operation was equally primitive in design and execution. The mill-stones were a couple of rough, hard flat rocks found in the vicinity of the mill, and got into shape by much pounding and patient labor. But simple though it was, thousands of bushels of wheat was ground in that little, unpretentious, back country mill. And many a loaf of good wholesome bread was made from this flour by our grandmothers and their daughters, and baked in the old-time bake kettles, as they were partly hidden in heaps of coals that glowed and crackled in the roomy recesses of old Dutch fireplaces. In those days of primitive methods and plain habits people were easily satisfied, and the sum total of human comfort was equally as great as in our day of greater pretensions." And with another bow, Mr. Pivot took his seat.

"Jack, you have done well. That story is nicely told, and the beauty of it is its truthfulness. I have seen that same mill, or one exactly like it, myself."*

"Our mill," said Mr. Root, "is to be on a larger scale than that one, and it will cost a good deal more. But there will come a time when it, too, will be considered out of date, and have to give place to more extensive structures, and more complicated machinery, for mills, as well as other things, will have to keep pace with the progress of society."

* Sixty years ago it could be seen in what was called Thompson's Hollow, in Esquesing.

"I think," said the President, "that Little Jack has made a good start, and I hope that all who attempt to speak will be as concise, and yet as explicit, as he has been.

"Mr. Dusticoat's name comes next on the list," continued the President.

Dusticoat was called for by three or four at once.

When he came forward, Mr. Dusticoat looked a little flushed, and seemed somewhat confused. He was not used to speechmaking. But he was willing to do the best he could. He commenced by saying: "I think that I, at one time, worked in the same mill that Mr. Pivot spoke of. At all events, the description that he gave would just suit a mill that I run for a number of years, when I was a young man. I used to see some rather striking things there. I will tell you of some of them.

"To get to the mill, people had to come down the mountain. To get anything like a reasonable grade the road skirted along the side of the mountain for a long distance. In the winter time, the water issuing from one or two springy places would run over the road and freeze, leaving the track sometimes very slippery.

"One day as I stood in the mill door I saw a man with a yoke of oxen and a sled coming down the hill. When he came to one of the icy places his oxen began to slip, and soon fell down on the ice. The sled slid around until it got ahead of the oxen, with the tail end down hill, towards the mill. By some means it got loose from the oxen, and came tearing down the

hill, wrong end first, and never stopped until it butted up against the side of the mill. Meanwhile the owner stood and looked at his retreating property until he saw the bags of wheat safely deposited beside the mill door.

"He was a little man, by the name of Buckberry, and he was a terrible man to swear. When he came and found that his grist was all right, he said he was sorry he had wasted so much breath and said so many bad words for nothing. He took a couple of pails of ashes and sprinkled them around the oxen, and then got them off the ice. Luckily, nothing was injured."*

Mr. Dusticoat continued: "I remember one day a number of men came to the mill with new wheat, right after harvest. Some had woodshod sleds, drawn by oxen. One or two had a bag on the back of a horse, others carried their grist on their shoulders. Among these was a man and a boy, who had come between three and four miles. Each of them had a heavy load of wheat; in fact, the boy was so small that some of the men were surprised by the size of his load. They placed the lad on the scales and found that he weighed just sixty pounds. Then they put his load of wheat on the scales, and found it to be of the same weight as the boy. The little fellow had carried a load as heavy as himself all that distance over a very rough and hilly road.†

* This is a real occurrence that happened at Thompson's mill, in Esquesing.

† That boy was Malcolm McLaughlan. He is still living, though he is an old man now, and he has seen many changes since then.

"Boys in those days found plenty of exercise in the ordinary affairs of life. They did not need athletic sports to develop bone and muscle. But many of those boys were broken down before they came to be men by overwork and hardships.

"One day," continued Mr. Dusticoat, "there came to the mill a man with a bag of wheat to grind. He was a large, bony man, with a peculiar expression of countenance. He spoke like a man of some degree of culture. He had never been to the mill before, hence more notice was taken of him. He said he lived about four miles away, and this was his first bag of wheat threshed from his first crop. This man was living alone in a little shanty built in the middle of a four hundred acre block of land that belonged to him. He had neither chick nor child. Not a hoof nor feather could be seen about his home.

"We talked on different subjects, and I found my customer to be pretty well read on various subjects. He was rather fluent, and spoke with a slight brogue, just enough to tell what country he came from. After his grist had been in the hopper a few minutes, I took the toll-box and dipped it into the wheat in order to take the usual toll.

"In a moment the man had hold of my arm, and in a loud voice he demanded to know what I was going to do.

"I explained to him that I was simply taking toll for grinding his grist.

"'Well,' said he, 'it seems to me that, after carrying it four long miles on my back, it is too bad for me to

lose part of it for toll. I will not fetch any more wheat to your mill.'

"It did no good to tell him that everybody had to give toll. He persisted in his resolution, and lived on boiled wheat and roasted potatoes for some years. Then he married and raised a family. He is dead now."*

"Well," said Mr. Springboard, "that was a strange way for a man to live. He must have had something else beside boiled wheat and roasted potatoes."

Mr. Dusticoat replied: "He had salt, and sometimes a little butter or meat, but that was not often. In the spring he would make some maple sugar and molasses. He used hemlock for tea. He worked around a good deal among the neighbors, and after people got to know him they trusted him, and many a pail of milk and other things he carried home to his lonely little shanty. He would not clear off his land like other people. He said the time would come when the timber would be worth more than the land."†

"The next name on the list is Mr. Springboard," said the President. "We will wait for his contribution to our entertainment until our next meeting."

"Which will be to-morrow evening," put in Little Jack.

*His name and location could be given, but that is not necessary to make the truth of the narrative plainer. He never could be persuaded that tolls and taxes are not robbery.

†He lived to see his prediction fulfilled to the letter. He died suddenly, and left to his family four hundred acres of bush within easy distance of two or three rising towns.

To this all agreed, and the company dispersed for the night.

When the evening meal was over next night, the men gathered around the glowing fire that blazed and sparkled on the flagstone hearth, and sent a yellow light on everything in the house, giving to the men a peculiar shade of color, which had the appearance of a compound of three-parts saffron and one-part carmine. Seen in that peculiar light they looked like a strong, hardy lot of customers.

"Now for the talk," said Little Jack. Mr. Springboard said he was ready to commence if the rest were ready to hear him.

"My stories will not be very long, nor very interesting, perhaps," said Mr. Springboard, "but they will be connected with new country life. They will be about the black bears."

"All right, then," said the President. "Let us hear something about bruin."

"I will tell them to you just as I heard them, without vouching for their truthfulness; but I believe them to be true myself, and you can please yourselves about it.

"One day a man was running a saw-mill in a lonely place. There was no one but himself around. He was cutting up some pine logs to fill a bill for lumber. The old upright saw was rattling away, and making more noise than progress. The thing was becoming monotonous.

"The man looked out of the end of the mill, and there, coming right towards him, was a large bear,

walking up the skid-way, where the logs were drawn up into the mill. The man was scared, and climbed up on one of the beams, where he could watch the turn of events in safety. The bear walked into the mill with as much assurance as though the whole thing belonged to him. He jumped on the end of the log that was on the carriage, and sat down on his haunches like a dog to watch the movements of the saw-gate. He seemed to become very much interested in his surroundings. But every stroke of the saw was bringing him nearer to danger, as the carriage was drawn along by the machinery.

"He seemed to be completely absorbed in contemplation, until at last the points of the saw-teeth touched him on the end of his nose. He seemed to take that as an insult and a challenge for battle. With a cry of pain and rage he threw his fore-paws around the saw to give it the usual bearish hug. The contest between bear's teeth and saw teeth was a desperate one for a minute; but steel was harder than bone. In a short time poor bruin was cut in two, one piece falling on each side of the log.

'While seeking to investigate
A saw-mill's work one day,
Poor, honest bruin, met his fate
In an unseemly way.'

"This is what the sawyer wrote on a piece of board with charcoal, and nailed it up to one of the posts of the mill.

"I have another bear story to tell you," said Mr.

Springboard, "and, if you don't object, I will tell it now. Two men went out hunting in the beginning of winter, when the first fall of snow covered the ground. They were brothers. When they reached the hunting ground they went but a short distance before they came on the track of a bear. They saw that it was freshly made, and resolved to follow it up and see where the animal had gone.

"They soon came to where the bear had gone into a thick cedar swamp. Being well acquainted with the locality, they knew that the swamp was not a large one. They arranged that one of them should keep on the track of the bear, while the other would go around the edge of the swamp, and see if he could find where the animal had come out. And if either of them came across the object of their search he was to let the other know by firing his gun or by calling.

"The man followed the tracks into the swamp. It was difficult, in some places, to get through the thick growth of underwood that intercepted his way. But pushing along the best way he could, he came at length to where the bear had clambered over a fallen tree that lay up some feet from the ground. Mr. Bush, being an active man, placed his hand on the top of the log, and sprang over to the other side.

"When he came over he lit right on the top of the bear which was lying flat on its side in the snow. Before he had time to do anything the bear had him in its embrace. His gun was of no use to him now. His only means of defence was a hunter's knife that he carried in his belt.

"Calling loudly for his brother, he began to plunge the knife into the bear whenever and wherever he could get a chance. The fight was a fearful one. The claws and teeth of the bear were rapidly tearing the flesh from the man's bones. The long knife in the hands of the courageous hunter was just as rapidly letting the life's blood from the emptying veins of the infuriated brute.

"When the other man came up neither Bush nor the bear could stand on their feet, but lying side by side on the blood-covered snow they were fiercely, though feebly, carrying on the conflict. The brother put the muzzle of his rifle to the bear's ear and sent the whole charge into its head. This ended the fight. Help was procured and the wounded man was carried to the house of a settler, and medical assistance secured. Here he lay for weeks before he could be taken to his home in the adjoining township.*

"One more short tale and I am done with bears," said Mr. Springboard. "In the month of March, in a back township, a man was chopping up a fallen hollow tree. All of a sudden his axe went through the thin shell and struck into something that gave a terrific growl. He was startled to hear something crawling along the inside of the log on which he was standing. Presently a large bear came out of the end of the log in a perfect fury, but it was blind. The axe had cut right into its eyes and put them both out. The first thing that the bear touched was a tree. This it em-

* An incident like this occurred some years ago in the township of Garafraxa to a man named Howe from Erin township.

braced and attacked most ferociously, and tried to tear it to pieces. The man went to the house, got his rifle and ended the bear's sufferings by sending a bullet through its heart."

"Well done, Mr. Springboard," said the President. "If all our little entertainments can equal the two last ones, our evenings won't be wasted."



CHAPTER XXIV.

MORE BOARDING-HOUSE TALES.

TWO or three evenings after the conversation reported in the last chapter, as the men were sitting around a good fire, some one proposed that Mr. Rushvalley, the surveyor, be invited to take the floor to fulfil the conditions of the compact which required each one to take his turn in entertaining the company, as his name stood next on the list.

Mr. Rushvalley came forward promptly, and said: "I will take up none of your time in needless preliminaries, but I will forewarn you that the incidents that I am about to relate, as illustrating some of the trials of pioneer life, are sad and touching in a high degree, and I shall give them as they were told to me by those who were acquainted with the facts, so that there need be no doubt as to the truthfulness of the narratives.

"To one of the back townships, some few years after the city of Hamilton became a village, and before the city of Guelph was ever thought of, there came from the old country three immigrants. There were two brothers and a sister—all of them were single. The

sister was older than her brothers, and she was their housekeeper.

"The young men secured each of them a hundred acres of good land and started life in the bush. Every thing went well with them for some time. They built a shanty on each one's lot; a part of the time they worked separately, and at other times they worked together.

"Meanwhile the sister managed both shanties, going from the one to the other, as often as she found it necessary, and at any time most convenient for herself. She had provided herself with a bed in each shanty, so that she could stay at either place as long as she liked. Sometimes she would be a couple of days at one place, and then as long a time at the other.

"One morning she started to go from one place to the other. By some means she got out of the path that led through a piece of wood from shanty to shanty. The brother to whose place she started did not know she was coming, and the one from the place she left did not know that she had failed to reach her destination. Consequently she was not missed until the next morning. She had been in the woods twenty-four hours before her brothers found out that she was lost.

"The first thing that the young men did was to start in opposite directions among the scattered settlers, to find out if any person had seen their lost sister.

"In going along the only public road in that locality

one of the brothers saw a woman's track in the soft ground. From the size and shape of the track, as well as from some particular marks, he knew his sister had been there, and she was going right away from home and into the dense unbroken forest.

"Now they became very much alarmed. It was evident that the lost one had got bewildered, so that she did not know which way she was going. Neighbors were few and far between, but through the energetic efforts of the brothers, with the kindly help of others, every house within a radius of ten miles was visited in hopes of gaining some intelligence of the lost girl, but no tidings of her could be got. Those who know anything about the fraternity of feeling that always exists in new settlements, need not be told of the excitement that ran from house to house, as the news was carried by fleet-footed messengers to the people. Every family was made sad, and a cloud seemed to settle over every home.

"'Go and help to find her, William,' said the young wife of the latest settler to her husband, as the sad intelligence was conveyed to their shanty.

"'Why, Sarah,' said he, 'how can I go and leave you here all start alone? Beside that, if I go now I could not come home to-night.'

"'Never mind. I am not afraid to stay in such a case. Only think. The poor girl, already two days and two nights in the woods alone. I would be a most selfish creature if I should refuse to let you go and help to find her. Old Turk will stay with me. You go and stay till she is found, if it takes a week.'

"We need not say that William went. Nor need I say that the young wife simply spoke the sentiments of all the women in the settlement.

"Over hills and through the valleys, among the swamps and along the creeks, all day the hunt went on, but no trace of the missing woman could be found. The track in the mud, where she crossed the road, was the only thing that gave an intimation of the direction she had gone.

"As night was coming on the weary and disheartened hunters came in in groups of twos and threes until the shanty from which she had gone sixty hours before was surrounded by forty or fifty men. Disappointment and sorrow was visible on every face. For a while the men talked among themselves in undertones. Then an elderly man addressed the company as follows:

"'My friends, this is a sad day for all of us, but we must neither relinquish our efforts nor abandon hope. The lost girl is somewhere, and she must be found. Dead or alive we must find her. Now I have a proposition to make, and I want your opinion upon it.

"'Some twelve or fourteen miles up the river there is a camp of Indians. As my home is in that direction, I propose to start at break of day for the camp, and, if possible, I will bring one or more of them here by nine o'clock to-morrow, and see if they cannot help us in the hunt.'

"The company at once fell in with the arrangement. By the time mentioned the man came, and with him came an elderly Indian, who was called Stooping

Eagle. The track in the mud was shown to the Indian. He got down and examined it very closely; then he rose up, and said to those around:

"'Three suns since um was here, but red man will find the white squaw.'

"He looked carefully around, examining the size of the track and the length of the steps that could be very plainly seen in the soft ground. Then he started slowly to move in the same direction that the track seemed to point. Three or four men went with him; the rest went off in other directions to join in the search. For a mile or more the Indian kept on nearly a straight line. Then he took a short turn, and went on a short distance, then another turn. Where the white man could see no trace he seemed to follow the track with the instinct of a bloodhound. After a while he said, 'White squaw much afraid. Dark. Um couldn't see to go. Here um lay and sleep,' he said, as he pointed to an upturned tree, by the side of which could be seen dim impressions on the leaves, as if something had pressed them down. All the afternoon the Indian kept the trail. But the track became very crooked. It frequently came around in a circle, crossing and recrossing itself. Then short turns and acute angles marked its course. Still he kept on until they came to where the Indian said another night had been spent by the lost one. This was under the branches of a newly-fallen tree. Here the Indian picked up some thorn-apples that had been left; and as he did so he said, 'White squaw been eat these. Um much hungry.'

"Not far from this night came upon them. They had with them the means of kindling a fire. They gathered a lot of dry brush and sticks, and prepared for a night in the woods. They had some food with them, and after partaking of some of that they lay down to sleep, and it was not long before they were lost to all earthly cares and anxieties until the sun was up next morning.

"They got up and started on the trail again. The Indian walked a few steps in advance of the others. Every now and then he would speak to the men. At length he stopped, and said, 'Poor white squaw, no gone long way from here. She much tired, and much hungry, and much afraid. She no far off dis place.'

"They went forward a few hundred yards, and there, with her back against a large tree, they found the poor girl 'dead.' Cold and hunger and fright and exhaustion had been too much for her powers of endurance. She had apparently been dead for several hours.*

"Word was immediately sent to those who had remained behind. Preparations were soon made for conveying the body to the home of one of the brothers. The next day was the funeral, and a sad and touching one it was."

"That is a sad narrative," said the President.

"Yes, indeed," said two or three of the men.

"I have a shorter one, but I think it is a sadder

*This incident was related to the writer by an old man who was a boy at the time, and who, along with his father, assisted in the hunt for the lost young woman.

one," said Rushvalley. "Will you hear it now, or wait till my turn comes again?"

"Oh, let us have it now," chimed in half a dozen at at once.

"All right. I will make it as short as I can," was his answer.

"In one of the back townships there lived a man and his wife and two small children. They had been there two or three years. Their nearest neighbors lived half a mile distant, and through the woods. One day, when the man was going out from dinner, his wife said, 'I wish you would take the children out with you, and let them stay with you till I call for them. I want to go to Mrs. Raspberry's on an errand. I will be back in a couple of hours.'

"'All right; I will take care of them, and mind you don't get lost in going through the bush,' he answered.

"'I will be careful not to get off the path,' she said. They little thought that these were to be the last words that would ever pass between them in this world.

"He went to his work and took the children with him. The afternoon passed away, and tea-time came. But the woman did not call for the children. The man took them to the house, expecting to find their mother there. But to his surprise and disappointment there was nothing to be seen of her about the house. She had not returned.

"Full of fearful forebodings, the man took one child in his arms and the other by the hand and started to

meet his wife. He hastened on until he came to the house that she started to go to. But on asking for his wife, he was told that she had not been there. He now became greatly alarmed.

"It was quite clear she had missed the way. But in what direction had she gone? The path by which she was expected to go passed near the border of a large, thick swamp, through which a very heavy stream ran. Being more than a mile wide, and five or six miles long, this swamp would be a terrible place to be lost in—especially for one who was not in a state of health to bear up under a heavy pressure of anxiety, or to stand a great amount of fatigue, or to endure much very wearisome toil.

"Mr. Summerside and Mr. Raspberry at once started out to hunt for the lost woman, leaving the children with Mrs. Raspberry.

"They went among the few neighbors who were within reach. But no one had seen or heard anything of the absent woman.

"Night came on, and not the slightest trace of her could be found.

"By torchlight and lantern light the hunt was kept up until morning. But the search was a fruitless one.

"As the news spread out over an ever-widening circle, the numbers engaged in the hunt steadily increased until all the men on a territory of ten or twelve miles square were scouring the woods in all directions in search of the lost woman. The excitement became intense as two days and two nights passed off without a single trace of the missing one.

"Every man and woman seemed to be in a torture about their lost neighbor. Every woman seemed to be saying to herself, 'I may be the next one to be lost.' Every man seemed to try to realize how he would feel, if it was his wife that was in the swamp, exposed to the bears and wolves, or perhaps to fall into the river and be drowned. No one thought of work or business until the fate of the lost wife and mother should be known.

"On the third day, in the densest part of the swamp, and some distance from her home, the lifeless body of the poor woman was found leaning against a fallen cedar, with the feet in a pool of water, and a dead infant wrapped in part of her garments and folded in her arms."*

"Well, Mr. Rushvalley," said the President, "you have told us two very touching stories. And if you should live to tell them to your children's children they will listen to you with as much attention as we have to-night, for such stories never grow out of date."

"That is so," said Mr. Root, "and it will be well if, in the coming years, the people of this country respect the memory of the toiling, suffering pioneers, and duly appreciate the comfortable homes left to them by those heroic men and women."

"I think," said Mr. Rushvalley, "that I have talked

* An incident of this kind occurred in the township of Euphrasia, county of Grey, a number of years ago. The name could be given, but surviving friends might not wish it. So it is withheld, as in other cases.

long enough for this time. Let us go to bed, or else let some one else talk for awhile."

"I am for going to bed," said Dusticoat.

"Agreed," said two or three others.

"Before we adjourn," said the President, "I want to say that Mr. Chipmaker is the next on the roll; so to-morrow evening, if all be well, we will hear from him."

Next evening, as the men were sitting around a good blazing fire, Little Jack Pivot called out, "Now for the man that makes the chips." "Hear, hear," said Dusticoat.

Mr. Chipmaker commenced by saying, "I have no apologies to make, and no excuses to offer. But I wish to say that my talk will be very fragmentary. I shall just relate some incidents that are small in themselves, but when put together they help to give variety to our entertainments.

"Not long since, in conversation with an old man, he related to me an incident in his boy life, that may be worth repeating. His mother was a widow. He was the eldest boy. They had to go several miles to a blacksmith. In those days it was necessary, in some cases, to shoe the oxen as well as the horses. One time John was sent to get the oxen shod. He started before daylight. Most of the distance was woods. In the middle of the darkest part of a thick pinery he had to pass a place where a man had been killed by a falling tree.

"The place was said to be haunted by the ghost of the victim of the accident. John never once thought

of the haunted locality until he got within a few rods of the spot. Then it came into his mind about the ghost. He became very nervous. In fact, he got into a perfect panic. What to do he did not know. To turn around and go back he thought would be too babyish. And to go forward among the weird shadows of the pine trees that the full moon threw out in all directions over the snow-covered ground, seemed to him very much like walking right into a whole regiment of the very ugliest and meanest kind of ghosts. Finally he stopped the oxen and scrambled up on the back of Old Buck. He said, in telling me the incident, if you have never tried it you cannot believe how independent a boy can feel when he is on the broad back of a good old ox. I snapped my fingers at the ghostly shadows, cracked my whip at the oxen, and went on, trying to whistle to the tune of 'See, the conquering hero comes.'"

"Very good," said the President. "What is your next story to be?"

"About another boy that had trouble with a ghost. But not in the same way," said Mr. Chipmaker.

"In a very new settlement there were two shanties about half a mile apart. Nearly all the distance between them was solid bush. In going from one to the other the path led through a small ravine shaded by a clump of hemlock trees. In the night this was a very dark place.

"One summer this 'gully' got the name of being haunted. Different people who had occasion to pass that way after night-fall, reported that strange,

unearthly sounds were to be heard right in the densest of the darkness. And two or three men, who mustered courage to look around, said that they had seen the dim outline of some large object, but not with sufficient distinctness to say much about its size or color.

"Now the boy that I am to tell about had heard these reports. In fact, the neighborhood was full of stories about the haunted gully.

"On one occasion, Joe, as the lad was called, went for his mother on an errand to the next neighbor's. And, as a matter of course, he had to pass the haunted gully. But he expected to return before night. No one had seen or heard anything in the day time.

"Joe got with another boy, and forgot how fast the sun was going down. The first shades of night came on, and he had not, as yet, done his errand. But now he made all the haste he could. But in spite of all he could do, it was quite dark when he started for home. He walked on with a firm step, and whistled to keep his courage up, until he got into the darkest part of the gully. He heard a noise. He stopped and listened. He heard a sound that seemed like a compound of snarling dog and crying baby. He looked, and by the root of a large tree he saw a dark object that to him looked as big as a cow.

"Now, Joe was one of those boys that have a good deal of fight in them and who are not good to scare. The temper of the boy got roused. He hunted round till he found a stone the size of a goose-egg. Then he crept as near to the object as he felt safe in doing.

Then poising the stone and taking the best aim he could he let it fly with all his might. A perfect storm of grunts and squeals told Joe that he had hit the mark. And a large, black hog, that belonged to a man in the settlement, ran off snorting into the woods, it being a great deal more frightened than Joe was. It was said that some of the men who had been scared by the ghost, looked a little sheepish when they learned that the problem of the haunted gully had been solved by a boy."

"I like stories that come out like that," said Dusticoat.

"Nine-tenths of the wonderful stories of ghosts could be as easily unravelled as that, if those who see or hear them could keep cool heads and steady nerves, so as to investigate as determinedly as the boy did," said Mr. Root.

"Joe might have made a mistake if it had been a bear," put in Little Jack.

"Yes," said Mr. Chipmaker. "But it was not a bear. It was only an overgrown hog. So Joe made no mistake. It was the other people that made the mistake about the ghost in the haunted gully."

CHAPTER XXV.

MORE GLIMPSES OF BUSH LIFE.

"WHO is to do the talking to-night?" asked Little Jack.

"Mr. Greenbush is the next name on the list. But as I forgot to give him notice of the fact at the proper time, I hardly think it would be fair to ask him," said the President.

"What say you, Mr. Greenbush?"

"Well, sir, so far as I am concerned it makes but little difference about the notice. I am not much of a talker, at best. But the little that I have to say can be said one time as well as another," was his reply.

"Bravo," said Little Jack, "that is the kind of stuff that orators and soldiers are made of. Ready, always ready."

Mr. Greenbush commenced by saying, "I do not, by any means, intend to make light of religion or religious worship, in relating the following incident, which occurred in one of the back townships:—

"The Methodists were having a fellowship meeting. As was often the case in these meetings, religious fever ran high, and many of the participants in the

service became somewhat demonstrative in their expressions and actions.

"After awhile there was a sort of short interval in the speaking. Near the door there sat a tall, sharp-featured, rawboned man with a piercing black eye, and a very prominent nose. He deliberately rose to his feet, commencing to speak as soon as he began to get up, and at the same time he took a large quid of well-chewed tobacco from his mouth, and placing it in his hand started for the stove, which stood in the middle of the room. He spoke with some difficulty until he emptied his hand and his mouth into the fire. Then he said with emphasis, 'Brethering and sisters, I am glad to tell you what has been done for poor unworthy me. When the Lord saved me, there was no patchwork about it, glory be to His holy name.

"'I used to lie, and swear and cheat, and get drunk and fight. My, how I would fight. I wouldn't steal, for I thought that was mean. I wouldn't backbite my neighbors, for I thought that was cowardly. But I would do almost anything else that was bad. But the Lord took me in hand. He turned me upside down and inside out. He converted me all through and through. Now, you can take my word and you can trust me. Now, a child can lead me. Now, I do not swear nor get drunk. Yes, bless the Lord, I am converted and I know it.'

"The man went back to his seat, while 'Amen, bless the Lord,' could be heard in several places.

"I thought to myself that it was a pity that his mouth was not converted too, so that it would not

hold such a pond of tobacco juice for his tongue to swim in."

"No doubt but the man was sincere," said the President, "but as the light that shines on the path of duty increases, it is likely the good brother will see the propriety of letting the tobacco go along with the lying, and the swearing, and the whiskey drinking, and the fighting. The path of the just shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

"My next story will be about a strange time-piece, or rather a novel way of keeping account of the days of the week.

"A man went some miles into the woods and commenced life alone. He put up his shanty and began to clear off his land. Having no one to talk with, his time passed without much change in the mode of spending it. What he did one day he did the next, so that the exercise of each day was only a repetition of the one that went before it. Being his own cook, and having a good supply of provisions on hand, he had but little intercourse with the outside world. He had been some time in the bush. He thought one day that he would go out to the settlement and see how things were going on in the neighborhood. He thought it was Sunday; but when he came out to the house of his nearest neighbour, he found them at work as on ordinary days. He was surprised at this. He went into the field and asked the man if he and his family did not keep the Sabbath. 'Yes, to be sure we do,' said he, 'but this is Monday.'

"'You don't mean that, do you?' said the other.

"'Yes, of course, I mean it. Yesterday was the Sabbath.'

"'Well, if I have not made a great mistake, you may call me a Dutchman,' said he. 'Here I have been working all day yesterday, supposing that it was Saturday. And I have been doing the same for at least three Sabbaths. I have lost track of the week. But it won't be so any more, I will see to that.'

"The man went away to a store and bought seven plates of different sizes. He took them home, and named them for the seven days of the week. The largest one he called Sunday, the next largest he called Monday, and so on down to the smallest one, which he called Saturday. He put them in a pile. He would use one plate each day, and next day he would take another. When he got to the little one he knew that it was Saturday. Then he would take the large one next day, which he knew was Sunday. In this simple way he could always tell the day of the week, and he no more worked on Sunday."

Mr. Greenbush continued, "If I was going to give a name to my next little story, I should call it, 'A Big Scare in a Berry Patch.' It was like this: A man started one day to go to a neighbor's house some two miles from his home. In going he passed a very large patch of black thimbleberries. It was at the time when these were ripe. The bushes were bending under their load of tempting fruit. Mr. Toothsome went into the field to help himself. The bushes were tall and close together. Mr. Toothsome had not been there long before he heard a rustling among the briars. He

concluded that he was not the only berry-picker in the field. Being curious to know who or what was there, he pushed his way through the thick bushes toward the noise. Presently he found himself face to face with a large black bear. For one or two minutes they eyed each other closely, both being surprised at the unexpected meeting. Then the bear raised himself up on his hind feet and prepared to give his interviewer the usual bearish hug.

"Mr. Toothsome was not just ready to have his bones crushed in so rough a mill as a bear's mouth. He turned and ran with the fleetness of a race-horse. The bear, being unwilling to be cheated out of a wrestle, and not unwilling to try a race, he started in pursuit as fast as his four black footlifters could carry him. Mr. Toothsome headed towards the neighbor's house, to which he had started to go. For a mile or more the race kept on, until the loud barking of a dog told bruin that he was coming dangerously near to where another bear had got into serious trouble through taking too much liberty with the pigs. He seemed to think that life, to him, was worth more than a dinner, and he turned and ran in another direction. Mr. Toothsome got his friend to load his gun and go with him on his homeward trip. In the soft ground they could see the track of the man and the bear. Each of them had covered more than his length at every jump. When asked why he did not climb a tree, he answered, 'The old robber was so close upon me that I had no time to do so.'"

"That reminds me," said the President, "of a young man that was chased by wolves."

"Tell us about it," said Mr. Greenbush, "and while you are doing so I will try and think of some other incident of life in the backwoods."

"Well," said the President, "it was customary then, as it is now, and I suppose will always be, for young men sometimes to go courting. Not that they went where lawyers talk, and juries get befogged, and judges give doubtful decisions. Young men can learn mischief fast enough without visiting such places. But, in plain English, they went to see the girls.

"Well, the young man of whom I speak had spent a part of the night with a sweetheart. Some time during the '*wee sma' hours*' that the Scotchmen talk about, he concluded to start for home.

"But a question now presented itself to his mind. To go by the road would be about six miles, but to go across lots he was within one and one-half miles of home. Part of the way was clearing, and the rest of the way was thick hemlock woods. But there was a footpath through the bush. The full moon was shining very brightly, and out in the clearing it was almost as light as day. The young man decided to go the nearest way.

"When he got to the woods he found it darker than he had expected to find it. In the middle of the woods he had to cross a large beaver-meadow.

"When he got nearly over that he heard a rustling in the tall grass. On looking around, he saw four or five wolves within a dozen yards of where he stood.

To take in the situation was but the work of a moment. It was to be a race for life. But how many chances to lose in the race. A sprain of the ankle, a stub of the toe, or a brush to strike him in the eye, would be a very serious affair in a race like this. But there was no time to speculate as to the chance of failure. Prompt action was the only thing that could meet the case.

"He started for the clearings at a rate of speed that would do credit to a trotting-horse. The wolves were willing to try their speed and join in the race. They were three or four rods behind at the start, but slowly and steadily they lessened the distance. On and on the young man went, feeling that every bound strengthened his cause, and gave increasing hope of reaching home uneaten by the ferocious pack that thirsted for his blood.

"Presently he glanced his eye to the right. There he saw a wolf, among the streaks of moonlight, within thirty feet of him. He looked to the left, and there he saw another, about the same distance from him. Now, it was evident that the wolves were closing in around him. He felt that a very short time would decide whether or not he was to become wolf-meat.

"A few rods more and he would be to the fence. But could he get to it and get over it before the brutes would have hold of him? Just then it occurred to him that two large dogs were within call. He called loudly for the dogs, as he ran. They heard him, and responded to his call by coming with all speed to the rescue.

"He came to the fence at last, and, placing his hand on the top rail, he bounded over just as a wolf was on each side of him, and another behind him, and only a few feet from him.

"The dogs barked through the fence at the wolves, but they were not willing to go in among them. The wolves gave a howl of disappointment and ran off into the forest; and the young man concluded that in future, so far as that road was concerned, he would act in harmony with the old saying, that 'The farthest way round is the surest way home.'"

"Thank you, Mr. President, for that interesting story. It has given me time to think," said Mr. Greenbush, "and it is a better one than I could tell.

"I will tell now of a woman who killed a wild-cat with a water-pail.

"One of the families in a new settlement had a lot of hens that roosted up in the loft of the barn. Something, at length, began to steal the hens from their perch at night. For some time this went on, until more than half the flock had disappeared. No one ever got sight of the thief. Whether it was owl or hawk, or something else, no one could tell. At different times the owner of the barn had got up in the night and gone out, when he thought that he heard a noise among the chickens; but he could not find anything.

"One day the mistress of the house took a large wooden pail and went to a spring, some little distance from the house, to get some water. She was followed by a medium-sized dog—a mixture of bull-dog and

Scotch terrier—a mixture of canine nature that is very hard to scare, and not easy to conquer.

"As the woman was going along she saw, lying in the path before her, what she at first took to be a wolf. But on further inspection she concluded that it was not large enough for a wolf. But she had but little time to speculate as to what it was that was intercepting her way.

"The dog had got his eye on it, and determined to test the fighting qualities of the stranger. In a moment the two were in a life or death struggle. The woman watched them for a moment. She soon saw that with all his pluck and activity, her dog was getting the worst of it. He evidently had got more than his match. She resolved to become a participant in the contest. She had in her hand a heavy wooden pail, with an iron hoop around the bottom of it, such as coopers used to make. With this for a weapon, she went to the rescue of her dog. Swinging the pail above her head, she brought it down with all force upon the head of the wild-cat. With the blow she broke in his skull, and left him dead upon the ground. The dog was badly scratched up. The cat was a very big one—enough to whip almost any dog. But there was no more hen-stealing after the woman killed the big wild-cat with a water-pail.

"Now, Mr. President, I think that I have done my share for to-night," said Greenbush.

"Who comes next on the list?" inquired Little Jack.

"Mr. Root comes next, and is the last one on the roll," said the President.

"Mr. Root will be on hand to-morrow night, if all be well."

Next evening, after the supper table was set away, the men gathered around the fire to listen to what "Boss Root," as they called him, had to say.

Mr. Root commenced by saying: "You all know that I have not always lived in Canada. But I was in Canada at one time when I would have been glad to be out of it; and when the time came for me to leave it, I soon made tracks for home. I refer now to the time of the war. At the battle of Lundy's Lane I witnessed an exhibition of pluck that lifted the Canadian militia to a high place in my estimation.

"I was in a regiment of Americans, who were commanded by Colonel Scott (now General Scott).

"As we came around a small rise of ground, we came upon a company of Canadians that seemed to be cut off from the rest of the Canadian forces. They were huddled together as if they were consulting what to do. Colonel Scott called to them to surrender. The answer that came from them was a short, emphatic '*Never!*' Then the colonel asked for an officer to step forward for a parley. They said, 'We have no officers left.'

"'Where are your officers?' inquired Colonel Scott.

"'They are among the killed, wounded, and missing,' said the men.

"'Well,' said the colonel, 'you see you are not half as numerous as we are, and you are without officers. Don't you think it would be better to surrender than to be shot like dogs?'

"'We won't surrender, and we won't be shot like dogs,' they answered.

"'What are you going to do, then?' inquired the colonel.*

"'We are going to do what we have been doing—fight the Yankees,' was their reply.

"Colonel Scott turned to some of his officers to ask for advice. Just then we saw a lot of British red-coats coming in quick time on our flank. We had enough to do to take care of ourselves then. I don't know what became of the men that had no officers, or whether they did any more fighting or not that day.

"But the conclusion that we all came to was this, It is going to be hard work to conquer such men as these. And we did not conquer them very much," said Mr. Root, with characteristic honesty.

"Well, that story is well told, if it is by an American," said the President. "But you know the Americans, as a rule, are brave men, and such can appreciate bravery, even though it be found in an enemy."

"That is true," said Dusticoat, "there are no braver men in the world than Hinglismen. And there is no country in the world where bravery is more honored than it is in Hingland."

"You mean Hingland without the *haitch*, don't you Mr. Dusty?" said Little Jack.

"Look 'ee here," said Dusticoat, testily, "if 'ee was as big as I am 'ee would get some of the himpudence shaken out on 'im."

*A number of years ago an old man who had been in the American army during the war, and was in the battle of Lundy's Lane, related this incident to the writer. He was in Scott's regiment.

"Never mind, he is more funny than impudent," said the President. "Now for a story from Mr. Root."

"I will tell of a sad affair that took place during the war, and in which a man was killed, and his young wife made a widow.

"A young farmer, who was a Mennonite, and hence a non-combatant, was living with his wife on a farm along one of the most public roads in the country. One day he left his home to go and carry a part of a pig to his sister, who lived a dozen miles from his place. He was on a very fine horse, and one that was quick and active.

"He went on all right for a number of miles. Then he was met by a company of Indians. They were of the Canadian Indians, and were under arms under the British. They were only half-civilized, and they made but little difference between friends and foes, so far as robbery and plunder were concerned.

"They stopped him and took hold of his horse. Then they tried to take the meat from him. To this he objected, and held on to the article with a determined grasp. The Indians kept him thus for some time. A woman, standing in the door of her house, saw the whole transaction.

"Knowing the man, she called to him in the German tongue, which he understood, and advised him to let them have the meat.

"But he still refused to do so.*

* This occurrence took place along the road leading from Hamilton to Grimsby, near where Winona Station now is. The man lived near the place now called Jordan. His name was Overholt. His wife was a sister to the writer's father. His daughter is Mrs. Samuel Bricker, of Port Elgin, Ont.

"After a while they seemed to give up. They let go of the horse and stepped back. They talked a little in their own language. He could not understand them. Then the head Indian motioned to the man to go on. He put spurs to his horse and it bounded away with all its might. But he had not gone more than half-a-dozen jumps when eleven bullets brought the retreating horseman dead to the ground.

"The Indians took not only the meat, but the horse also. They went away, and left their victim lying in the road where he had fallen."

"These Indians were dangerous customers at any-time," said the President; "but in the war-time they paid but little regard to the rights of property or the value of life."

"Is it not a very wrong thing for Christian nations to employ such savages in civilized warfare?" asked one of the men.

"It seems like it," said the President. "But we must not forget that there is no Christianity in war. That can originate only in the savage part of man's nature. These Indians being in a state of savagery, war is almost their normal condition. And the difference between killing men on the battle-field or killing them off the battle-field is so small that the eye of Christianity can't detect it, and the Gospel never describes it."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MILLS COMPLETED.

ON the first day of May the first grist was ground at the Riverbend Mills. This was an event of considerable importance in the settlement. As a matter of course, there would be some questioning as to whose grist should be ground first.

By common consent it was decided that the first grinding ought to be done for John Bushman. He was the first man in the settlement. He cleared the first land, built the first house, brought in the first woman, and his was the first baby. He brought in the first sheep and cattle and pigs and poultry.

On the morning of the appointed day John Bushman brought several bags of good, clean wheat to the mill. Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation to know how the thing was going to work. Root and Millwood, the owners, were anxious to know whether or not their enterprise was going to be a success. The carpenter was anxious to know if the frame was shaky or not. The millwright wanted to find out if the machinery was going to behave itself in a becoming manner. The people would like to know if the River-

bend Mill was going to give them good flour. Dusticoat, the miller, was ready and anxious to test the grinding and bolting qualities of the new mill. He was here and there, and everywhere, as nearly at the same time as it was possible for a short-limbed, short-breathed and heavy-bodied man to be. His only trouble seemed to be one of a national character.

He said, "If I honly 'ad some good Hinglish boltin' cloth, I've no hexpectation but I could turn hout as good a sample of flour as hanybody would want to see."

But with what he had on hand he hustled up, and after an hour or two of waiting, the spectators had the satisfaction of seeing the great under-shot water-wheel begin to move, and to hear the clatter of machinery and the hum of the mill-stones, as faster and faster went the wheel and quicker and quicker whirled the stones. When the broken wheat began to run down the short pipe leading into the bolting chamber, and then, as the fine white flour began to dust through the bolting cloth into the flour box, the enthusiasm of the crowd grew boisterous, and they swung their hats and hurrahed until the woods were made to echo for a mile around.

The work done by the new mill was entirely satisfactory to all concerned. They said one to another, as they saw the flour piling up in the box, "No more twenty miles of wearisome travel to get a bag of wheat ground. We have a mill of our own now; it will seem more like living within the bounds of civilization." Every one was pleased with the way

the mill, under the effective management of Mr. Dusticoat, did its work.

Three years had now passed since John Bushman struck the first blow toward clearing away the forest trees. But, short as the time was, a great deal had been done in the way of settlement. There were but few vacant lots in a radius of five or six miles. Nearly every lot had some sort of a residence on it, owned by an actual or prospective settler. The people were industrious and energetic. The soil was productive, and their crops were generally good. It is true that the roads were not of much account, excepting the ones opened out by the Government; but this was looked upon as only a temporary inconvenience.

Up to this time there had been no religious teacher among the settlers, except themselves. Regularly the Sabbath services had been kept up in John Bushman's house. Bushman and Mr. Woodbine and Moses Moosewood had mostly been the leaders in the movement. And while these unpretending Christian men had been humbly trying to encourage others in the right way, they had been steadily growing stronger and better themselves, as is always the case in matters of religious duty. The more they did the more they could do. They became very successful leaders of the people's devotion.

About a month after the completion of the mills, a Methodist minister made his advent into the settlement. He had been told out at Mapleton of the settlement at Riverbend, and he came in on foot to

make the place a visit. He came to inquire into the religious condition of the people, and preach to them if they wished it.

His first call was at Mr. Woodbine's. That gentleman strongly advised him to come in and take up an appointment in the place. He went with the Rev. Mr. Goodhope to see John Bushman, and to get his opinion about the preaching appointment. Bushman and the minister were drawn to each other at once. They were congenial spirits, and from the start they became fast friends. It was arranged for Mr. Goodhope to make his home at Bushman's, and to visit around among the people until the Sabbath, and then preach to them. When the word went through the settlement that there was to be preaching on the Sabbath, it caused quite a flutter, and elicited considerable comment as to what kind of a congregation the man would have to start with.

When Sabbath morning came the people began at an early hour to come from the east and west and north and south. By ten o'clock the house was filled, mostly with women and children, while scores of men stood in the yard outside. It was quite clear that the house was far too small to accommodate the crowd that had gathered to hear the first sermon ever preached in the four townships that at Riverbend joined corners.

After consultation, it was decided to arrange some seats in the grove on the border of Sylvan Lake. This was not hard to do, for Bushman had a lot of planks and square timber near by. Twenty-five or

thirty active, energetic and willing men were only a short time in arranging seats for all the people. An impromptu pulpit was provided by running John's ox-sled near the edge of the lake, where the speaker could face the audience who were sitting on the ascending slope of ground that arose from the lake.

The preacher was visibly affected as he stood before that company of hardy, honest men and women, who had not heard a gospel sermon since they left their homes in the older settlements, and came to the wilderness, to share the hardships and privations of pioneers.

Mr. Goodhope commenced the service by giving out the hymn which begins with—

"Jesus the name high over all
In hell or earth or sky,
Angels and men before it fall
And devils fear and fly."

According to the custom of the times, the preacher read the hymn over first. Then he read two lines at a time, and when these were sung he read two lines more, and so on to the end. This method of reading and singing made it sometimes difficult to keep the tune, but it helped the people who had no books to remember the words. But every one got accustomed to it, and perhaps there were not any more breakdowns in the singing than there are now. But that system would not match in with modern choir performances.

After singing and prayer the preacher held up before the people a small Bible, and, pointing with

his finger to the lake behind him, said: "The cool, clear and beautiful water that sparkles and glistens on the smooth surface of Sylvan Lake is not so pure and so refreshing as is the blessed Gospel that I find in this book. The honey that the busy bee is gathering this morning from the June flowers is not so sweet to the taste as the blessed influences of the Gospel is to the hungering and thirsting soul." Then lifting his eyes upward, he said, "The bright sunbeams that dart through the interstices of the leafy canopy spread over us, and falling, like drops of melted gold, on the leafy carpet spread out under our feet, are not so bright as are the rays of truth that beam into the mind and heart of man from the teachings of this book."

"Now," said the preacher, "listen to the text: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Listen: When man turned his back upon his God, and sinned his way out of Eden, God wrote one word in flaming characters across the vaulted sky, so that the universe might read, and all might know, that undying love still yearned over His wandering, wayward child. That word was COME! That word has come floating down the centuries. It has been heard in the crashing of the thunderstorm, and it has been heard in the gentle summer evening breeze. In accents sweeter than a mother's lullaby, it has fallen upon the ear and echoed in the heart of the sailor, as his trembling boat has been tossed like a plaything upon the foamy crest of the billows of the deep. That

word has fallen like a heavenly benediction upon the worn-out and starving traveller, as he laid himself down to die alone on the burning sands of an African desert, or gave himself up to the cruel teeth of the monsters of the jungles in India.

"When God gave to the world a revelation of His will, the invitation, in some form or other, was placed in every book and on almost every page. And when the last book has been almost finished, lest some one somewhere would never hear the invitation, He seemed to recapitulate and focalize all that had been said before, and in one grand invitation, made just as the book was closed, the all-loving Father calls in this wise: 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him come.'" After a powerful and affectionate appeal to all to come to Jesus and find rest, the preacher closed the sermon. Then he gave an opportunity for any one to speak if they wished to do so. Some half-a-dozen spoke; some of them were clear in their religious experience, others were hopeful and determined to press on to higher states of grace.

Harry Hawthorn and his wife were among the most earnest listeners that morning. A cloud had hung over their domestic life for some months. Their hearts had been strangers to gladness since the day that their two children were crushed to death.

That morning, as they listened to the invitation to come with their burdens and their sorrows,—to come with all their cares and anxieties,—to come with all

their wants and woes, and cast all upon Jesus, they responded to the call by simply trusting in His Word, and their weary hearts found rest.

They went home from that service, hand in hand, with buoyant steps and gladdened hearts. Everything seemed changed. Life wore a different aspect. The future, which looked dark and gloomy before, looked bright and cheerful now. They felt that now they could face life's trials, and endure its hardships, as they had never done before. And as the years rolled on, there were no more earnest and devoted Christians than Harry and Biddy Hawthorn, in the Sylvan Lake congregation.

One thing was made apparent by the events of that Sabbath service. John Bushman's house had become too small to accommodate the settlement for a place of worship, when a general rally was made. Something would have to be done, or the religious interest of the neighborhood would not be promoted in proportion to its progress in other departments.

Before dismissing the congregation, Mr. Goodhope asked the people whether or no they wanted him to give them regular fortnightly preaching, saying that if they did he could arrange to do so.

The first one to speak was Harry Hawthorn. He got up, and with tears in his eyes, he said, "Indade we do, sur. Your words this morning have fallen loike the gintle dews of Heaven upon me heart, and upon me poor wife's heart, and, I belave, upon everybody's heart. Yes, sur, we wants yez till come again, and till kape on coming."

His words, spoken in such earnestness, seemed to stir the whole audience. And when Mr. Millwood asked an expression of sentiment by a show of hands, everybody's hand went up. A more unanimous vote was never given.

A meeting was called for consultation, to be held in the boarding-house at the mill, on Tuesday, at one o'clock p.m.

Mr. Root now arose to his feet, and said to the minister, "I always want a fair understanding at the start. I and others would be pleased to know about what amount you would expect us to pay you for preaching for us once in two weeks?"

"In answer to the question," said the preacher, "I wish to say my terms are these: When I come to visit you, treat me kindly; when I preach, come to hear me; seek the Lord, and help me what you can financially. I set no price on my services. Always bear in mind that I seek not to get your money, but I want to help you to save your souls."

"On those terms," said Mr. Root, "come on, and we will do the best we can for you, while you do what you can for us." To this they all assented, and the matter was settled in that way.

When Tuesday came, a considerable portion of the men came together. This was the first public meeting for business ever held in the place. The meeting was organized by the appointment of John Bushman as chairman, and Mr. Woodbine as secretary.

After due discussion, it was resolved to put up a moderate-sized building, that would serve the double

purpose of school-house and church—since the increasing number of growing children would make a school-house a necessity in the near future.

The next question to decide was, "Shall the house be built of logs, or shall it be a frame?" On this there seemed to be but one opinion. If they were able to do it, let it be frame by all means. Men never know what they can do till they try. And it is hard to stick a lot of active, energetic men, when they are thrown upon their ingenuity and their mettle.

After careful inquiry it was found that a suitable frame building could be put up without any outlay of money, except what would buy the nails and glass, and trimmings for the door. They were to make a bee and cut and haul logs to the mill, and Root and Millwood would saw the lumber. Old Mr. Crautmaker offered to kiln-dry the boards. William Briars and Moses Moosewood agreed to make the shingles. Everybody was ready and willing to do his part. John Bushman was appointed to oversee the whole job. The lime was burned on a big log-heap in Harry Hawthorn's fallow. Everything went on smoothly, so much so that by the time the autumn leaves began to fall the house was ready for use; and in the years that succeeded each other the benefits of that early effort by the first settlers at Sylvan Lake were felt, and the influence that went from that little humble house of worship is still felt, and many of the children of those pioneers remember with grateful and reverential feelings the little frame building at the four corners where they received the

first lessons in secular learning, and where the first religious impressions were made on their young minds.

When the meeting-house was completed, and regular Sabbath services established, the next question that was brought forward by the leading spirits of the community was in connection with the securing of a post-office. To go some twenty miles to mail a letter, or to get one, was too much of a burden to be longer borne if a remedy could be secured. A petition was circulated asking for a post-office to be established, and that it be called "Riverbend Post-Office," and also that it be located at the mills, and Mr. Root to be the postmaster. Three months after the agitation started the post-office was an accomplished fact, and the people felt the benefit of it at once.

Shortly after the establishment of the post-office there came to the mill one day a stranger. He introduced himself to Messrs. Root and Millwood as intending to settle at Riverbend if suitable encouragement was given. His name, he said, was Sylvanus Yardstick. He contemplated starting a general store at some point in the back country. He had come to consult with them about the matter of locating at Riverbend. He said he could bring in a couple of thousand dollars worth of goods, and have them all paid for when he got them, and still have another thousand of reserve capital behind the amount of goods.

After a little consultation, Mr. Root said, "We will do what we can to help you if we have some guarantee that you are the right sort of a man to help to build

up a new place. We expect to have a village here some day. We have not got a mean or shabby settler in the neighborhood. Perhaps I am the roughest man among the inhabitants at present, and I want to have no one here worse than I am. How does that meet your views?"

"All right," said he, "but I have no written recommendations. I could get them if I saw fit to try, but I don't intend to try. My face, my manners and my tongue must carry me through this world, or I won't go through it. But if I settle here and do not conduct myself in a respectable and neighborly way, you may put me on a pole some night, and carry me out and dump me into the mill-pond. Will that do?"

"Yes, that will do," was answered.

"This locality has greatly changed in four years," said the stranger.

"Were you ever here before?" was asked.

"I am not sure. Nearly four years ago I was with some others going to the rear to survey out some new townships. We must have passed near by this place, but it was all wilderness then; but as I came up the road from towards Mapleton it seemed to me that the ground had a familiar look, and I felt that I must have been over it before. Who lives in the lot that corners on this one—the place where the new frame barn is?" inquired Mr. Yardstick.

"That is the home of the first settler. His name is John Bushman," was the reply.

"Bushman, Bushman," said he, as if talking to himself; "that surely is the name of the young man

that we found in the woods one day." Then, turning to Mr. Root, he said, "Has this Bushman got a beautiful little lake on his place?"

"Yes, and it is surrounded with a fringe of evergreens. He calls it Sylvan Lake," said Mr. Root.

"Do you know how it got that name?"

"Yes, Bushman says the name was given to it by a poetic young man, who came along one day with a surveying party, shortly after he first came to the bush."

"Well, I am that young man. How is Bushman getting along? Is he married yet?"

"He is doing well in every way. Yes, he has a wife, and she is a good one. They have two fine children. Bushman is one of the best men that I have ever met with. He is a good man every way. The moral tone of the neighborhood is largely to be attributed to the influence of Bushman and his wife."

"That agrees with what Mr. Rushvalley said on the day that we left him alone in the woods. He said to the rest of us, 'That young man has the stuff in him to make a first-class man.' And it seems that he has fulfilled the prediction."

Just as the stranger finished the last sentence, Bushman came in to where they were. Mr. Root said to him, "Here is a friend of yours. Look at him and see if you can make out when or where you saw him."

John looked at the man for a moment with one of his sharp, good-natured looks. Then he said, "I have seen that face before, but where or when I cannot now recall."

"Well," said the stranger, "you only saw me for a short time, and under circumstances not the most favorable for making a lasting acquaintance. Do you remember the surveying party that came across you in the woods one day?"

"O, yes; I see it all now. You are the poet who gave Sylvan Lake its name, and made some lines of poetry about it. I am happy to meet you again," said John.

"My name is Sylvanus Yardstick. I already know your name, Mr. Bushman. I am very much pleased to meet you again, and to find that you are still living at Sylvan Lake."

"I did not know that you were giving the lake a part of your own name, but now I see you did so. You remember that I told you that day, that if you ever found yourself in this vicinity, there would be a welcome for you at Sylvan Lake. I am happy now to renew that invitation with emphasis, since I have one to help me to make you welcome. I want you to make 'Sylvan Lodge' your home while you remain amongst us."

"I am very thankful for your kind offer; but, in the meantime, I want to talk a little about business. The fact of the matter is this: I am looking for a place to start a general store, and I came here to make inquiries, and to see what I can do in the way of finding a lot to build on, and in getting information as to the prospects of success in such an enterprise."

"That is just the thing that is needed here. A well-conducted little store could hardly fail to be suc-

cessful. Commence on a small scale, and enlarge the business as the necessities of the place increase; and, as for a lot to build on, I will give you a lot at a nominal sum, on one condition, that is, there must be a clause in the title that the place shall never be used as a place to keep, make, or sell whiskey, or other intoxicating liquors."

"All right, I will agree to that. But it is an unusual condition," said he.

"Yes; we all know that. But the owners of the four corners are determined that the coming village shall be a sober one. Now, come home with me, and we can talk over the thing to-morrow with some of the neighbors."

In three months from this the store was in full operation, with every prospect of being successful. And in three months more, by the request of the mill-owners, the post-office was removed to the store. Mr. Yardstick was in ecstasies over his prospects, so much so, that he once more became poetical, and wrote the following, and posted it up in the store:

TRIBUTE TO JOHN BUSHMAN.

"How well I remember the day that we found him,
Alone in the forest, with nobody near;
His strong arm was felling the trees all around him,
The sound of his axe was refreshing to hear.

"But now, wife and children, and home and contentment,
Are his to enjoy as the years pass away;
And at his prosperity none feel resentment,
But all wish him happiness every day."

Bushman demurred. But the poet would have his way.



CHAPTER XXVII.

SOME OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

"I SAY, Will, did you ever attend a logging-bee?"

"No; I never saw anything of the kind."

"Well, I never saw one, either. But I have heard mother say that grandfather used to come home from logging-bees with an awful black shirt, when she was a girl. The coal-dust was something terrible, and to wash the clothes that had been worn at one of those places was something that tried the strength and patience of the women beyond anything."

This talk was between James Ballpitcher and William Batter, as they were coming home from a game of lacrosse, between a company of Indians and a club of high-school boys, the Indians having come out a little ahead.

"Well," said James, "my uncle, Peter Pinetop, is at our house on a visit. He lives in a part of the country where logging-bees are a common thing. You come across the fields to-night, and we will ask him to give us full information about them."

"That would be a good idea," said William. "We young Canadians are almost in danger of losing sight

of the customs and manners of our forefathers. Things have so changed that we know but little, practically, of what the pioneers of this country had to do, and how they did their work. There are a number of things that we need to be posted upon, and I am going to get all the information I can. And I know of no better or safer way than to ask the old people to tell us."

"Yes," replied James; "we must get the old folks to talk more on these subjects. They will soon be gone, and when it is too late we will wish that we had oftener got them to tell of the earlier times. I have heard some of the old people speak of husking-bees, and spinning-bees, that used to be common when they were young. These things are not heard of now, you know. In fact, Will, I believe that many of us young people in this country have a better knowledge of what the Spartans and old Romans did in their day, than we have of what our ancestors did in this land seventy-five or a hundred years ago. Will you come this evening, and we will begin our efforts to get information on these subjects?"

"Yes, James, I will come, for I agree with you that we are not so well informed on matters of everyday life among our ancestors in this country as we ought to be. I could tell more about Rome, in the time of the Cæsars, than I can tell about my native country at the time that my grandfather was a boy," answered William.

That evening, as the family were comfortably sitting in the "living room" of James' pleasant home, he said

to his uncle Peter, "Will you tell us, uncle, what a logging-bee is like? We have never seen such things, and we would like to hear a little about them."

"Well,' said the uncle, "if you would come out where I live, in the latter end of June or in the month of September, I could show you a logging-bee in all its peculiar aspects. In fact, I could introduce you to one in a way that you could not easily forget it. But I will try and describe to you a large and lively logging-bee."

"First of all, I want you to imagine a twelve-acre fallow, that was chopped in June of one year, and burnt over in June or July of the next summer. All the leaves were on the brush, and everything was as dry as tinder, so that the ground and the logs and everything was burnt over as black as a pot.

"The owner of that fallow concluded to make a rousing bee to get the logs rolled into heaps, so that he can burn them. The first thing to do is to select a day. Then he goes around among his neighbors, asking everybody that can handle a handspike to come and help him. Those who have oxen are invited to bring them. When he has the promise of eight or ten yokes of oxen, and sixty or seventy men, he begins to make his preparations for the bee. His wife instructs him who to ask among the women, to come and help her with the cooking. And sometimes a 'quilting-bee' will be attached to a logging-bee. In that case a large number of women will be invited to come.

"Then handspikes must be made. Or sometimes two or three men will club together and make a lot

of them and keep them over from one year to another. This saves the trouble of making new ones every time they are needed. Next, provision has to be made to furnish dinner and tea for all of these men. This involves a good deal of cooking and baking beforehand, as well as on the day of the bee.

"On the day appointed, the men and teams begin to gather about eight o'clock in the morning, and as they come they are shown the way to the fallow. As soon as there are enough men to 'man' a team, they start in at one corner of the field, and, taking a strip about four rods in width, they go to the other end. This is called a 'through.' Sometimes these 'throughs' are staked off so that every gang will do an equal amount of work, then there is no chance for dodging, or 'yankying,' as it is sometimes called.

"Generally by ten o'clock the men and teams are all at work. Four, and sometimes five, men, besides the driver, are following a team. And a busy scene presents itself to the beholder, when the whole of the teams and men are doing their best, as they always do, to get through before the rest. And in this friendly contest a great deal depends on the skill of the driver in planning the log-heaps and handling his team. A wide-awake man, with a smart, wiry pair of cattle, and a good lot of men, will get over a large piece of ground in a day."

"I should think the coal-dust and ashes would make the men very thirsty," said Will Batter.

"To provide for this, a man and a boy are appointed to carry water, and sometimes a stronger liquid with

it, so that the men do not suffer as much from thirst as one would think.

"While the men are at their work in the field, the women are equally busy at the house. Two or three are peeling potatoes. A couple more are making a large kettle full of pot-pie. Some others are preparing long tables and putting the dishes on them. These dishes have been brought from half-a-dozen or more of the neighboring houses. But luckily their owners are there to take care of them, so that the mixing up of the delf of half the families in the neighborhood causes no confusion or entails no loss.

"When the hour for dinner comes around, the busy log-rollers throw down their handspikes and start for the house. The owners of the teams look after them by feeding and watering them, so that they may be fit for the afternoon's work.

"The men have been long enough among the coal dust and ashes to get their clothes and hands and faces pretty well besmutted by their work. They are rather a dark-looking lot for white men. And if the women say anything to them about their black faces, they are pretty certain to have their own faces blackened by some of the men rubbing their hands over them. Then for a few minutes it seems as though a general row between the men and the women was imminent. But everything passes off in good nature, and nothing takes place that is of a more serious character than the washing of a few faces that had not been in the fallow among the logs.

"To clean up sixty or seventy smutty faces and

twice as many smutty hands, is no trifling matter. A good deal of water and no small amount of soap is required to do it. And it is necessary to have a number of wash-dishes to supply so many. Wash-tubs, pails, sugar kettles and sap-troughs are called into requisition for this service sometimes.

"The tables are usually spread in the yard. To seat so many men at once would be entirely beyond the capacity of the houses found in the new country. When the men get down to the table, the clatter of dishes, the talking and laughing, and the women asking one and another to have more bread, or meat, tea, or some other thing, keep things rather lively for a while.

"There is always an hour for 'noon,' when the men are supposed to rest themselves. The older ones do so; but for the younger ones, the noon-hour is frequently the most tiresome hour of the day. Between running, and jumping, and playing ball, the boys manage to keep on the move, while they fancy themselves to be resting. But that is nothing strange. People often work harder at play than they do at anything else.

"The afternoon is spent as the forenoon was, and when supper time comes, the same hands and faces have to be cleaned up again, and the clothes that were black at noon are blacker from a longer contact with coal dust and ashes."

"Thank you, uncle, for your description of a logging bee. I think that I should like to go to one if it were not for the dirt," said James.

"I could tell of a great many logging-bees that I have attended; but the one I have described is a fair sample of them all," replied Mr. Pinetop.

"Grandfather, were you ever at a husking-bee when you were young," said Will Batter to his maternal grandparent one evening, as the family were sitting around the fire, and when James Ballpitcher had called to spend an hour or two.

"Well, I should think so," replied the old gentleman.

"I tell you, boys, when I was of your age husking-bees were as common as ball-playing is now, and if you will promise not to get mad about it, I will tell you something more in regard to husking-bees and ball-playing."

"What is that?" inquired William.

"Do you all promise? I mean you youngsters," said the grandfather.

"Yes, yes, yes," rang out until all the young folks had responded to the old man's question.

"Well," said he, "the husking-bee was a useful institution. People helped their neighbor, and by their co-operation did in two or three hours what would have taken him days, and perhaps weeks, to do alone.

"And the husking-bee was a pleasant institution. People, while they did the work, could also be sociable. And the young people of the settlement came together, and got better acquainted with each other, and, no doubt, many a wedding was the result of going to the husking-bee.

"The husking-bee had no demoralizing tendency. All present were invited, and those who went felt that the persons that they would meet with were people of respectability at least. You can't say so much in favor of the match games, now becoming so common."

"Do you think that it is wrong to play a game of ball?" inquired James Ballpitcher.

"Not necessarily," replied the old man; "but when men turn from the useful walks of life, and become ball-players by profession, they lay themselves liable to the charge of being useless members of society. Their avocation adds nothing to the wealth of the community, and they place themselves on the list with loafers and gamblers. But ball-playing is not the only innocent amusement that has been switched off on the down-grade track that leads to ruin. Sculling boats, and driving horses, and other harmless and useful things have been turned by bad men into the means of getting money without giving any equivalent for it, which is simply gambling. But I am not lecturing on gambling now, so we will drop that subject."

"How were those husking-bees managed?" inquired a young lady present.

"The thing was simple enough," replied the old gentleman. "We will suppose that a farmer has four or five acres of corn to husk. He cuts it, and hauls it to some convenient spot, and puts it into stooks. Then he goes, or sends someone, through the neighborhood and invites all of the young folks, and a good

many of the older ones, to come on a certain moonlight night, and help him husk his corn. When the time comes the company seat themselves on the grass and in groups among the corn. Then commences one of the most lively times to be seen in any community. The rattling of the corn, the talking and laughing, and sometimes the singing, of the busy workers, altogether make up such a jumble of the useful and joyful, and the playful and cheerful, and the gleeful, as can be found only among a lot of industrious and good-natured people, where everybody is trying to amuse and please everybody. Jokes, and puns, and snatches of song, and gibes, and repartees, and ears of corn, all seem to be flying about in such sweet confusion that it is not much to be wondered at if now and then a young man got so bewildered that he would kiss the wrong girl when he found an ear of red corn."

"Excuse me, grandpa," said Will, "but I don't understand what kissing had to do with red ears of corn, or what they had to do with kissing."

"There was a rule among the young folks," said the old man, "that when an unmarried man found an ear of red corn, he must kiss any unmarried woman that happened to be sitting nearest to him, and if a young woman found one, she must be kissed by her nearest unmarried neighbor."

"Well, I should not think that was a very arbitrary rule," said James.

"The young people did not seem to think that it was, or they would not have obeyed it so strictly as

they generally did. But sometimes there would be a little backwardness, when the wrong young man, or some other fellow's girl, happened to be the nearest neighbor. In such cases the girl would object a little, but not enough to give much trouble in carrying out the rule.

"After the work was done outside, everybody went to the house, where there was a good supper for all. After this had been disposed of the company enjoyed themselves as only honest working-people can do, until they got ready to go home. This was frequently at an early hour a.m."

"Thank you for what you have said to us about the husking," said William; "I will know after this what is meant when mention is made of this old-time institution."

"Grandma," said Miss Rosebush, "were you ever at a spinning-bee?"

This question was put to an old lady who had faced the storms of eighty winters, and sweated under the suns of as many summers. The old woman was sitting in a corner busily engaged knitting a pair of socks for one of her great-grandchildren.

"O, yes, I used to go to spinning-bees when I was young like you, but that was more than sixty years agone, you know;" and her eyes seemed to brighten as memory called up from the graves of more than three score of years some of the pictures of the past; and the face of the old pilgrim for a moment appeared to look younger, as if touched by the same sunbeams that of yore danced upon her girlish head.

"Yes, my dear, I remember the spinning-bee. I went to one with your grandpa before we were married, and I remember how carefully he helped me over the mud-holes, for you know the best of our roads had mud-holes in those days, and when we came to a creek that was not bridged over, he put the bottom of his pantaloons into the tops of his long boots, and picked me up and carried me right over as if I had been a child, and me not less than a hundred and forty-five or fifty pounds. The fact is, our courtin' began in earnest at that spinning-bee."

"Well, grandma, how did they get up a spinning-bee? Did every one take a wheel, or how?" inquired Miss Rosebush.

"Well," said the old woman, "I will tell you how it was done in the part of the country that we lived in. When a woman had flax to spin, and could not do it all herself, she would make a bee. The way to do this was on this wise: She would put the flax up in half-pound parcels. These she handed round among her gentlemen friends. Whoever took one of these parcels of flax was to get it spun, and at an appointed time he was expected to bring the yarn home. He was to bring the spinner with him to an entertainment.

"When a married man took flax he got his wife to spin it. Young men got their sisters to do it sometimes. But they got some other girl to do it oftener, just to show, you know, that they thought something of other folks' sister, as well as of their own. Sometimes a young man had to hunt all over the settlement

to find a girl to spin his yarn. Then everybody would laugh at him. Others could get half-a-dozen bundles of flax spun, if they wanted to. The spinning-bee was a good way for young men to find out how much they were thought of by the girls.

"There used to be bashful young men when I was young. I don't know how true it is, but I am told that there are no bashful young people now like there used to be. The bashful young men would sometimes swap sisters in this way: John would get his sister to spin for William, and William would get his sister to spin for John. This plan worked very well."

"What would we think now if a young man was to be seen going around with a bundle of flax under his arm, hunting for someone to spin it?" inquired Miss Rosebush.

"As to that," replied the old lady, "I suppose he would be called a clown, or something worse. But if one of your modern dudes had tiptoed his way into a company of people when I was young, the girls would have fed him on sweetened bread and water, with a little paregoric in it: then they would have parted his hair in the middle, and tied a ruffle around his neck, and put him to bed, while they sent for his mother to come and take him home." Here the old woman had come to a point where her knitting must be narrowed two stitches at a time. They all knew that then grandma did not want to be bothered, so the conversation dropped.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWENTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.

TO say that uninterrupted prosperity had attended the efforts of John Bushman and his fellow-pioneers, would be to go beyond what is strictly true. There had been many drawbacks. Sometimes the crops would be light from the effects of drought. Sometimes the summer frost would partly ruin some of their prospects. Sometimes the rust would strike the wheat, or the blight and mildew would injure their other grains. Sometimes accidents would happen to their stock. Cattle would get killed by the fall of a tree, or die with some disease. The pigs would go too far into the woods hunting the beechnuts, and the bears would find them and eat them. And the sheep would be left out at night, and the wolves would destroy them. The hawks and owls would carry off the chickens, and the foxes would steal the geese and ducks.

And besides all this, they had to contend with sickness in their families, the same as the inhabitants of older localities, and in the case of sickness among them, they had to be their own doctors. No medical

man was within reach, so that the people were obliged to exercise their ingenuity and their judgment, and do the best they could for themselves and for each other.* And it would surprise the people of the present day could they hear some of these old-fashioned doctors prescribing for the sick. For a cathartic, they would give a tea made of butternut bark. If the children were troubled with worms, they would be given the ashes of dried wormwood, mixed with maple syrup. If any one needed an emetic, they would give him lobelia tea. If a child had colic, it was doctored with sage or thyme tea, in which milk and sugar played an important part. For a sprain, the application of wormwood, steeped in hot vinegar, was the best mode of treament. If baby got the sprew, or other sore mouth, it was cured by using a wash made by steeping gold-thread in water. If a healing and drawing salve was needed, they took bitter-sweet bark, balm of gilead buds, a plant called life-everlasting, and pine turpentine, fried up in mutton tallow. If anybody caught cold, they would sweat him over a lot of hemlock boughs steeped in hot water.

For almost every complaint that backwoods flesh was heir to, somebody in the neighborhood would think of a remedy, and it was wonderful what success attended the use of these simple cures. The absence of all kinds of luxurious living and dissipation among the people, taken in connection with their industrious

* The writer can easily remember when there was no doctor nor magistrate within thirty miles of his parents' backwoods home.

and frugal habits, gave them an inherent power to throw off disease that others do not enjoy. The law of compensation came in here. If these people were destitute of medical assistance, they did not often need such help.

But other difficulties had to be encountered. The want of a market for their surplus grain and other produce was a serious drawback to them.

Imagine a man who clears his land, sows his seed, harvests the wheat, threshes it out with a flail, cleans it with a hand-fan, carries it from twenty to fifty miles with an ox team, and then sells it for less than fifty cents a bushel, and you have an idea of what many a man has done in the good Province of Ontario.

Think of a woman who makes her butter and, along with her eggs, carries it on her arm ten or twelve miles to the store, and sells the butter for a York sixpence, or six and one-fourth cents per pound, and the eggs at the rate of four dozen for a quarter of a dollar, and you will have an idea of what the mothers and grandmothers of some of our aristocratic families have done. Tons of maple sugar, made by these early settlers, have been sold for six cents per pound. And these prices were not paid in money. Store goods, at high prices, was the exchange given for the produce of the farm, the dairy, the sugar-bush, and the poultry yard. If men could get money to pay their taxes, and a small amount for pocket money, they had to be contented or take the difference out in fruitless grumbling.

They knew that in this struggle circumstances were against them, and it takes a strong arm to control

circumstances. They accepted of the inevitable, and bravely wrestled with their toilsome lot. And through all these hardships and discouragements these hardy pioneers worked their way to competence, and some of them to wealth.

In the space of two years after the erection of the mills not less than twelve families came to reside at Riverbend, and each family built a house to live in. There were no tenement houses there to be rented. Then there was the meeting-house, the store, the mills, and a blacksmith's shop—all of these together gave the place quite the appearance of a village. The land at the four corners was all cleared, but the stumps remained to tell the new-comer how thickly timbered the land had been.

John Bushman's buildings and those of Mr. Beech, as well as Harry Hawthorn's shanty and stable, could all be seen from the corners. These all added their quota to the general appearance of the landscape. And there is a sort of charm around a back-country village that larger towns and cities do not possess. The charm of freshness and the contrast between the neat, new buildings and their surroundings, can only be found among the forest trees or in the stumpy field. Where the houses seem to spring up like the mushroom, and occupy the ground recently covered by trees of the forest, there the effects of the backwoodsman's energy and pluck shows itself in the most striking and emphatic manner. The rapid development of some of our back-country towns has been a source of wonderment to visitors of all descriptions. Nowhere, perhaps,

except in the United States, have villages and towns and cities had such hurried growth.

The most eccentric person about Riverbend was Mr. Sylvanus Yardstick, the merchant-poet. He was subject to great depressions of spirit, followed by wonderful ebullitions of feeling. He would sometimes be entirely disheartened, then again he would be as cheerful as a sunbeam and buoyant as the fleecy clouds that float upon the evening zephyrs in the month of June.

Whenever one of his cheerful spells came over him, he would mount his Pegasus, and fly off into the regions of poesy. On such occasions, whatever object had last made an impression on his mind, would give direction to his thoughts and stamp itself upon his verse.

On one occasion, a couple of his lady customers, who lived eight or ten miles distant, came to the store. One of them had a basket of eggs, and the other had a crock of butter. The women were tired, and Sylvanus had been very busy all the morning, and he was somewhat jaded and felt a little peevish. When he told the women that, since their last visit, butter had gone down one cent per pound and eggs two cents per dozen, they were sorely displeased. One of them let her tongue loose on him, and said some very tantalizing words about grinding the face of the poor and growing rich on the hard work of other people.

When she stopped, Sylvanus started. He had just got to the middle of a very unsoothing sentence when John Bushman came in at the door. Feeling ashamed

of what he had been saying, Sylvanus turned to Bushman, and said, "These women have been abusing me because I can't give them more for their butter and eggs than they are worth in the outside market."

"Tut, tut, Sylvanus," said John, "surely you would not quarrel with good customers about a few cents."

Both parties seemed mollified, and there was no more contention about prices. But after the women were gone the poetic spirit came upon Mr. Yardstick, and he got off the following, and posted it up where everybody might see it:—

"The women they came with their eggs and their butter.
And will not be contented until they are sold;
But sometimes they set me all into a flutter,
When they get out of temper and turn to and scold.

"I hate to be scolded—I don't know who likes it,
It is worse than a whipping the little ones say;
E'en a dog will get angry if anyone strikes it,
So I loose my temper and ugly things say.

"But still I am prospering, and traffic gets better
As people grow richer and abler to pay;
My tongue in the future I will keep in a fetter,
And try to grow pleasanter every day."

It is now five years since John Bushman cut the first tree on his place. During these years many changes have taken place. And we have seen the early settlers overcome one difficulty after another, so that now the necessaries of life and some of its luxuries are within their reach.

While it would be pleasant to keep in the company of such a fine lot of people as those are in and about

Riverbend, we must, for want of space to record their doings, leave them to themselves for a number of years. But we shall make them a short visit at a proper time in the future. And in the meantime we will solace ourselves with the hope that their future may be less toilsome than the past has been, and no less successful. Cherishing this hope we bid these people good-bye for fifteen years, and commend them to the protection and guidance of Him "whose eye never slumbers, and whose tender mercies are over all His works."

VISIT TO OLD-TIME FRIENDS.

An old-fashioned stage-coach, drawn by four spirited horses, was slowly moving toward the north from the town of Mapleton. It was crowded with passengers. The mud was very deep; and in places very sticky. This was why the horses were going so slowly. As is often the case in this world of change and contingencies, they could not help themselves.

As the stage started out from the Half-way House, an elderly lady asked the driver the name of the next stopping-place. He answered, "Our next stop will be at the town of Riverbend, ten miles ahead. There we stop for supper and change of horses."

"What sort of hotel accommodation can be found there?" inquired a rather dandyish-looking young man, as he pulled out of his side pocket an old English bull's-eye watch, and held it up so that everyone could see it.

"The accommodation is all right, if you can do without whiskey," said the driver.

"What! is there no liquor to be got there?" asked the somewhat astonished passenger.

"Plenty of liquid or liquor, if that suits you better. But there is no wet groceries—nothing that will make drunk come, only what is kept in the drug-store for medicine," was the answer.

"Well," said the dandy, "it must be a dogged, dull, doleful, domain of dunces."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, my friend. It is the most go-ahead town in all the country; and a more wide-awake and energetic lot of people are not to be found anywhere," said the driver.

"Has there never been any liquor sold there?" inquired one of the passengers.

"Not legally. There may have been a little sold slyly, but none openly."

"That is a singular circumstance, surely," said the man with the big watch.*

When the stage came to the town and drew up at one of the temperance hotels, the passengers were politely invited to enter. Two neatly furnished sitting-rooms—one for ladies and one for gentlemen—were nicely warmed and lighted for the comfort of the guests, until the ringing of the bell called them to the dining-room.

When they entered this room some of the passengers expressed their surprise at the ample spread before them. They had not expected to see such a display

* It is said that the founder of the village of Parry Sound, started it on Prohibition principles, and up till this time no license to sell intoxicants has been granted.

of table furnishings, and such a variety of wholesome and well cooked food as they now saw ready to satisfy their wants, both of hunger and thirst.

One of the men who came in on the stage was John Brushy, who the reader will remember as one of the men in Mr. Root's company of road-makers. As he took his seat at the table he said to the landlord, "Great changes have been effected here in twenty years."

"Yes, that is true no doubt. But I don't know much about what this place was like twenty years ago. I have been here only five years," said the host.

"I was here twenty years ago. I helped to open out this road, and I helped to raise the first house in the vicinity. We found a plucky young fellow in the woods all alone, and we helped him to build a house on his lot near a pretty little lake. I don't remember his name. I have often thought that I would like to know how he succeeded. He was a brave, determined young man, and deserved success," said Mr. Brushy.

"He has succeeded grandly," said the host. "His name is John Bushman. He has one of the finest farms in the county. And he is one of the best men that I have ever met with."

"Who owns the mills here?" inquires some one.

"The mills belong to Messrs. Root & Millwood," was answered.

"I wonder," said Mr. Brushy, "if that could be the John Root that had the contract of opening out this road."

"The identical John Root that opened out the road,"

answered Mr. Redfern, the host. "He is an American by birth. But he has been in this country so long that he has become pretty thoroughly Canadianized."

"And who owns the lots on the other three corners?" asked Mr. Brushy.

"John Bushman owns the farm where the big store is on, and the one opposite to it belongs to Mr. Beech. The lot on this side belongs to Harry Hawthorn," was the answer.

"Beech and Hawthorn were the names of two men who worked with Root when I was with him. How are they getting along?" said Brushy.

"They are both doing well; but one would hardly believe that Harry is doing the best of the two. He is, however," said the host.

"Who keeps the large store on the corner?" inquired a white-haired old man, who had also come in on the stage.

"The store belongs to Mr. Sylvanus Yardstick."

"Yardstick, Yardstick. Where have I heard that name? It sounds familiar to me, and yet I fail to remember where or when I knew its owner. Do you know anything about his antecedents?" asked the stranger.

"Not much, but I have heard him say that his first visit to this place was with a party of surveyors, who passed through here some twenty years ago, and found John Bushman alone in the woods, seven or eight miles from any house."

"I have it all now," broke in the stranger. "I was one of the party. The surveyor's name was Rush-

valley. The man we have been speaking of was one of the company. He was a little eccentric sometimes. He had a turn for poetry, if he got excited about anything. I remember how he looked as he swung his arm and reeled off poetry, when he stood on the border of the pretty little lake, near to which the young man Bushman was at work."

"He makes poetry yet, sometimes," replied Mr. Redfern. "He has a lot of his productions posted up in and around the store and the post-office; but, after all, he is a very honest and good man."

"And will you tell us where your home is now?" asked the landlord of John Brushy.

"My home is some seventy miles from here, on the shores of Lake Huron. There are but few white people there, but I believe the Government is intending to open up the country by making leading roads, and otherwise encouraging people to settle up that splendid tract of country," he answered.

We now turn our attention to some of the homes of the first settlers around Riverbend.

Mr. John Root is a magistrate, and one of three commissioners who manage the affairs of the township—exercising the power of a civil court and the prerogatives of a municipal council.

Harry Hawthorn has a fine home and an interesting family growing up around him; but there is one spectre that has haunted both him and his wife ever since the loss of their two little ones so long ago. Whenever either of them sees an upturned tree, the sight is too much for them, and it sets them weeping.

Some wounds are hard to heal, and this is of that character.

Mr. Woodbine is an old man now. His family is off his hands. He is living with his aged wife in peace and comfort. Their eldest son fills the office of collector of taxes in their township.

The McWithys, by honest industry and strict economy, have made themselves a good home, and are in a fair way to become wealthy.

Old Mr. Crautmaker has been dead four or five years. The children are all married. The old lady lives on the old place with John, whose wife is a sister to Mrs. Greenleaf.

Richard Greenleaf has succeeded in making a good home for himself and his family. Five children gather around his table and share his affections. Mrs. Greenleaf and Mary Bushman are the two leading spirits in all good works and charities. Many blessings are invoked upon the heads of these unpretending, self-consecrated women.

Mr. Timberline, years ago, married Fretzina Crautmaker. They are living in comfort, if not in affluence. Three children help to keep the stillness of the place from making them lonesome.

Moses and Katrina Moosewood have a fine home. They work hard. They are careful not to allow more than two years to pass without the addition of a new name to the somewhat lengthy family record.

William and Betsy Briars have on the whole the most convenient arrangements in the settlement. The spring that issues out of the rock has been utilized in

such an effectual way that water is carried from it in pipes into the kitchen, and to the watering troughs of the stables. William is the largest stock-raiser in the settlement, and it is said that his wife makes and sells more butter than any other woman in the four townships.

As John Bushman was the first one to appear on the scene of our descriptions, he shall be the last one to disappear at the close of our story.

He and Mary have made many warm and true friends, by their kind hospitality and their neighborly helpfulness. They are loved and honored by everybody, both old and young. Both of them begin to show that life's meridian has been reached. Here and there a white hair could be detected by a close observer, where it seemed to be trying to hide itself among its more youthful associates. But their step is just as elastic and their energies are just as unflagging as ever.

When the first baby made their home a visit, and let them know that it had come to stay, it will be remembered that Mary told John that she was afraid it would not be satisfied to remain alone. Her conjecture has been proved to be correct. Not only has the baby found one playmate, but another and another has come along, until no less than seven playmates of different ages can be seen about the Bushman home, or Sylvan Lodge, as it is sometimes called.

But the log-house has disappeared, and its successor is a nice, tasty brick one.

The seeds that the old Quaker gave to John the day before he and Mary started for their backwoods home,

were all planted and carefully tended. The result is a good orchard for himself, and a large number of trees furnished to his neighbors.

One day in October Mrs Briars was in John's house talking with Mary; John came and looked in at the door, and said, "Come here, Bet, I want to show you something."

She came out into the yard to see what it was that he had for her to look at. He pointed to the orchard, where two young girls and two boys were picking up apples under the trees.

He said, "Do you remember the day that Mr. Blueberry gave me the apple seeds?"

"Yes; he told you to plant them and take care of them, and if you did so, by the time you had children big enough to gather fruit, there would be plenty of fruit for them to gather," she said.

"And that day you came out and found me in a deep study, and asked me what I was dreaming about. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, and you said, 'I see a picture. I cannot tell you now what it is like. But if we are both alive in about twenty years, I hope I will be able to show you the reality,'" she answered.

"Well," said John, "there is the realization of my dream. Those youngsters gathering fruit. In imagination I saw them then; in reality I see them now."

"Well do I remember," said she, "that morning in April when, with your axe on your shoulder, and your little bundle done up in a cotton handkerchief, you

shook hands with us at home and started off alone, to make a home for yourself in the wilderness. We all stood at the gate and watched you till you got over the hill and we could see you no more. We all felt badly. But mother took it harder than the rest of us. She went into the house to hide her tears.

"When we all went in, father said to her, 'We have always tried to teach our boy manliness and self-reliance. Now we should not complain at his first grand exhibition of those qualities that we have so often extolled in his presence.'

"'I know it,' said mother, 'but it is hard for me to get my feelings to harmonize with our teachings in this respect. I am so much afraid he will get hopelessly lost in his wanderings among the forest trees.'"



"Among the Forest Trees."

By REV. J. H. HILTS.

380 Pages, - - - Price, $1.25.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the "Toronto Mail."

"'Among the Forest Trees; or, How the Bushman Family got their Home,' by Rev. Joseph H. Hilts, is a book of pioneer life in Upper Canada, arranged in the form of a story. The author, whose former work, 'Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher,' has had many readers, has spent five sevenths of his life among the pioneer settlers of Western Canada. It is needless to say, therefore, that the book possesses much historic value as a picture of Canadian life in the early days of this western peninsula. The story, moreover, is interesting and most wholesome in tone, and as it will, no doubt, be widely read, it cannot fail to serve the author's purpose, which is to prevent the deeds of the pioneers from being forgotten."

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A LESSON FROM THE PAST.

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"'Among the Forest Trees,' a book of facts and incidents of pioneer life in Upper Canada, arranged in the form of a story, is now on our table. It was written by Rev. Joseph H. Hilts, brother of Mr. D. B. Hilts, of this city. It is an extremely interesting work, superior, we think, to the 'Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher.' a book written by Rev. Mr. Hilts some years ago."

From the "Hamilton Spectator."

"Rev. Joseph H. Hilts, Methodist clergyman, of this city, and author of 'Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher,' has written another most entertaining book which he calls 'Among the Forest Trees; or, How the Bushman Family got their Homes.' The incidents in the story are taken from the active life of the pioneers of Western Ontario, among whom the author grew up. A keen observer, the reverend author has been able to produce a faithful record of the hardships, trials and successes of the hardy pioneers of the Niagara district, and all that magnificent country lying between the Niagara River and Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. The book is one which will be read with deep interest by those of the old pioneers who remain, and ought to become one of the household treasures of the descendants of those pioneers for many generations."

From the "Toronto Globe."

"The Rev. Joseph H. Hilts, author of 'Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher,' has written a second work, which he has called 'Among the Forest Trees; or, How the Bushman Family got their Home.' It is a chronicle of facts and incidents of pioneer life in Upper Canada, told in a fresh, easy way, and with a sympathetic fidelity to the details of life in the early settlements that gives it a marked historical value, besides its merit as a live, well-connected narrative. Mr. Hilts' story ought to be widely read by native Canadians, and all concerned, to reach the inner life of the early settlements."

From the "Canada Presbyterian."

"'Among the Forest Trees; or, How the Bushman Family got their Home,' by Rev. Joseph H. Hilts. This work, recently published, is by the author of 'Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher,' and has all the freshness of its predecessor, with the added charm that the narrative has been thrown into the form of fiction. The term fiction is here applicable only in its artistic sense, for the book is a narrative of facts which will be found most interesting. A record of the work accomplished by unaccredited heroes and heroines who were the pioneers of this now flourishing Dominion, deserves to be kept, and Mr. Hilts deserves well of his country for this valuable and timely contribution to Canadian history."

From the "Christian Guardian."

"'Among the Forest Trees.' This is a graphic and faithful portraiture of the manner of life and activity which have laid the foundation of Canadian progress as we see it to-day. The early settlers of Canada were, as a rule, men of sterling mental and moral qualities, and they brought to the arduous work of settlement a vigor and enterprise of which present results are an eloquent testimony. The story is written in a vigorous and attractive style, and maintains a strong degree of interest throughout. It is one of the best stories yet written of Canadian pioneer life"

From the "Norfolk Reformer."

"'Among the Forest Trees' is the title of a well-printed and neatly bound volume, recently laid on our table by the author, Rev. Joseph H. Hilts, of Hamilton. The volume before us tells in vig-

orous though simple, Anglo-Saxon, of the trials and triumphs of the early pioneer settlers of North-Western Ontario. Disguised under the fictitious names of John and Mary Bushman, the author gives a true history of hundreds of real characters that have lived, and loved, and labored in every township in the Province. Brave men and women to whom we owe much."

From the "Bruce Reporter."

"We have perused the Rev. J. H. Hilts' new book, 'Among the Forest Trees,' with great pleasure. It is a grand historical romance, full of pleasing situations and graphic descriptive narratives, and is just such a book which, if once taken up, the reader feels a regret to leave until every page is read. The book is such a bright addition to Canadian literature that we believe that a re-print will be necessary to supply the demand."

From the "Streetsville Review."

"'Among the Forest Trees,' by the Rev. Joseph H. Hilts, is a charmingly interesting book of facts and incidents in pioneer life in Ontario, arranged in the form of a story. Nothing dry, nothing unreal, and nothing uninteresting; even the introduction is crisp and spicy. It gives the most perfect picture of Canadian pioneer life to be found in the literature of this country at the present time."

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